

Dighton delt. Wells sculp.

Ye Gods! 'tis he, 'tis Theogenes.

A

NEW AND COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

ROMANCES

AND

NOVELS;

Tranſlated from the FRENCH,

BY MR. PORNEY,

Teacher of the *French Language* at *Richmond, Surry.*

DESIGNED

For *Inſtruction* as well as *Entertainment*, being calculated to convey a *general Knowledge* of the *World*; and conſiſting of the moſt *valuable* and *important*

ROMANCES,	MEMOIRS,
NOVELS,	ADVENTURES,
FABLES,	HISTORIES,
ALLEGORIES,	ANECDOTES, &c.

Not to be found in any other Work whatever in *Engliſh*.

EMBELLISHED

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A ROMANCE, or NOVEL, is, a Hiſtory of certain Adventures invented with Art to pleaſe and improve the Mind, and to form and mend the Manners. *Middleton's Dictionary.*

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PREFACE.

NO Apology, ſurely, is neceſſary for preſenting the Public with the following *entertaining* and *inſtructive Work*, which is *carefully tranſlated* from the *French* Original, lately publiſhed at *Paris*, with univerſal Applauſe, near Twenty Thouſand Copies having been bought up in a very ſhort Space of Time.

But though the following *Selection* of *Romances* and *Novels* was taken from the *French*, yet ſome of them (having been tranſlated into *that Language*, from *Manuſcripts* firſt written in *Greece*, *Rome*, *Perſia*, *Arabia*, *India*, *Spain*, *Italy*, &c.) conſequently relate to the *Manners* and *Cuſtoms* of *thoſe Countries*, as well as *France*.

To each Article will be annexed an Introduction, which will enable the Reader to form a previous Idea of the reſpective *Hiſtories*, whether *humorous*, *pleaſant*, *entertaining*, or *inſtructive*.

The *Elegance* and *Utility* of *this Work* will be ſufficiently obvious—therefore nothing farther need be urged by Way of Preface, except that the Whole will be *embelliſhed* with a Set of *ſuperb Copper-plates*, which will not only reflect great Honour to the Artiſts engaged in the Execution of them, but alſo conſiderably elucidate the Labours of

THE TRANSLATOR.

LIST *of the beautiful* COPPER-PLATES
belonging to this Work.

PLATE I.

AN elegant Frontiſpiece, repreſenting a magnificent View of a Triumphal Proceſſion, beautifully deſcribed in the firſt Part of this pleaſing Publication.

PLATE II. A fine Print, elegantly pourtraying a remarkable ancient Tournament, and ſhewing the Splendour of the great Perſonages engaged in that Trial of Valour.

PLATE III. A ſuperb Repreſentation of an affecting Interview between the beautiful Chelniſſa and Abdulſelam, a Turkiſh Prince, ſome Time after their unfortunate Separation.

PLATE IV. Two Knights of Chivalry, Claris and Laris, unexpectedly confined by a reputed Fairy Queen, an excellent Piece, diſplaying the great Abſurdity of Knight Errantry.

PLATE V. A moſt extraordinary Diſaſter which befel Queux, one of the 12 Worthies of the Round Table, and who makes a very remarkable Figure in the ſeventh Romance of our Collection.

PLATE VI. A Duel fought by King Marcus and his Nephew, in Conſequence of the former charging the latter with the Seduction of his own Aunt.

PLATE VII. Triſtan, a diſtreſſed Lover, receiving a Letter by the Hands of a young Lady from his fair Miſtreſs, from whom he was at a great Diſtance.

PLATE VIII. A moſt romantic Deſign, exhibiting a Variety of Exploits and whimſical Adventures, in which a conſpicuous Character, aſſuming the Name of Lancelot, acts a principal Part.

PLATE IX. Evander taken in Diſguiſe, and under ſuſpicious Circumſtances, is accuſed before the Queen of aſſaſſinating Palans, King of Arcadia, when a Perſon ſuddenly ſtarts up, and ſaves the Priſoner from Puniſhment.

PLATE X. Paſſing-fair, one of the Heroines of our Work, in the preſence of the Queen and her Attendants, who were (according to the Tale) occaſionally metamorphoſed into the Shapes of a Doe and other wild Beaſts,

THE

CONTENTS.

Page

TRUE and perfect Love. From the Greek Original. By Athenagoras - - - - 1

Almahida; or the Queen in Bondage. By Mr. or rather Mademoiſelle de Scudery - - 33

Adventures of Prince Abdulſelam and Princeſs Chelniſſa. A Turkiſh Novel - - 67

Hiſtory of the Amours of Euriälus and Lucretia. By Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini - - 105

Lariſſa. From the Latin of Theophilus Viaut 127

Hiſtorical Romance - - - - - 134

Hiſtory of Claris and Laris. A Romance of Chivalry. From a Munuſcript in the Poſſeſſion of Mr. de St. Palaye, and relative to the Hiſtory of the Twelve Worthies of the Round-Table 142

Hiſtory of Triſtan, Son to King Melianus of Leonois. A Romance of Chivalry - - 186

Caramanta. A Love Romance. By Madame de Villedieu - - - - - - 298

CONTENTS.

Page

Secret History and Love Adventures of the Ladies of Antiquity, viz. - - - 351

Iö, Prieſteſs of Juno - - - - 353
Dio; or Ceres Queen of Sicily - - 358
Cybele, Princeſs of Phrygia - - - 360
Venus, a Courteſan of Cyprus - - 363

Paſſing-fair. A Fairy Tale. By Mademoiſelle de la Force - - - - 369

History of Catharine of Braganza, Queen of England 376

Deniſa. An Hiſtorical Novel - - 388

TRUE AND PERFECT LOVE,

FROM THE GREEK ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN BY

ATHENAGORAS, AN ATHENIAN PHILOSOPHER,

Giving an Account of the honourable Loves of

THEOGENES and CHARIDES, and of PHERECIDES and MELANGENIA.

ATHENAGORAS was a Chriſtian. He wrote a book in defence of the religion of Chriſt, and inſcribed it to the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, and his ſon *Commodus*. We have alſo an Eſſay on the Reſurrection of the Dead, by the ſame Author; both of which are to be found in the *Bibliotheca Maxima Patrum*, and at the end of the complete edition of *Juſtinus*'s works. They have been tranſlated into *Latin* by *Geſner*.

THE *Greek* original of the Romance which we are about to epitomize, has been loſt. By this reaſon it is that the celebrated *Huet* makes no difficulty of aſcribing it to *Fumée*, Lord of *Genillé*, who ſtiles himſelf *Tranſlator* only, or to ſome man of letters, under the patronage of Cardinal d'*Armaignac*, who miſled *Fumée* by impoſing upon him a pretended *Greek* original, which the latter tranſlated.

WITHOUT being daunted by ſo great an authority as that of the learned Biſhop, we ſhall beg leave to examine his aſſertion. As it builds on prejudices, prejudices alſo militate againſt his opinion. On the one hand, the edifices are affectedly deſcribed after the principles laid down by *Vitruvius*, of which Cardinal d'*Armaignac* was a great admirer, ſo as to have

them tranſlated by *Philander*, one of his confidential ſervants: but on the other, the Romance now before us abounds with many digreſſions, and trifling details, which, it is well known, were familiar to the *Greek* writers. Beſides, according to Abbé *Langlet*, there is a curious article in this Book on Chymiſtry, or Hermitical Philoſophy. Though we could not very diſtinctly perceive how well-founded this obſervation may be, it certainly proves a great deal in favour of *Athenagoras*, who muſt have been better verſed than *Martin Fumée*, in the myſteries of thoſe abſtruſe ſciences.

BE it as it may, the hiſtory contained in this Romance, is truly intereſting, and its double intrigue agreeable, though complicate: it is divided into ten books.

BOOK I.

OUR author begins with a deſcription of the triumphal entry of *Paulus Emilius*, to whom the ſenate had decreed that honour for his victory over *Perſeus* King of *Macedon*. We ſhall tranſcribe it here, in order to give our readers an idea of thoſe triumphal marches, and of the manner in which thoſe magnificent pageants were conducted amongſt the Romans.

" The ſun beginning now to appear above the horizon, had clothed the eaſt with radiance, and paled the light of the nightly luminaries. Hardly had its all-chearing beams began to gild the top of the Capitol, when the people thronged from every part of the city to enjoy the ſpectacle prepared for them. Some were ſeen at

the windows, on their threſhold, and even on the tops of the houſes; whilſt others lined the ſtreets through which the triumphal pageant was to march. The lictors, with their faſces, cleared the way, and kept off the crowd. The temples were decked with leaves and flowers, ſo artfully interwoven, that the eye could not well diſtinguiſh between the nature of the flowers and that of the boughs. Every houſe was hung with the moſt coſtly furniture that the owners could afford. But what was all this pompous variety, when compared to the ſightly appearance of the moſt beautiful damſels, who leaned over the balconies to have a ſight of the triumphant warrior? Their bewitching features and graceful mien engroſſed all the attention of the beholders, regardleſs of the exquiſite pictures hanging on gold and purple tapeſtries. The ſhrill clarions and trumpets now rent the air with ſounds, leſs calculated to inſpire mirth, or to announce a public rejoicing, than to ſtrike the hearers with diſmay. One would have thought that *Annibal* was once more thundering at the city gates. Many of the ſpectators were ſtruck with a panic, and dreaded ſome mutiny among the ſoldiers, diſſatisfied with the manner of ſharing the ſpoils. But when the minſtrels appeared in ſight, their gait, equally modeſt and demure, diſpelled the uneaſineſs which they had inſpired at a greater diſtance, and nothing now was attended to but the ſolemnity of the ſhewey triumph.

" SIX SCORE of oxen, walking two and two, followed the trumpets; ſuch was their wonderful ſize, that each meaſured a foot between the horns. Their double dew-laps reached below their ſhin, although they ſtalked on with heads erect. They, with curling tails, laſhed their

ſides, not in an angry mood, but in joyful token, as they are wont to do when led to the fat meadow-grounds. Yet far different was the fate that awaited them. They were ſet a-part as offerings to the propitious gods. To this end, their horns had been gilt, and their heads and backs were adorned with long feſtoons of flowers. They were led along by beautiful young men, clad in the fineſt lawn, girded below the breaſt, with bare heads and arms. Boys of fifteen walked by their ſides, dreſſed like the former, their hair hanging looſe on their ſhoulders. Theſe carried the vaſes of gold and ſilver, containing the luſtral water.

"NEXT followed three hundred choſen ſoldiers, lightly armed, with their helmets on. Their arms, necks and knees were bare. They walked on a double file, every four men bearing on their ſhoulders ſilver vaſes fixed on proper carriages. Theſe vaſes, chaſed for the moſt part, and ſeventy-five in number, were full of the gold coin taken from the enemy. Each of them weighed ſix hundred, and contained in value three hundred marks. Four hundred crowns of gold and ſilver gilt, being the gift of the cities of *Macedon*, were next carried in the ſame manner. Theſe were followed by a large cup of ſolid gold, weighing ſix hundred marks, elegantly wrought and ſet round with precious ſtones. A great number of ſoldiers, armed like the former, carried ſeveral antique vaſes, taken out of the royal treaſures of the kings of *Macedon*. This firſt part of the triumphal march cloſed with the golden cabinet of *Perſeus*.

"AT ſome diſtance was ſeen the car of the conquered monarch, drawn by four horſes, it contained his armour, and his diadem, or royal wreath. Then followed

followed the children of *Perſeus*: too young to be capable of reflection, they ſeemed inſenſible to the misfortune of their diſgraced houſe. This excited pity from each of the numerous ſpectators, eſpecially the young damſels and the *Roman* matrons, who could not refrain from tears at the ſight of theſe innocent victims of their ill-adviſed father's miſconduct. They were three in number, two boys and one girl. Immediately after them came their governors and other officers of their houſhold. Their dejected looks ſhewed them more concerned for the deplorable ſituation of their royal pupils, than hurt at their own misfortune.

"WRAPT up in a black mantle, at laſt came *Perſeus* himſelf. His head was bare, and his hands and legs were loaded with heavy irons. Of the officers who accompanied this wretched prince, ſome had their eyes rivetted to the ground, ſome had them fixed on degraded majeſty. Pity was diſcernable in the looks of ſome of his followers, whilſt others expreſſed the high contempt they had for a monarch, who preferred to live and be dragged along like a beaſt of burthen, to a more glorious death by his own hand, or that of the enemy.

"AMONGST the royal train appeared a noble youth, who attracted every eye; his bold countenance ſhewed that his ſoul preſerved its genial dignity, and was free even in thraldom.

"AS he paſſed along *Octavius'* houſe, he was obſerved by a young *Grecian* maid, whom *Octavius* had ſent to *Rome* after the taking of *Melibœa*. She could not help exclaiming, with a mixture of grief and extatic pleaſure; YE GODS! 'TIS HE!...'TIS THEOGENES!*

* See the plate.

"THIS

"THIS fair captive was CHARIDES, and in that very youth, one of the ſlaves that attended the car of the *Roman* general, ſhe ſaw her long-loſt lover. Struck motionleſs at the unexpected ſight, CHARIDES, with eager eyes, purſued the beloved object; who was no ſooner out of ſight, than CHARIDES, a prey to all the agonies of diſappointed love, broke into a flood of tears; her ſighs and pitiful moans ſpoke the heart-piercing grief ſhe felt at ſeeing all ſhe valued in the world dragged away from her, a ſlave to *Rome* and its triumphant general."

THE conflict was too great for ſo delicate a frame; ſhe ſunk beneath the load of woe, and was taken ſpeechleſs into the houſe of *Octavius*, where ſhe had hardly recovered from a long fainting fit, when *Capiton* entered her apartment. This was a freed man of *Octavius*; he enjoyed all the confidence of his maſter, who had entruſted him with the care of his beautiful captive. As he aſcribed her preſent condition to the very ſpectacle her eye had beheld of her humbled country, he tried all that eloquence could do to ſooth her grief, and comforted her with obſerving, "That however great her misfortunes had been, ſhe could not but be thankful to the propitious gods, for having permitted her to fall into the hands of the noble *Octavius*, who, far from keeping her in bondage and diſgraceful ſervitude, had treated her with all the reſpect which her virtue inſpired him with. Dry up your tears, added he, and ſhew, by a more cheerful countenance, your gratitude for the kindneſs of ſo noble, ſo generous a maſter. To-morrow, *Octavius* is in his turn to receive the well-earned honour

of

of a public triumph, let not your ſorrow and tears caſt a gloom over ſo bright and glorious a day."

THE lovely mourner was deaf to the voice of comfort, yet, aſſuming a more ſerene countenance, ſhe promiſed *Capiton* to be compoſed, and think of grief no more. She did not offer however to undeceive him on the real cauſe of her ſorrow, which he aſcribed to the painful recollection of *Melibœa*, her native city, having been ſubdued by *Octavius*.

CAPITON, perceiving that it was in vain for him to attempt to aſſuage a grief which ſeemed too deeply rooted in her diſtracted heart, to give way at once to the unavailing power of words, retired, and ſent to *Charides* a female ſlave, who for many years had lived in the family, and obtained, as ſhe deſerved it, the confidence of her maſter *Octavius*.

MELANGENIA, for that was her name, is the ſecond heroine of the romance. Her adventures, and thoſe of *Charides*, which they recount to each other, interſperſed with ſome reflexions of the author, are the ſubject of this work. They are both in love and equally honourable in their purſuits. It ſeems as if the writer had carried on this double intrigue with a view only of ſhewing that young people of different ſexes, who are often the ſad victims of a firſt paſſion, which they have not power enough to controul, may be as ſtrictly virtuous, as tenderly inclined, and live in all the familiarity of friendſhip, even before marriage, without once betraying their duty.

MELANGENIA accoſted *Charides* with all the modeſt diffidence of a ſlave, and kneeling by her bed-ſide, looked up to her for ſome time in ſilence, which ſhe broke

broke at laſt, and tried to ſooth her by a compariſon of their reſpective fates. "However great may be your misfortune, ſaid ſhe, they are light when compared with mine. You are in a ſtate of freedom—behold in me a ſlave!"—She acknowledged however, that her generous maſter had often offered to ſet her at liberty, a favour ſhe had conſtantly waved, not, that ſhe gave a mean and criminal preference to captivity over the ſweets of freedom; but that ſenſibly affected with the benevolence of ſo humane a maſter, and conſidering the diſtance ſhe was at from her own country, laid waſte by the Romans, ſhe had preferred to remain in the family of *Octavius*, who had intruſted her with the whole management of it.

ALTHOUGH *Melangenia*'s youthful bloom was caſt, yet the few wrinkles which grief more than age had furrowed on her ſmooth cheek, could not prevent her appearing ſtill lovely, and only told that ſhe muſt have been more ſo. Her mien and modeſt deportment inſpired *Charides* with a growing friendſhip for her. The wretched are communicative, becauſe they ſtand in need of conſolation and ſupport. Although *Charides* had no reaſon thus far to think *Melangenia* above her preſent humble ſituation, ſhe deſired her company to ſupper, which the ſervants were juſt bringing up.—Thus our author clears himſelf from the odious imputation of ſtarving the heroes of his tale.

THE two unfortunate fair ones had not been long together, before they mutually diſcloſed the ſecrets of their hearts. This diſcovery endeared them ſoon to each other. *Charides* fell into the arms of *Melangenia*, and bedewed her face with tears, deſiring ſhe would look

look upon her as a friend, and begging to know who ſhe was, where ſhe drew her firſt breath, and to what unlucky accident ſhe owed her preſent captivity. *Melangenia* engaged to ſatisfy her curioſity at ſome fitter time, obſerving, that it was now needful for *Charides* to take ſome reſt, as they muſt be up early to ſee the triumphal march of *Octavius* on the morrow. *Melangenia* ordered a bed to be put up for her in the ſame room, that ſhe might not leave her new friend and miſtreſs by herſelf; for ſhe had expreſs orders from her maſter to wait on *Charides*, and take the greateſt care of her.

THE triumph of *Octavius* was not leſs pompous than that which *Rome* had admired the preceding day; but as it was of a different ſort, *Octavius* being a chief commander in the navy, we think a deſcription of it worthy the peruſal of our readers.

"As ſoon as the radiant god of day had left the arms of *Tethys*, the people, eager to ſee the new pageant that was preparing, flocked to the banks of the *Tiber*. The firſt ſhips that were deſcried coming up the river were thoſe of the *Romans* who had engaged the enemies fleet. The ſhining arms of the ſoldiers, who ſtood muſtered on the decks, reflecting the rays of the riſing ſun, caſt a glittering light that dazzled the moſt piercing eye. All the winds were huſhed except *Zephirus*, whoſe pleaſant and proſperous gale ſwelling the ſails of the conqueror's ſhips, helped them to ſtem the impetuous torrent of the *Tiber*. Bands of muſic, placed on the different ſhips, played alternately, and joined in a concert of warlike inſtruments, ſtriking terror, and yet inſpiring delight. In tow of the *Roman* galleys were the *Macedonian* ſhips.

The eye might have miſtaken them at a diſtance for walking coloſſus or huge pyramids: ſo large they were in compariſon with thoſe of the *Romans*. They were hung with the richeſt tapeſtry of king *Perſeus*, and adorned on each ſide with trophies, conſiſting of targets and pikes. *Octavius*, on board the Admiral's galley, and dreſſed in armour, appeared ſeated in a chair of ſilver gilt, placed at the ſtern on a carpet of tyrian purple. Fourteen rowers on each ſide, by raiſing and falling their oars together, made the galley keep pace with the ſhips that had ſtretched out all their canvas. The moſt coſtly carpets laid along the decks, and hanging from the ſides, covered the rowers, *Octavius* alone was ſeen, and miſtaken for the God of the Sea. As the enemy's ſhips approached the ſhore, they were dragged on land by means of engines deviſed for that purpoſe, and being laid on rollers, were conveyed to the *Campus Martius*, there to remain as a monument of *Perſeus*'s defeat."

The pompous ſhow took up the moſt part of the day. *Octavius* being landed, marched to the Capitol, and from thence to a houſe where an entertainment was provided for him, ſuitable to the ſolemnity of the triumph.

It was cuſtomary amongſt the *Romans*, during the feaſt that followed the triumphal march, for a ſlave to ſtand behind the conqueror's chair: his office was to taunt the general with the moſt cutting ralleries, and, whilſt others were complimenting, to do every thing in his power, by the moſt licentious ſpeeches, to provoke his reſentment. The end of this cuſtom was very commendable, in that it taught the triumpher to uſe moderation, curb his own paſſion after he had overcome the

the enemies of his country; whilſt it tended to guard him againſt the dangerous effects of ungoverned pride.

So great an honour, conferred upon *Octavius*, though as flattering as it was well deſerved, did not make him forget himſelf; he alſo remembered his fair captive *Charides*, who trembled at the thoughts of his return, leſt the *Roman* General ſhould attempt to enforce againſt her virtue, that power which the chance of war had given him over her perſon. But the very next day convinced her that ſhe had no ſuch misfortune to dread from her generous maſter, or rather moſt benevolent protector. *Octavius*, having previouſly ſent *Melangenia* to appriſe her of his intended viſit, entered her room, and after having apologized for his not waiting on her the preceding day, openly declared to her that, far from harbouring any thoughts injurious to her honour, he looked upon her as his own child, and would ever treat her accordingly. Theſe noble inſtances of god-like continence were very frequent among the *Roman* Generals.

CHARIDES's real adventures were not yet known to *Octavius*. Struck with her noble mien and extraordinary beauty, he had reſcued her from the hands of ſoldiers, who were carrying her off during the plundering of *Melibœa*, her native city, and ſent her to his houſe in *Rome*, ordering that ſhe ſhould be ſerved and reſpected as a free woman, and by no means looked upon as a common captive. *Melangenia* tried often in vain to get from her the deſired intelligence concerning her perſon and family. All ſhe could diſcover and impart to her maſter was, that ſhe ſuſpected *Charides* to be in love with ſome of the captives who followed in the train of *Paulus Emilius*.

After a long conference, in which *Charides* expreſſed in the warmeſt manner her gratitude and admiration for the diſintereſtedneſs of her kind benefactor, *Octavius* went to the Senate Houſe, where they were to determine on the fate of the *Macedonian* priſoners. *Polycrates*, father to *Theogenes*, was come to *Rome* in order to procure the freedom of his ſon. He pleaded his cauſe ſo powerfully, that the young man, who it appeared had, by a train of unforeſeen accidents, been forced into the ſervice of *Perſeus*, was ſet at liberty.

BOOK II.

Whilst *Octavius* was gone to the Senate, *Charides*, whoſe mind was now more eaſy in conſequence of her laſt converſation with him, entreated *Melangenia* to oblige her, according to her former promiſe, with the recital of her adventures, which ſhe began in the following words:

"Nine and twenty years have elapſed ſince I firſt bent my humbled head under the yoke of calamity: for misfortune has ſtruck my memory with a forcible remembrance of every inſtant that has paſſed ſince *Carthage*, (where I was born) ſubdued by the *Romans*, was forced to accept of a peace, on terms little ſhort of ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion. *Annibal*, at that time pretor of *Carthage*, bore to the *Romans* too deadly a hatred for him not to endeavour to free his countrymen from the galling yoke of their proud conquerors. His attempt to ſpirit up the people againſt the *Romans*, drew upon him the

envy of the great, who dreaded leſt he ſhould become too powerful, and acquire too great an authority over his fellow citizens. *Annibal*, to avoid the impending ſtorm, was obliged to make his eſcape from *Carthage*. He was uſefully aſſiſted in his attempt, by his boſom friend, *Ampſar*, my father, who followed him the next day. *Annibal* retired to *Epheſus*, under the protection of King *Antiochus*.

Before he left the city, *Ampſar* entruſted his daughter *Melangenia*, to *Gemphon*, brother to his deceaſed wife. He accepted, but with no intention of fulfilling his truſt. *Ampſar* was hardly gone, when *Gemphon*, fearing leaſt he ſhould be ſuſpected of holding a correſpondence with his brother, if it could ever be proved that he had the charge of *Melangenia*, delivered her into the hands of a gardener, to whoſe care he recommended his niece in the ſtrongeſt terms. She was not then above ten years of age; but the excellent education ſhe had received, had ſo far ripened her underſtanding, that ſhe was capable of foreſeeing in ſome meaſure, the hardſhips ſhe was likely to undergo. She had been taught the languages of *Athens* and of *Rome*. Nor was ſhe ignorant of her royal deſcent, by her father's ſide, from the kings of *Numidia*. She now ſaw herſelf forlorn, and forſaken by her parent and all her relations, without any probable hope of ever ſeeing any more of them; whilſt fallen from her diſtinguiſhed ſtation in life, ſhe was reduced to the ſociety of a gardener and his wife. She ſpent two years in this retreat, without receiving any tidings of *Ampſar* or *Gemphon*, by whom ſhe thought herſelf intirely forgotten. During this interval of time, *Melangenia* became acquainted, by mere accident, with *Pherecides*,

recides, ſon to one of the wealthieſt merchants of *Salmacis*, and ſent to *Carthage* by his father, to acquire a competent knowledge in commercial affairs. The walk moſt frequented by this young ſtranger, was the very ſpot where *Melangenia* buſied herſelf, as if ſhe had been in reality what ſhe was forced to repreſent, the gardener's daughter. The conſtant habit of ſeeing each other ſoon grew into a tender, but delicate paſſion. The daughter of *Ampſar* was prevailed upon to elope with *Pherecides*, on his moſt ſolemnly promiſing to live with her as a brother, 'till the rites of *Hymen* had ſanctified his love; the marriage was to take place on their arrival at *Salmacis*. This, ſaid *Melangenia*, he ſwore to me by *Juno*, and the oath was ſealed with a brotherly kiſs. From that inſtant I thought myſelf transformed into *Pherecidas*, and that we two were but one."

It is not unneceſſary to add that previous to their plighting their faith, they had informed each other of their birth, condition, and fortune.

"Melangenia, the gardener being abſent from home, left with the daughter a letter for him, wherein ſhe acquainted the gardener, that, a man having brought her information, that *Ampſar*, who had taken refuge in the *Mauruſian* woods, expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing his daughter; that in conſequence ſhe would follow the meſſenger, who was to conduct her to her father's retreat, where ſhe might remain ſometime, and therefore deſired the gardener not to be uneaſy at her abſence. She then got out at one of the garden-gates that opened on the ſea-ſide, and there embarked in a boat that conveyed her to a ſhip in the road bound to *Salmacis*. There ſhe met with *Pherecides*, and a gale ſpringing up, they ſoon loſt ſight of *Carthage*."

After

After four days of a moſt favourable paſſage, they landed in the iſland of *Creta*, otherwiſe called *Dyctinna*, in honour of a temple dedicated to *Dyctinna*, another name for *Diana*. Our travellers remained here a few days, which *Melangenia* employed in prayers and offerings to the goddeſs, to whom ſhe had been devoted in her infancy by her mother. *Melangenia* gives here a long account of every circumſtance concerning the temple of *Diana*, the games celebrated in honour of the goddeſs, and in fine, of every particular as ſhe had it from one of the virgins ſerving in the temple. She had juſt ended her deſcription, when ſhe was interrupted by *Octavius* entering the apartment of *Charides*. He was returned from the Senate, to inform his adopted daughter with what had been decreed concerning the priſoners, which was to ſet them all at liberty, except *Perſeus* himſelf and his principal officers. The joy of *Charides* was the greater at receiving this intelligence, that the exception made by the Senate could not affect any of her kindred. Here ſhe diſcovers herſelf to *Octavius*.

"My name is *Charides*, *Antocles*, my father, whilſt he was governor of *Melibœa*, deſerved and obtained the higheſt commendation for his wiſe and upright conduct. Had he lived, his prudence might have ſaved that unfortunate city from ruin and ſlavery; but he has been dead ten years, and my mother five. They left me a moſt princely fortune, and king *Perſeus* had appointed a relation of my deceaſed father to be my guardian, a little time before the city of *Melibœa* was ſacked by your ſoldiers. I know not, ſir, what I may have loſt; but this I know, and ſhall ever remember with gratitude, that to you I owe that which I prize above even freedom itſelf, I mean the preſervation of my honour."

CHARIDES concealed but one circumſtance from *Octavius*, namely, which of the priſoners had moſt attracted her attention. She carried this point of delicacy too far, as ſhe would not even pronounce the name of *Theogenes* before *Octavius*; leſt the pretor ſhould diſcover the real object of her love. By this ill-timed reſerve, ſhe loſt the opportunity which next day offered of ſeeing *Theogenes*, who came to return thanks to *Octavius*, and with his father *Polycrates*, embarked the very ſame day in their way to *Athens*.

BOOK III.

NOT knowing that *Theogenes* had been under the ſame roof with her, *Charides* was ſtill uneaſy on his account. Born in *Athens*, perhaps was he debarred from the benefit of an amneſty granted by the Senate to the *Macedonians* only. The hopes however ſhe entertained of reviſiting *Melibœa*, allayed her anxiety. She flattered herſelf that all her poſſeſſions had not fallen a prey to the cupidity of the *Roman* ſoldiers, and that enough might be ſaved from the wreck of her fortune, to purchaſe the freedom of *Theogenes*, if he was to remain in captivity. This conſideration filled her with a joy to which ſhe had long been a perfect ſtranger. She imparted her plan to *Melangenia*, and the intention ſhe was in of reſtoring alſo her fair friend to liberty, ſhareing with her her fortune, making her witneſs and partaker of the happineſs ſhe promiſed herſelf, and thus in the boſom of love and friendſhip to ſpend the remainder of her days. Meanwhile, *Charides* begged her friend

to

to reſume a narrative which had begun to inſpire her with the greateſt curioſity. *Melangenia* complied with her requeſt.

WE left her in the iſland of *Creta*, where *Pherecides* learned ſeveral curious anecdotes, eſpecially concerning the origin of the fable of *Minotaur* and *Europa*. A prieſt of the iſland told our youth, that he had read in ſome old manuſcripts, that the fabulous monſter was the ſon of *Minos*, king of *Creta*, and *Paſiphae*, who was brought to bed after her adultery with one *Taurus*, a handſome youth, whom ſhe loved paſſionately. The reſemblance the child bore to *Taurus*, made the people give him a name in ſome manner analogous both to the huſband and the lover, calling him *Minotaurus*. The prince, when arrived at the years of maturity, was ſent into *Phanicia*, whence he carried off by force a young girl named *Europa*; and that it was on theſe ſimple facts that, in proceſs of time, the poets, who delight in fictions, had grounded the fables of *Minotaurus* and the rape of *Europa*.

MELANGENIA committed herſelf once more to the watery element, and ſoon experienced its wonted ficklenes. The ſhip was driven by contrary winds and a heavy ſtorm on the coaſt of *Africa*. Deſcription of the ſtorm.—The cauſes of the thunder explained.—"Some aſcribe the noiſe to the rolling of *Jupiter's* car, when the god travels on the clouds, whilſt the ſhaking of his bolt occaſions that quick and tranſitory flaſh which we call lightning. Others, with more reaſon no doubt maintain, that the awful phenomenon is occaſioned by the colliſion of two clouds replete with inflammable matter; they, being drove by contrary winds, meet with force, and by the ſhock mutually electrify each other."—The

ſtorm having ſubſided, the pilot, with diſmay in his looks, deſcries the coaſt of *Cyrenum*, famous for the piracy and the cruelties committed by its inhabitants, whoſe hiſtory is given by *Melangenia*. They were in the vicinity of *Carthage*, and waged a long and bloody war againſt their neighbours, concerning their reſpective boundaries. At laſt, to put an end to the conteſt, it was agreed that two *Cyrenians*, and the ſame number of *Carthaginians*, ſhould ſet off from their reſpective capitals on a fixed day, and at an appointed hour. The place where they ſhould meet, was, by mutual conſent, to be fixed at the limits of the two provinces. The *Carthaginians*, more diligent than their antagoniſts, met the latter a good way up the country of the *Cyrenians*. Theſe however, pretending that the former had ſet off from *Carthage* before the appointed time, offered to renew the race on the ſame terms; but with a compulſive clauſe not likely to be accepted by their neighbours: namely, that the limits were to be fixed wherever the champions of either of the two nations ſhould arrive firſt, on their ſubmitting to be there ſlain and buried. To the utter aſtoniſhment of the artful *Cyrenians*, theſe hard terms were accepted by the *Carthaginians*. Two brothers, who are called *Philenians* in the romance, undertook the race, and penetrated ſtill further into the enemy's territories, than had been done before by their countrymen. In vain the *Cyrenians* endeavoured to tempt them with the moſt ſeducing offers: they ſpurned them all, and inſiſted that, according to agreement, they might be ſlain and buried on the very ſpot, which was complied with. The grateful inhabitants of *Carthage* erected two altars, as monuments to immortaliſe

immortaliſe this noble inſtance of patriotiſm in the two brothers, whoſe zeal for their country is certainly ſuperior to the boaſted deeds of the *Roman Horatii*.

The ſhip that carried *Melangenia* and *Pherecides*, did not fall into the hands of the *Cyrenian* pirates, it put into *Berenice*, another ſea-port of *Africa*, and formerly built by the *Greeks*. As the ſhip ſtood in want of proviſion, it occaſioned a delay which proved but too fatal to the two lovers. The inhabitants of *Berenice* carried on a moſt extenſive trade. They dealt eſpecially in lions. Theſe animals were here ſo tame, that they were led about the ſtreets, by means only of a common leaſh, without their offering the leaſt harm to the careleſs paſſenger. Deſirous to enjoy the freſh air, and ſurvey the beauties of the ſurrounding country, *Pherecides* and *Melangenia* ventured out of the city-walls; they paid but too dear for their uncautious curioſity, it occaſioned the moſt fatal ſeparation. They were ſet upon near a wood by a party of robbers, who, after having dangerouſly wounded *Pherecides*, proceeded to ſet him on horſeback; whilſt one of them took the fair *Melangenia* behind him. The whole company were making towards the woods back again, when perceiving two well-dreſſed horſemen at a diſtance, they rode up to them, in hopes of adding this new booty to their former ones; but here they were diſappointed. The two travellers, reinforced by a ſtrong party, ſoon obliged the robbers to betake themſelves to flight. *Melangenia* fell from her horſe, but her ill-fated lover was hurried away, and never was heard of ſince that diſaſtrous event. The horſemen who had reſcued *Melangenia*, were part of the train of an ambaſſador, ſent by the king of *Naſamenes* to the temple of *Jupiter*

Ammon in *Egypt*. Their intention was to have preſented her to their chief; but he having vowed not to ſet eyes on a woman 'till he had diſpatched the buſineſs which he was ſent upon, refuſed to ſee her, ordering however that ſhe ſhould be taken care of. *Melangenia*, in order to be treated with more reſpect by *Sophonax*, (this was the ambaſſador's name,) and his people, gave out that ſhe was a virgin conſecrated from her infancy to the goddeſs *Diana*. By theſe means, ſhe not only ſecured the regard, but attracted the veneration, and even a kind of worſhip from the ambaſſador and his train, whom ſhe followed into *Egypt*. *Sophonax*, not thinking it expedient to ſend her back to *Berenice*, as he was glad to retain *Diana*'s prieſteſs, not doubting but her prayers and purity would ſerve to draw upon him the favour of *Jupiter*.

We now are to behold *Melangenia* in the midſt of the dreary deſerts that are in the way to the temple of *Jupiter*, ſurnamed *Ammon*, becauſe the only road to his fane is through an immenſe tract of ſandy ground. *Ammon* being a *Greek* word, which ſignifies ſand or ſandy. Twelve days were taken up in croſſing the deſerts, where our pilgrims were not only ſcorched by the intenſe heat of the ſun, but expoſed to the imminent danger of being buried under the mountains of ſand which the ſoutherly wind is wont to raiſe in theſe parts: whilſt the boldeſt of them were appaled at the ſight of the human ſkeletons, and the parched up careaſes of various animals which lay ſtrewed on every ſide.

At laſt they arrived in the province of the *Ammonians*, and thought to have reached the *Elyſian Fields*. They were aſtoniſhed to find in the midſt of the moſt frightful

wilderneſs, a ſpot which nature ſeemed to have cheriſhed with the utmoſt complacency, and concluded it was the very abode of the deity. The inhabitants are deſcribed as benevolent and hoſpitable. They were under the ſway of a king, to whom every traveller thought it a duty to pay his reſpects at returning from the temple, where he firſt depoſited his offerings. *Sophonax* and all his train were admitted. The prieſts and prieſteſſes of *Jupiter* were ſeen advancing from the inward part of the temple: the latter ſinging hymns in honour of their god, the former holding in their hands golden cenſers full of burning perfumes, which embalmed the ambient air with their fragrant odour. They all proſtrated themſelves before the altar of *Jupiter*, that ſtood in the middle of the temple. The curtains, which hid the ſacred image, were drawn back, and the hallowed ſanctuary appeared in ſight. Next came the high-prieſt, who by reaſon of his hoary age, was carried in an ivory chair by four of his aſſiſtants. He bad the ambaſſador draw near, and having learnt the ſubject on which he wanted to conſult the god, told him, in a prophetic ſtrain, that the king his maſter need not be alarmed at the dream that cauſed his anxiety, and that he had nothing to fear for his crown and empire, as long as he ſhould cheriſh that which alone contained the epitome of all moral virtues. (By this he meant wiſdom, no doubt, which, in fact, is the beſt fence for royalty; if ſo, a truer oracle never was delivered.)

SOPHONAX, having received this anſwer, left *Melangenia* to the care of a prieſteſs, whilſt he went to pay his reſpects to the king of the *Ammonians*. The fair *Carthagenian* was treated in the moſt friendly manner, and, on account

account of her being a virgin devoted to *Diana*, admitted into the inner part of the temple. There ſhe fell ſick, and *Sophonax*, who was to have carried her back to *Berenice*, was forced to ſet off and leave her behind. The reader will eaſily conceive what was *Melangenia*'s grief and deſpair, at hearing that her deliverer was gone, and ſhe left to ſolitude and ſorrow. She gave up all hopes of ever ſeeing again her loſt *Pherecides*, and, ſummoned up all her fortitude, determined to forget her friends, her country, and even her lover if poſſible. This is certainly the beſt a poor forſaken nun can do. She gave herſelf up intirely to the ſtudy of the language of the women, with whom ſhe thought herſelf cloiſtered for life. Thus enabled to profit and improve by their converſation, ſhe acquired a more extenſive and uſeful knowledge than ſhe could have gathered from the writings of the moſt learned philoſophers; at leaſt we have her word for it. Here our author once more interrupts the narrative of *Melangenia*, to ſend the fair captive to look after her miſtreſs's dinner.

BOOK IV.

AT her return, *Melangenia* found *Charides* drowned in tears, occaſioned by the moving recital of her friend's misfortunes—"Your ſenſibility, ſaid the former, and the fealing of your compaſſionate heart, as well as the friendſhip you profeſs for me, are, no doubt, the cauſe of the concern you are pleaſed to expreſs for a wretched maid——Alas! replied *Charides*, does that flinty heart beat

beat in any human boſom, that would not bleed as mine does for you. Beſides our fate is ſo ſimilar, that when I grieve for you, methinks I deplore my own misfortunes."

CHARIDES, in her turn, recounts her adventures. Left an orphan when thirteen years of age, the adminiſtration of her immenſe fortune, was entruſted to one *Euſtenes*, a relation of hers. Nearly about that time, *Theogenes*, ſon of *Polycrates*, a wealthy citizen of *Athens*, in conſequence of a quarrel with ſome of his young countrymen, had been obliged to quit *Athens*, and had fled to *Melibœa*, the native city of *Charides*. As he was preſent one day at a feſtival, given in honour of the goddeſs *Minerva*, in which the young virgins of *Melibœa* executed ſeveral dances, he ſaw *Charides*, and was ſtruck with her beauty. She in return, took great notice of *Theogenes*, and his manly graces wrought the ſame effect on the fair *Melibœan*. They wholly engroſſed each other's attention. Blind to all other objects, they were all eyes for themſelves; their looks met a thouſand times, and ſaid more than language can utter; in a word, theſe mute interpreters raiſed a flame which neither time nor misfortune could ever quench. Nothing was now wanting but an interview, for a more ſatisfactory explanation of their reſpective ſentiments. The young *Athenian* followed *Charides*, in order to be informed of her abode, and then returned to his uncle *Traſibulus*, who, having been ſettled ſome years in *Melibœa*, was acquainted with its principal inhabitants. Upon his deſcribing the houſe where *Charides* had entered, *Theogenes* was told by his uncle, "That it belonged to one *Euſtenes*, guardian to a young lady of immenſe fortune,

fortune, who lived with him. This, added *Traſibulus*, would be an excellent match for you, but ſuch is the hatred the *Melibœans* bear to your countrymen, that I cannot give you the leaſt hope of ſucceſs."

THEOGENES confeſſed to his uncle, that this was the charmer, who, at the very firſt ſight, had for ever enſlaved his heart, and, notwithſtanding the powerful objection urged by *Traſibulus*, entreated the latter to give him an opportunity of coming to the ſpeech of *Charides*. *Traſibulus*, who, luckily for his kinſman, had great concerns in trade with *Euſtenes*, engaged to introduce him to the latter on the very next day.

MEANWHILE the love-ſick maid grew ſad and melancholy. She had not ſtrove as uſual to out-do her companions in dancing, and the other exerciſes, in which ſhe was wont to ſurpaſs them all. She ſaw, and thought of nothing but *Theogenes*, all beſides the lovely youth was become perfectly indifferent to *Charides*. In order to drive away that melancholy which aſſailed her beauteous ward, *Nicoſia*, wife to *Euſtenes*, prevailed upon her to go to the temple of *Juno*, to entreat the aſſiſtance of the goddeſs in ſpeedily procuring her a good huſband. Talk of marriage to the languiſhing virgin, and you will ſoon reſtore her mind to eaſe and chearfulneſs. *Charides*, with *Nicoſia*'s two daughters, went to the temple. The former's prayer was too fervent not to be favourably heard. At her return home, *Charides* received from *Theogenes* a letter, containing a declaration of his ſentiments, couched in that tender and reſpectful language which love and delicacy alone could dictate; intimating at the ſame time, that he was to viſit her the next day. The joy ſhe felt at this welcome news, is

better

better felt than deſcribed. She wiſhed, ſhe hoped, and trembled at the very thoughts of diſappointment. The following morning appeared to her the fineſt ſhe ever ſaw; the ſun ſeemed to ſhine with brighter luſtre than uſual. At laſt her longing expectation was fully gratified. *Traſibulus* came with *Theogenes*, and pretending to have ſome particular buſineſs to communicate, retired with *Euſtenes*, and left the youths to themſelves. The reader need not be told that *Theogenes* improved the favourable opportunity to confirm what he had already expreſſed in his letter. The two lovers agreed to meet at the houſe of a female friend, who, knowing that the views of *Theogenes* were honourable, was eaſily won over to their ſide. They continued to ſee one another every day for near a year, when *Theogenes*, by his good qualities, having endeared himſelf to *Euſtenes*, the latter ſhook off all popular prejudice, and conſented that *Charides* ſhould give her hand to the young *Athenian*. The wiſhed-for day was at hand, but *Theogenes*, for ſome family affair, was obliged to depart from *Melibœa*. Previous to his ſetting off, he, with *Charides*, met in the temple of *Juno*, and before the altar of the goddeſs they interchanged vows of eternal conſtancy. From this inſtant, *Charides* had never heard any tidings of *Theogenes*, 'till ſhe ſaw him amongſt the captives who graced the triumph of *Paulus Emilius*. At laſt, at an entertainment, at which ſhe was preſent with *Octavius* and other *Roman* ſenators, the diſcourſe turning on the late defeat of King *Perſeus*, ſhe was informed that her beloved *Theogenes* had been ſet at liberty.

BOOK V and VI.

MELANGENIA closes the recital of her adventures, which *Charides* listened to with so much more concern, that she now thought herself on the verge of peace and happiness. Her friend concludes the account of the particulars she had learned concerning the temple of *Jupiter Ammon*. It had been built by *Bacchus*, who returning triumphant from the *Indies*, was obliged with his whole army to cross those burning sands, from whence he extricated himself by following the track of a ram, which brought him out of the inhospitable deserts, to the beautiful spot described in the former part of *Melangenia*'s account. *Bacchus*, as a monument of his gratitude for so singular a favour, which he wholly attributed to *Jupiter*, caused the god to be represented with the head of a ram. The priests of that deity offer no bloody sacrifices, never eat animal food, but live in continual abstinence, and in the contemplation of celestial objects. They initiate no man into the mysteries of their religion; but certain it is, that they acknowledge and worship but one supreme Being; maintaining that polytheism owes its origin to the several idæas the ignorant vulgar have framed to themselves of the various attributes of the Deity. In this, no doubt, consist the secrets of hermetic philosophy. The priests of *Ammon* are mysterious in every part of their ceremonies, and even in their very dress. No other statue is to be seen in the temple, but that of *Jupiter*, to shew that there is but one God; it represents a man with the head of a ram, to signify that that incorporeal being appears to us under

whatever

whatever form he likes beſt, ſhewing no preference for any one in particular, as being maſter and creator of all.

In regard to the prieſteſſes, they lead nearly the ſame life. They are not permitted to read any book. What they know of the hiſtory of their country, the building of the temple, and its antiquity, as well as the myſteries of their religion, they have learnt by oral tradition, by converſing among themſelves, or from the inſtructions given them by the prieſts. They never put up prayers for any one in particular, not even the king, but recommend the whole creation in general to the care of *Jupiter Ammon*, who, being the ſupreme lord of all, affords equal protection to every creature, and to be rendered propitious to mankind, wants not to be rouſed by prayers and importunity.

Notwithstanding the reſolution which *Melangenia* had taken of ending her days in the company of thoſe holy virgins, the image of *Phereclides* haunted her every where, and re-kindled a fire which was laid but not quenched. The cloiſter now became inſupportable, but by what means could ſhe hope to effect her deliverance? Shall the delicate maid attempt alone the dangers awaiting her in the ſandy plains? As fortune, to love propitious, would have it, the want of proviſions obliged the prieſts of *Ammon* to think of ſending ſome of their order to *Memphis* for a freſh ſupply. *Melangenia*, improving ſo favourable an opportunity, pretended a vow ſhe had made of viſiting the temple of *Diana* at *Bubaſtus*, a ſmall town near *Memphis*; adding, that the goddeſs, offended at her not performing it, had appeared to her in a dream, and threatened her with celeſtial

vengeance. By this ſtratagem ſhe obtained leave to accompany the prieſts of *Ammon* to *Memphis*, where having left them, fully reſolved never to return; ſhe ſet off for *Bubaſtus*, where being arrived, her firſt care was to look out for a ſhip bound to *Cyprus*, the country of *Pherecides*, for ſhe dared not venture back to *Carthage*. She embarked, but the ſhip ſhe was in, fell into the hands of pirates, who, having ſlain all the men on board, ſpared the women, in order to ſell them to ſome merchants from *Sardinia*. Brought to *Rome* with ſeveral ſlaves and hoſtages, ſent thither by *Sempronius* the conſul, it was her lot to be purchaſed by *Capiton* for the account of his maſter *Octavius*. "I have been nine years in *Rome*, and was but twelve years of age when misfortune laid her iron hand upon me." "And may you ſoon, exclaimed *Charides*, ſee an end put to your wretchedneſs; believe me, deareſt friend, I ſhall never think myſelf completely happy 'till I have made you ſo."

CHARIDES, a few days after, with the conſent of *Octavius*, ſet off for *Melibœa*; and, at her parting, renewed to *Melangenia* the promiſe of purchaſing her freedom, if fortune would once ſmile propitious upon her.

BOOK VII and VIII.

ON her arival at *Melibœa*, *Charides* found no one of her friends and acquaintance alive except her own nurſe, who had eſcaped the general ſlaughter. She diſcovered to her the place where ſhe had concealed all the gold, ſilver and moſt precious things which ſhe had been able

to ſave from the general plunder. The firſt uſe *Charides* made of this treaſure, was to reward the ſervants of *Octavius*, who had accompanied her, and whom ſhe now diſcharged, loading them with preſents for the generous *Roman* pretor, and the fair *Carthaginian*, with letters full of the warmeſt expreſſions of friendſhip and gratitude. This proved a happy day for the fair *Melibœan*. The ſame hand that had dug out for her the hidden treaſure, preſented her with that which ſhe prized above the moſt laviſh favours of fortune——a letter from *Theogenes*. He informed her that he was gone to *Athens*. She diſpatched an expreſs after him, and a ſhip being ready to ſail for *Melibœa*, *Theogenes* embarked with the truſty meſſenger. They were ſet upon and taken by a *Byzantian* pirate, of all the crew, none were ſpared but *Theogenes* and his companion. The latter found means to eſcape and ſwam to ſhore. He brought the heavy tidings to *Charides*, who, together with her nurſe, two ſlaves, and a young *Greek* named *Adraſtus*, reſolved to go in ſearch of her lover. They ſailed with a proſperous gale for *Byzantium*. *Adraſtus* ſoon learned the place where *Theogenes* was confined, paid his ranſom, and brought him back to *Charides*. The tranſports of the two lovers are better fancied than expreſſed. Leſt another ſeparation ſhould again endanger his happineſs, *Theogenes* preſſed his lovely miſtreſs to grant him at laſt the reward of his conſtancy. But *Charides* had vowed not to give him her hand 'till their return at *Melibœa*.—Alas! they little thought of the new misfortunes that awaited them! they were hardly out of ſight of *Byzantium*, when a moſt dreadful hurricane drove them as far as the coaſt of *Scythia*, where the ſhip ran aground. They eſcaped

from

from the fury of the raging waves, to fall into the cruel hands of the barbarous inhabitants of that inhospitable country. They were beset by a party of soldiers, taken and carried up to *Olbia*, where dwelt *Domasdes* the king of the *Scythians*.

This prince was at war with the *Nomades*, who had invaded his territories, and on the eve of giving them battle. According to the barbarous custom of the country, human victims were to be offered up to the god of war, who they conceived could not be rendered propitious without such bloody sacrifices. It was furthermore required, that they should be prisoners of war, the men perfectly sound and healthy; and if of the female sex, unspotted virgins. Strangers, in some cases, supplied for the sanguinary purpose, the want of prisoners. *Charides* and young *Adrastus* were the only two of the company that could answer the description; *Theogenes* having formerly been wounded. They were about to be sacrificed, when *Domasdes*, moved with pity at their misfortunes, and touched by their constant and earnest prayer to be suffered to share all the same fate, told the young *Athenian*, that he might purchase the lives of his friends, by getting into his power a sufficient number of prisoners. *Theogenes*, at the head of fifty horsemen well armed, animated by love and his native bravery, penetrates into the enemy's camp, and brings back several of them who were instantly sacrificed, and his beloved *Charides* with *Adrastus* set at liberty.

The king, pleased at the success of this first expedition, entrusted the entire command of his army to *Theogenes*, and ordered that *Charides*, *Adrastus*, and their follower, should be treated with every mark of respect.

BOOK IX and X.

WHILST *Theogenes* was leading his victorious bands againſt the enemies of king *Demaſdes*, *Charides* found herſelf obliged to withdraw from court, and by a timely flight, eſcape from the brutality of the officer who had the care of her, and whoſe paſſion ſhe had refuſed to gratify. She ſet off in the middle of the night, having previouſly wrapt up in the clothes which ſhe left behind, a letter, informing *Theogenes* of the motives that juſtified her conduct. *Charides*, with her travelling companions, after a great deal of fatigue, and many hair-breadth eſcapes, arrived at *Meſembria*, a city of *Thracia*.

MEANWHILE, the *Athenian* hero having totally defeated the *Nomades*, returned triumphant to court. He ſoon learnt the fate of *Charides*, and the cauſe of her flight. Upon his complaining to the king of the vile uſage offered to his miſtreſs, and in her perſon to himſelf, the monarch ordered the officer to be inſtantly impaled. *Theogenes* having further beſought leave to retire, it was granted, and he left the court loaded with honour and rewards. He found his miſtreſs at *Meſembria*, and, together with her *Adraſtus* and their other fellow-travellers, returned ſafe to *Melibœa*, where *Charides* conſented at laſt to make him happy.

CHARIDES thought her felicity incompleat, as long as *Melangenia* remained in bondage. She wrote to *Octavius*, and begged the freedom of the fair *Carthaginian*. The requeſt being readily granted by the generous pretor, *Melangenia* ſet off for *Melibœa*, to enjoy the ſweets of friendſhip and liberty.

THEOGENES,

THEOGENES, returning from a voyage to *Athens*, where he had been to viſit his father; who had expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing his daughter-in-law, eaſily wrought upon his wife to comply with the wiſhes of his aged ſire. *Charides*, who, to indulge, needed but to know the wiſhes of her beloved *Theogenes*, ſet ſail from *Melibœa*, taking *Melangenia* with her, they arrived and ſtayed ſome days at *Corinthum*. One day, as *Theogenes* was taking his morning walk, he was accoſted by an elderly man, whom *Theogenes* ſoon recollected to have ſeen at *Epheſus*, and with whom he had contracted a particular friendſhip. As an old acquaintance, *Theogenes* introduced him to his wife. The ſtranger firſt addreſſed *Charides*; but when he turned to *Melangenia*, his ſpeech failed him, he heſitated, and ſoon recollecting her features, flung his arms about her, and exclaimed in a faultering voice, "Propitious fortune, I thank thee!" ——*Theogenes*, and his lovely bride were all amazement; but *Melangenia* ſoon diſpelled their ſurpriſe. "O *Charides*, O my friend, ſaid ſhe, what a fortunate encounter! this is *Pherecides* of whom you have ſo often heard me talk with raptures." After the firſt embraces were over, *Pherecides* gave a ſhort narrative of what had befallen him ſince the fatal adventure of the woods. The robbers flying from their purſuers, he had been left behind. "After having ſought for you in vain, added he, 'till night cloſed upon me, my ſtrength failing me, I dropped with wearineſs to the ground, where a profound ſleep recruited my ſpirits the more, as in a dream methought I ſaw your beloved image, but it was the angel appointed to watch over you that appeared to me, bidding me to be comforted, and that I ſhould meet you again

one

one day. I have wandered ever since from place to place, supported by that flattering hope which is at last so completely fulfilled."

MELANGENIA's happiness was a new addition to that of her fair friend, who had not now another wish to form. They all set out for *Athens*, where *Pherecides* received the hand of *Melangenia*. The aged *Policrates* saw his daughter, and died content in the arms of his beloved children and their two friends, who never parted, 'till all subduing death dispatched her herald with the fatal but irresistible summons.

ALMAHIDA:

OR, THE

QUEEN IN BONDAGE.

By Mr. or rather Mademoiselle DE SCUDERY.

THIS very interesting Romance was published in *Paris*, in the year 1660, in eight *vols. in quarto*, and never was reprinted since. The Abbé *Langlet* justly observes, that it is modelled on the manners of the *Moors* in *Spain*, the most polite and accomplished of all men.

IT was at first looked upon to be entirely the production of Mr. DE SCUDERY alone; but it soon appeared that his sister had the best share in it.

THE name of *Scudery* is ſo univerſally known, that we ſhould think it needleſs to ſay much about the ſubject, were we not provided with ſome anecdotes which may entertain our readers, and convey ſome uſeful information.

GEORGE DE SCUDERY, of a noble family of *Provence*, was born at *Havre-de-Grace*, not in 1603, as erroneouſly aſſerted by the Abbé d'*Olivet* and others, but in the year 1601, and died at *Paris* the 14th of *May*, 1667, aged ſixty-ſix.—He had married a lady from *Normandy*, by whom he had an only ſon, the *Abbé de Scudery*. The catalogue of his works is very numerous, and may be ſeen in *Moreri*'s Dictionary. His merit fell certainly very ſhort of what his vanity made him conceit, and yet he had more than *Boileau* is willing to acknowledge, by the abuſe poured upon him by the *French* ſatyriſt. His wife, who ſurvived him, was greatly hurt at the keen ſtrokes of *Depréaux*'s malice, and entertained ſome hopes of having found an avenger, who would retort upon the ſatyriſt. Count *Buſſi-Rabutin* had provided himſelf with a ſmall book, ſuch as is generally uſed for prayers by the laity, inſtead of the images which are to be found in thoſe kind of books amongſt the Roman catholics; he therein preſerved the miniature portraits of ſome of the courtiers whoſe ladies were ſuſpected of various gallantries. Under each he had written a ſhort ſpeech in the form of a prayer, and ſuitable to the ſubject. *Boileau*, alluding to this book, had ſaid in his eighth ſatire:

Moi

Moi j'irois épouſer une femme coquette!
J'irois, par ma conſtance, aux affronts endoric,
Me mettre au rang des ſaints qu'a célébrés *Buſſi*?*

MADAME DE SCUDERY did every thing in her power to excite the Count's reſentment againſt the poet, by repreſenting to the former the unwarrantable liberty taken with his name by the latter; adding, that the king had explained himſelf on the ſubject, in a manner that could not but have proved very grating to the count had he heard it. *Buſſi* was deaf to all that Madame *de Scudery* could urge againſt the poet, and only anſwered, that *Boileau* was a man of genius and merit, for whom he had a very particular regard.

SCUDERY, naturally conceited, had inherited from his father a great deal of that vivacity for which the natives of *Provence* are juſtly celebrated. His repartees, and his manner of expreſſing himſelf, had ſomething both pleaſing and characteriſtic. We remember to have heard, amongſt others, the following ſally of our authour: An actor, of the name of *Mondory*, very tall and corpulent, having badly played his part in one of *Scudery*'s tragedies, the poet loaded him with ſevere reproaches, which *Mondory* anſwering rather impertinently, the former threatened him; the conſequence was a challenge from the latter. *Scudery*, turning to ſome perſons preſent:—"The

* What! think I'd madly wed a gameſome wife;
And, fearleſs of the ills which cuckolds wait,
Make one among the ſaints by *Buſſi* fam'd?

fellow is proud, ſaid he, in that he is too huge to get his complete caneing all in one day."

THE following trait of *Scudery*'s honeſt diſintereſtedneſs, will, we fear, be more admired than emulated by the preſent race of writers. *Chriſtina*, Queen of *Sweden*, having granted him leave to inſcribe to her his *Alaric*, or *Rome Conquered*, meant to preſent him with a golden chain of the price of ten thouſand livres, if he would ſuppreſs the praiſes he had beſtowed in that work on Count *de la Gardie*, who had incurred *Chriſtina*'s diſpleaſure. *Scudery* had the magnanimity to declare, that the richeſt preſents in the queen's gift, could never induce him to be guilty of ſo mean a complaiſance. "Were the golden chain (theſe are his very words) to outweigh that of which mention is made in the hiſtory of the *Incas*, I never would pull down the altar erected by my own hands." *Chriſtina* gave him nothing. The parallel is not to the credit of the wandering queen.

SCUDERY was of the *French* Academy, and enjoyed the patronage of Cardinal *Richelieu*, which he owed perhaps leſs to merit, than to a boundleſs, and we may ſay, ſlaviſh complaiſance. No man ever wrote more for the ſtage, or with greater ſucceſs; yet his plays would at preſent make a very indifferent figure. Nothing can prove his want of talents for the drama, more than his criticiſm on the *Cid* of *Corneille*, in which he blames thoſe very beauties which ſecured the ſucceſs of that play, with a *bonne foi*, that ſhews his want of taſte and refinement. He wrote ſeveral Romances in company with his ſiſter, but the moſt

general

general opinion is, that he had the leaſt ſhare in the compoſition.

MAGDALENA DE SCUDERY, born alſo at *Havre-de-Grace* in the year 1607, was brought up at *Paris*, and gave the earlieſt proofs of that refined and delicate genius which recommended her to the notice of the greateſt perſonages of her time. She was admitted at the Hotel de *Rambouillet*, ſo deſervedly celebrated as the nurſery of genius and learning. Romances were then in faſhion, and Mademoiſelle *de Scudery* ſoon diſtinguiſhed herſelf in that carreer, ſo as to be made a member of all the academies where women are admitted; and be honoured with the correſpondence of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the age. The biſhop of *Munſter*, Prince of *Padderborn*, made her a preſent of his works and picture. Queen *Chriſtina*, Cardinal *Mazarin*, and *Lewis* XIV. at the recommendation of his chancellor *Buocherat*, and of Madame *de Maintenon*, allowed her penſions, to enable her to live in that comfortable manner which fortune had denied her.

BOILEAU in his ſatires, was equally ſevere againſt the brother and ſiſter, but with great injuſtice. Mademoiſelle *de Scudery* had obtained the premium propoſed by the *French* Academy, for the beſt Eſſay on Glory, and had publiſhed ſeveral *volumes*, under the title of Dialogues on different Subjects. This work, which places in the beſt light the writer's genius, knowledge and ſound philoſophy, is the beſt proteſt that can be entered againſt the ſatyriſt. If romances did not pleaſe a man, not very remarkable for refined feelings, if the tedious converſations ſometimes introduced in thoſe productions,

productions, and a metaphyſic often too elevated for the ſubject, did not meet with his approbation, her other qualities, her wit, her ſex, the reputation ſhe had acquired, and her many reſpectable connections ſeemed to intitle her to more juſtice and regard.

THE titles of Mademoiſelle *Scudery*'s romances, are as follows: the *Hiſtory of Celamire*, or *a Trip to Verſailles*; *Ibrahim*, or *the Illuſtrious Bacha*; *Almahida*; *Celinta*; *Mathilda d'Aguilar*; and *Artamenes*, or *Cyrus the Great*: ſhe has alſo wrote ſeveral fables and other pieces of poetry.

THE romance of *Cyrus*, furniſhes us with a curious anecdote concerning Prince *Mazare*, who acts a conſiderable part in that novel.

MR. DE SCUDERY and his ſiſter being on a journey, ſtopped at an inn, where, after ſupper, their diſcourſe turned on the manner of conducting the plot and cataſtrophe of the romance of *Cyrus*. "What is to be done with Prince *Mazare*, ſaid Mademoiſelle *de Scudery*. I think it will be better to make away with him by poiſon, than by means of a dagger"—"not ſo faſt, ſiſter, replied *Scudery*, he may be yet of ſome ſervice, and we ſhall ſoon diſpatch the Prince, when we have no further occaſion for him."

TWO merchants, who were in the next room, over-hearing this converſation, and thinking that the name of *Mazare* was only a borrowed one under which they were plotting the murder of ſome real prince, gave an information againſt the brother and ſiſter. They were apprehended, brought back to *Paris*, lodged in the priſons of the *conciergerie*, and examined in form. They eaſily cleared themſelves, and obtained the right

of life and death over all the heros and heroines of their romances.

MADEMOISELLE DE SCUDERY was ſo ill-favoured by nature, that ſhe long oppoſed the moſt peremptory refuſal, to her friends requeſting her to ſit for her picture. At laſt ſhe gave way to their importunities. *Nanteuil* was the artiſt, but ſhe no ſooner caſt her eyes on the too reſembling portraſt, than ſhocked at the irregularity of her features, ſhe could hardly be prevailed upon to permit a few copies to be engraved, and purchaſed the plate, that no more might be diſtributed.

THOUGH ſhe talked much of love in her romances, ſhe does not ſeem to have felt herſelf what ſhe ſo tenderly expreſſes on that noble paſſion, and *Peliſſon*, whoſe deformity exceeded even her own, is the only man for whom ſhe ever entertained any regard.

MADEMOISELLE DE SCUDERY died in *Paris*, on the 2d of *June*, 1701, in the 94th year of her age, and was buried at St. *Nicolas-des-Champs*, her pariſh.

NOTHING was heard through the ſpacious ſtreets of the great city of *Grenada*, but the alarming cry of TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

THE powerful and contending factions of *Abencerragi*, and the *Zegri* were up in arms, and divided the whole city. The former, with their friends, had formed themſelves into a ſtrong body, towards the gate of *Vimalmaçan*; thoſe who had eſpouſed the part of the latter, were aſſembled in the ſpacious ſtreet of *Zacatin*, whilſt the other

other parts of the city were occupied by the members of the different factions. The *Alarites*, *Zulemi* and *Almanſors*, reſolved to keep the moſt impartial neutrality, ſtood entrenched behind large pieces of timber, laid croſſways near the gate of *Elvira*. *Muley-haxen*, the old king, who ſaw the danger that threatened the kingdom, which he had reſigned into the hands of his ſon, weighed down more with ſorrow than infirmities, was confined to his bed, in the caſtle of *Albayſin*. The ambitious prince *Audalla*, his other ſon, viewed with heartfelt pleaſure, from the top of the ſame fortreſs, the threatning ſtorm, in hopes of benefiting by the downfal of his brother, which he foreſaw muſt be the conſequence of thoſe civil broils.

THE two factions ſoon engaged in a moſt obſtinate and bloody battle, near the ſquare of *Vivarambla*, and this fatal day muſt have proved the laſt of the *Moriſh* ſway in *Grenada*, had not King *Boaudilin*, lately raiſed to the throne by the voluntary abdication of his father, boldly ſtepped between the two parties, followed by his own guards, and the three neutral families. His preſence was productive of the moſt ſalutary conſequence; the factious ſubjects, awed by the magnanimity of their king, flung down their arms, and ſhook hands. The raging flame was hardly laid, when it threatened a new conflagration. This was occaſioned by the exploits of a ſlave belonging to Queen *Almahida*, and given to her by her father *Morayſel*. His name was *Leontio*, ſuppoſed to be by birth a *Portugueſe*. Seeing his maſter engaged in the quarrel of the *Abencerrags*, he had ſallied forth from the royal palace, and, armed with a ſingle cimeter, had

had made great havock amongſt the *Zegri*, wounded their chief, *Mohavido*, and ſaved the life of *Morayſel*.

MOHAVIDO inſiſted on the king making a proper example of the raſh intruding ſlave; whilſt, on the other hand, *Abindarrays*, chief of the *Abencerragi*, *Morayſel*, and the Queen declared in his favour. Nor did *Leontio*, whoſe comelineſs and manly appearance wrought much in his favour, remain ſilent. He pleaded his cauſe ſo powerfully, ſhewing that he had only acquitted himſelf of a ſlave's firſt duty, by preſerving the life of his maſter, that the king not only acquitted him, but gave to his conduct the praiſes it deſerved, and ſet him at liberty. This was a cruel mortification for *Mohavido*, who had further diſgraced himſelf, by meanly bribing an *Alfaqui* or prieſt, to accuſe *Leontio* of having acted contrary to the law of *Mahomet*.

DON RODERIC DE NARVA, a *Spaniſh* General, then a priſoner of war in *Grenada*, from a turret of the caſtle wherein he was confined, ſaw all that paſſed on this memorable day. *Fernando de Solis*, a *Spaniard* by birth, and a ſlave of *Almahida*, was the only companion of *de Narva*'s ſolitude. Knowing this old ſervant to be acquainted with every circumſtance that had happened for many years back in the court of *Grenada*, the *Spaniſh* General entreated the ſlave to inform him of the particulars, and *Fernando* began his narrative as follows:

" IN the beginning of the reign of *Muley-hazen*, father to the preſent King, *Morayſel-Almoradi* ſhone the brighteſt ornament of the court of *Grenada*. None could vie with him in rank, and but few in point of merit. He was handſome, well-made, and ſenſible. Notwithſtanding the almoſt univerſal inclination of the

Moors to love, he was a perfect ſtranger to that paſſion. This peculiarity in his character, had begot him the name of the *handſome ſtatue*. Whilſt every one reproached him with ſo unnatural an apathy, he himſelf ſtrove long in vain to remove it. His behaviour to the ladies was civil, yet cool and diſtant. His intimate friend *Almadan* begged of him one day to take a part in a tournament intended for the diverſion of the beauteous *Semahis*, on whom *Almadan* had ſettled all his affections. *Morayſel* wiſhed to decline the invitation, under pretence of his being an utter ſtranger to matters of gallantry: but at laſt, giving way to the importunities of his friend, he threatened him, jocoſely, to make him repent of his frolic by courting *Semahis* on own his account. *Almadan*, ſecure in the well-known character of inſenſibility, for which his friend had ſo long been famous, made very light of his menace, and in the ſame ſtrain of raillery, challenged him to do his worſt. This joke, however, took a more ſerious turn than either party perhaps imagined. The *handſome ſtatue*, now was animated by the vivifying glances of *Semahis*, who was herſelf ſmitten with *Morayſel*'s fine perſon and extraordinary accompliſhments. *Almadan* loſt the day in the field, both of *Mars* and *Venus*. This double diſgrace drove him to deſpair. He flew from the city, and went to hide his ſhame in the dreary mountains of *Alpuchares*, where he turned *Dervis*; whilſt his happy rival obtained the hand of the proud and beautiful *Semahis*. A daughter was the only fruit of this union. She received the name of *Almahida*, and is now the Sultana-Queen of *Grenada*. Her father had the curioſity to conſult her nativity. He employed for that purpoſe *Cid-hamet*, an

Arab,

Arab, well-verſed in the occult ſcience of aſtrology. The ſoothſayer's anſwer was: "*Almahida* ſhall be very modeſt and very amorous; at the ſame time maid and woman, virgin and wedded; ſlave and queen: the wife of a ſlave and a king; lucky and unfortunate; innocent, yet thought guilty; expoſed to the danger of being burnt alive; *Mahometan* and *Chriſtian*: nevertheleſs ſhe'll be happier at her death, than ſhe ſhall have been in her life-time: amongſt the ruins of a throne, and in the very overthrow of a kingdom, ſhe will find in her love and her innocence a ſufficient comfort to ſolace her for the loſs of a crown, of which fortune will have deprived her."

"MORAYSEL, alarmed at this intricate and ominous prediction, flattered himſelf, that the ſureſt way of ſaving both his daughter and the kingdom from their ill-fated deſtiny, was to ſend *Semahis* away from *Grenada*. He fixed on *Algiers*, where he had ſome relations, for the place of her temporary exile. With no other train than her nurſe and four ſlaves, myſelf included, ſhe was hurried on board the ſhip. After having paſſed the famous *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, we ſailed along the coaſt of *Mauritania*, ſteering for *Algiers*. But before I enter into the particulars of our voyage, give me leave to ſhift the ſcene to *Andalouſia*. It is neceſſary you ſhould be informed that a few years before the birth of *Almahida*, *Don Pedro de Leon*, Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, had a ſon by his conſort *Ines* of *Arragon*. The child was chriſtened *Pontio*, and furnamed *Pegnaſiel*. No leſs fond and ſuperſtitious than *Morayſel*, *Don Pedro* conſulted with a learned mathematician of *Toledo*, on the future deſtiny of his new born ſon. *Fadriques*, ſo was he

called, answered, "That *Pontio* of *Leon* should be blessed with a genius equal to his great courage; but that, unless he was properly watched 'till his twentieth year, slavery must be his lot." *Don Pedro*, who placed great confidence in prognostics, resolved to withdraw his son from court, and from the vicinity of the sea, as the only means to prevent the misfortune that threatened him. He was sent from *Seville*, and confined in one of his father's seats in *Andalousia*, which, on account of its beautiful waters, is called *Fontaines*, there to remain 'till the fatal period should be over, and to be educated in a manner suitable to his high birth. Now, my lord, I shall resume the account of our navigation.

"We had already passed *Ceuta*, and were almost in sight of *Algiers*, when we had the misfortune to meet with a *Baramada* pirate, to whose superior force we were obliged to strike. After having dealt slaughter around them, and butchered in cold blood those who were found in arms, they doomed the remainder of the crew to wretchedness and thraldom. As they professed the christian religion, I flattered myself, that, being a *Spaniard*, they would shew me more mercy than they had done to the *Mahometans*; but they soon undeceived me of the good opinion I entertained of their piety, by loading me with irons; so that by falling into the hands of Christians, I only got new masters. I had taken the precaution to bind my fellow slaves by an oath, which was religiously observed, not to reveal on any terms the quality and birth of *Almahida*, who was to pass for the daughter of an *Algerian* merchant. The pirates, entertaining no further hopes of a valuable ransom, sunk our ship; after having taken on board their

own what they thought moſt valuable. Then a favourable gale ſpringing up, they ſteered for the iſland of *Orgny*, their uſual retreat. It is ſituated near the coaſt of *Normandy*, oppoſite to the high cliffs of *Jobour*, a place remarkable for its mines and ſubterraneous curioſities. Here the banditties, the ſole inhabitants of the iſland, had built themſelves huts and warehouſes to depoſit their booty. They were one hundred and twenty in number, beſides the ſlaves and a few women, whoſe employment was to cultivate the unfruitful ſoil of this dreary abode. All communication with the reſt of the world was entirely cut off, as the navigator dreaded the very ſight of this dangerous iſland: ſo that many years elapſed before I could inform *Morayſel* of his daughter's deſtiny.

"MEANWHILE, *Almahida* daily became more conſpicuous by her extraordinary wit and beauty, and improved much by the education ſhe received from me; but whether it was, that Providence had marked ſome more auſpicious hour for her converſion, or that her ſlaves prevented the good I hoped for from my inſtructions, I could not perſuade her to recant the errors of the *Mahometan* religion, and embrace that of Chriſt. Out of the rich cloaths that had been laid in her cradle, her ſlaves had made her a *Mooriſh* dreſs, which, together with her good mien, made her look as the queen of the iſland. Nevertheleſs, I judged it expedient not to inform her of her high birth and expectations; as I thought her yet too young to be entruſted with ſo important a ſecret. Yet nature ſeemed to whiſper it to *Almahida*, by inſpiring her with inclinations ſo truly noble, and ſentiments ſo refined, that ſhe ſhone with

no

no leſs luſtre in her miſerable hut, than ſhe now caſts around, ſeated on the throne of *Grenada*. She had nearly compleated her eighth year, when the pirates, returning from a cruiſe which had not proved very ſucceſsful, took notice of *Almahida*'s growing charms, and laid a plan, which the demon of cruelty, and their inſatiable thirſt after gold, could alone trace out for them, or their native barbarity perſuade them to execute.

"They reſolved to harbour the *Turkiſh* dreſs and colours, to give to my young miſtreſs the habit of a Chriſtian; and, in their way to *Conſtantinople*, where they meant to ſell *Almahida*, to murder and throw overboard her nurſe, the three ſlaves, and myſelf. We were a great way out at ſea before I had the leaſt intimation of their horrid plot, which was diſcloſed to me by one of their own ſlaves, with whom I lived in great intimacy. The diſcovery only ſerved to ſhew me the yawning precipice, without pointing out the means of avoiding the impending fate. That ever-watchful Providence, that can by an apparent evil lead us to the moſt fortunate event, raiſed all on a ſudden a moſt dreadful hurricane. All the ſkill of our pilot were exerted in vain to weather out the ſtorm. The ſhip was daſhed againſt the rocks, and the whole crew, except myſelf and *Almahida* periſhed. The ſurge that had caſt us on ſhore, was nearly as fatal to me, as the malice of the cruel pirates might have been. I remained motionleſs for a conſiderable time, at laſt, caſting my reviving eyes around me, what was my aſtoniſhment and deſpair, not to diſcover any trace of my beautiful ward; however, recollecting that at the

very

very inſtant that I had ſunk to the ground, I held her by the hand, and finding no part of her cloaths, nor any thing that had belonged to her, I concluded that ſhe had been taken care of by ſome of the hoſpitable inhabitants of a country, which I ſoon diſcovered to be the province of *Andalouſia*, my native place.

"THOUGH I could not but be thankful to heaven for ſo fortunate a circumſtance; yet I found that an end was put to my ſlavery, but not to my misfortunes: for, ſetting forwards with a heart divided between joy and anxiety, I ſoon learned that, during my long ſervitude, my father had died; and that all his poſſeſſions had been ſeized upon by ſome mercileſs creditors, without any of my relations interfering to reſcue part of my fortune from their rapacious hands. I luckily remembered that *Don Pedro* of *Leon*, duke of *Medina Sidonia*, had ever ſhewn a favourable partiality for my deceaſed father, and I reſolved to wait on the duke at his ſeat of *Fontaines*. I had no ſooner ſent up my name, than I was introduced into an apartment, where *Don Pedro* was with his lady, *Niez* of *Arragon*, and *Pontio* of *Leon*, their only ſon. But, my lord, judge of my ſurprize, the very firſt object that ſtruck me, was *Almahida* herſelf, who received and returned the moſt endearing careſſes of the noble pair. She knew me again, and flew to my arms. As for the duke, he retained me in his ſervice as governor to his ſon, on condition that I would conſent to live entirely at *Fontaines*, where he intended that *Pontio* ſhould remain 'till the fatal epocha marked by the ſoothſayer ſhould be over.

"I SOON diſcovered in my young pupil the moſt promiſing diſpoſitions, and every day increaſed that attachment

ment which duty and gratitude inſpired me for *Don Pontio*. He grew very fond of his young ſlave, and was not leſs dear to *Almahida*; but a certain haughtineſs of temper in the latter, curbed the fierceneſs of a paſſion which the impetuous youth could not ſo eaſily conceal. Meanwhile, I loſt no opportunity to ſhew her the abſurdities of the *Alcoran*, but my zeal and eloquence were exerted in vain.

"THE young count was more ſucceſsful. When the heart is prepoſſeſſed, the mind is eaſily ſubdued, and ſhe was at laſt perſuaded to embrace the Chriſtian religion. This heightened greatly the reputation of *Pontio*, who was already looked upon as a moſt accompliſhed youth; whilſt *Aminta* (for this was one of the three names given to *Almahida* by her ſponſors,) daily attracted the admiration even of her own ſex. We were viſited about this time by the marquis of *Monte-Major*, ſon to the duke of *the Iſanntada*, who having had an opportunity of ſeeing *Aminta*, fell deſperately in love with my beautiful ward. Love had made a poet of count *Pegnafiel*, and the marquiſs, reſolved to rival him in every reſpect, found means to convey ſome very paſſionate lines into *Aminta*'s little baſket: for, in compliance to my pupil's fancy, ſhe had put on the dreſs of a ſhepherdeſs. *Aminta*, conſulting more her growing fondneſs for *Pontio*, than the dictates of prudence, ſhewed this letter to her lover, who, feeling all the tortures of jealouſy, called his rival to account, and, in a duel which ſoon followed, wounded the marquis dangerouſly.

"I DISPATCHED a meſſenger to the duke and dutcheſs to inform them of what had paſſed, intimating, that as *Almahida*

mahida was the cauſe of the dangerous rupture between the young noblemen, it was expedient not to ſuffer her to remain any longer at *Fontaines:* adding, that ſhe was of noble parentage, and every way deſerving of their protection.

"On the other hand, as the dukes of *Medina-Sidonia*, and of the *Infantada* were intimate, they no ſooner heard of this affair, than they ordered their ſons to forget what had paſſed, and to live together as friends, as they had done hitherto. But as the marquis was confined to his bed, my pupil received a peremptory command to go and viſit him, which the latter, awed by his father's imperious temper, did, but with the greateſt reluctance. I have not words to deſcribe the aukwardneſs and embarraſſment of the two young rivals. They ſaid little, and treated each other with ſo much coldneſs, that they would have quarrelled a ſecond time, ſo deeply rooted is hatred when implanted by jealouſy, had I not taken the greateſt care to prevent it.

"At our return, *Pontio* of *Leon*, found a new cauſe of deſpair. A coach of the dutcheſs of *Medina-Sidonia* was juſt arrived, with orders to the governeſs to ſet out with *Aminta* for *Seville*. The count had hardly time enough to renew the aſſurances of his love to the fair *Grenadine*, who, in her turn, promiſed never to forget him."

Here *Fernando de Solis* interrupted his narration, which he engaged to reſume at another time, to ſatisfy the curioſity of the *Spaniſh* general, who expreſſed the greateſt ſatisfaction at what he had heard of *Almahida's* intereſting adventures.

MOHAVIDO who had vowed revenge againſt the ſlave *Leontio*, and whoſe evil intentions had been defeated by the pardon granted to his enemy, by the king himſelf; having conſulted with his friends, reſolved to make a new effort. The ſeditious prieſt was once more ordered by his patron to renew his charge againſt this devoted victim of party-fury. In a ſpecious harangue, the *Alfaqui* endeavoured to prove, that *Leontio* was not *Morayſel*'s ſlave, but the queen's; and therefore no ways entitled to a pardon, which was grounded only on the ſuppoſition that he had fought for his maſter, concluding, that he was within the expreſs meaning of a law, which doomed to immediate death a Chriſtian ſlave, who dared to lift up his hand againſt a *Mahometan*.

MORAYSEL was about to ſpeak in *Leontio*'s defence, when the queen, who knew *Leontio* to be the real count *Pegnafiel*, emboldened by her very fear of the danger that threatened ſo precious a life, turned to the *Alfaqui*, and with eyes ſparkling with anger—"Thou art deceived, wicked impoſtor, ſaid ſhe, this Chriſtian is no ſlave; I gave him his freedom the day before his encounter with the *Zegri*. If he has fought on that memorable day, he fought as a free-man"—"and as ſuch, added *Pontio* of *Leon*, and being of a rank ſuperior to that of *Mahardin*, I am ready, with the king's permiſſion, to prove by the law of arms, that I have acted a juſt part."

MAHARDIN accepted of the challenge, telling *Pontio* that, though in his preſent condition he did not ſeem to be what he boaſted, he was ready to meet him in the field. "I have ſeen thee fight bravely, ſaid the chief of the *Zegri*, and that is ſufficient for me." The king conſented to the duel, on condition, that, whichever party

party ſhould be crowned with victory, the other ſhould retire, and never more trouble the peace of the city. The terms were agreed to by the two factions. And now the two combatants attacked each other with equal ſkill and fury, in the preſence of the king and the whole court. Victory declared for the juſt cauſe, and *Mahardin* fell, dangerouſly wounded, by count *Pegnaſiel*. The king retired to his palace, after having ordered that the *Alfaqui* ſhould be empaled before the principal moſque, in order to deter others from daring to foment the ſpirit of ſedition amongſt the people. This was executed, and the *Zegri* retired, bearing off their wounded chief.

THIS event, however glorious for *Pontio*, was very unfortunate in the end to his love: for the queen, having declared him publickly a free man, gave him a peremptory command to leave the *Alhambre*, or palace. Forced to obey, he conſulted with *Don Fernando*, and by his advice retired to the houſe of *Morayſel*, where he was received by the owner with all the regard due to his merit, and the glory of his late atchievements.

THE king of *Grenada*, apprehenſive of the bad conſequences that might ariſe from the ſeditious diſpoſition of the *Abencerragi* and of the *Zegri*, was wholly intent on the means of preventing its alarming progreſs. He aſſembled his council; the wiſeſt were of opinion that the beſt way to ſuſpend, and perhaps put an end to theſe domeſtic feuds, was to give ſome public entertainment, wherein love and gallantry ſhould take the place of hatred and animoſity. *Boaudilin* hearkened to this advice, and was ſoon convinced of its utility. Proper orders were given, and the *Grenadines*, forgetting their

diſſenſions, employed a whole month in the neceſſary preparations for a magnificent tournament, the queen being to reward the conqueror. As the *Moors* of *Grenada* originally came from *Africa*, they agreed that the entertainments ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *the African heroes revived:* that it ſhould conſiſt of twelve bands or quadrilles, headed by twelve of the principal men among them, who ſhould be called by the name of ſome of the celebrated *Africans*, ſuch as *Amilcar*, *Jugurtha*, *Juba*, *Sipbax*, &c. It was further agreed, that theſe ſhould be all maſked, and that every knight ſhould carry the repreſentation of a town in *Africa*, ſome curioſity from that country, and be followed by a magnificent car, on which ſhould be placed the ſtatue of ſome of the *African* heroines, with a face repreſenting that of one of the living beauties of the court of *Granada*, whom the knight, who had the ſtatue in his train, ſhould have choſen for the miſtreſs of his heart.

On the appointod day, the king and the ſultana-queen, with all her train, placed themſelves on balconies in the ſquare of *Vivaramble*.

The brave *Zelebin* overcame his eleven opponents, and the judges were about to proclaim his victory, when the king expreſſed a wiſh, that ſome of the knights had declared himſelf the queen's champion. Being given to underſtand that the reſpect due to majeſty had alone prevented it,—"Let me tell you, ſaid *Beaudilin*, that this pretended reſpect, is a real inſult to me and my beautiful conſort, and I ſincerely wiſh, that ſome heroic knight would now make his appearance and fight in ſo juſt a cauſe."—The king had hardly done ſpeaking, when a martial ſymphony was heard at a diſtance, and it was

found, upon enquiry, that another knight was approaching. The king and judges having conſulted a few minutes together, it was agreed, with the unanimous conſent of the other knights, to hear what the herald, ſent by the ſtranger, had to ſay. He was introduced, and ſtopping ſhort before the tent of *Zelebin*, he, without alighting, or paying him the leaſt compliment, put into his hands a challenge which the brave *Moor* read aloud to the knights who ſurrounded him. It was worded as follows:

A Challenge to all the Knights of the Tournament.

"Ye unjust Knights! Who have unadviſedly forgot to repreſent in your magnificent pageants, the moſt illuſtrious queen, who ever graced the annals of *Africa*, a prince of great renown, one of the moſt famous cities, and what deſerves moſt blame, a beauty that is to all her ſex what the dazzling ſun is to the feeble light of the twinkling ſtars; I come to puniſh ye all of ſo unpardonable a neglect. But, as it would be unſeemly to ſubmit to the laws of the tournament, a perſon who is above the law, or to put a queen upon a level with her ſubjects, hear the terms I propoſe:

"If victory ſhould declare for me, all your heroines ſhall be laid at the foot of the ſtatue which you will ſee carried before me, if, on the contrary, I ſhould be overcome, let me be dragged as a captive behind your car; but let not the ſacred image that graces mine, be taken down. Such are the conditions offered to you by

The King of the Massilians."

Zelebin

ZELEBIN and the eleven champions, having ſignified their approbation, a moſt ſuperb car entered the camp, bearing the ſtatue of *Sophoniſba*, but with a head perfectly repreſenting queen *Almahida*. Behind the car, preceded, ſurrounded and followed by other knights and ſlaves, richly clad, appeared the ſtranger, perſonating *Maſſiniſſa* king of the *Maſſilians*, mounted on a moſt beautiful ſteed, and bearing in his right hand a lance; on his left arm was his target, repreſenting mount *Ætna* caſting up flames, with this motto around it:

The concealed fire more fiercely burns.

By which he meant to inſinuate, that the flames which the tranſcendent beauties of *Sophoniſba*, or rather *Almahida*, kindled in every breaſt, concealed under the reſpect due to ſo great a queen, burnt with more fierceneſs. Meanwhile the tournament was renewed, and fortune ſiding with the new champion, he conquered all his opponents, and all the other ſtatues were laid proſtrate before that of the queen of *Grenada*.

THE trumpets now proclaimed the triumph obtained by the ſtranger, who was led to the queen's ſeat, where, on his knees, he claimed the prize intended for the conqueror. "Whoever you are, ſaid *Almahida*, tendering him a moſt coſtly ring, RECEIVE THE REWARD YOU SO JUSTLY MERIT.*" "I with joy accept it, madam, replied the valorous knight, not as a favour which I have deſerved, but as an honour which it ſhall ever be my ambition to merit by all the ſervices in my power."

* See the plate.

THE

THE king entreated the ſtranger to lift up his beaver, that the queen's brave champion might be known to the ſurrounding courtiers: but he declined doing it with all imaginable reſpect, and under the favour of the night retired with his followers.

THE magnificence of this entertainment engroſſed all the converſation of *Don Roderic* of *Navarre*, and *Don Fernando de Solis*, who was requeſted by the former to continue the hiſtory of *Almahida* and *Pontio* of *Leon*. *Don Fernando* complied with the deſire of the *Spaniſh* general, and thus reſumed the thread of his narration.

"EVER ſince the departure of *Aminta*, *Fontaines* appeared like a deſert to the enamoured *Pontio* of *Leon*. But it is impoſſible to deſcribe his grief and deſpair, when he heard that his rival, the marquis of *Monte-Major* was gone to *Seville*, where, having been introduced to the duke of *Medina-Sidonia*, he had every day the opportunity of ſeeing and converſing with the fair *Grenadine*. *Pontio* was not ignorant of the conſtant efforts of the marquis to ſubdue her heart, by the moſt paſſionate expreſſions conveyed in the ſeducing language of poetry. He complained by letter to *Aminta*, who returned him the following anſwer:

AMINTA to Count PEGNAFIEL.

You may ſee by the incloſed, that the muſes at court have no greater regard for truth than the rural ones, and are equally ſenſible, that fable and fiction have ever been the greateſt ornaments of poetry. Endeavour therefore to entertain yourſelf with that which, I aſſure you, had not the power to pleaſe me; that ſo noble a per-

a perſonage may not have toiled to no purpoſe. I further wiſh that his production may be better received by you, than it has been by

AMINTA.

"THIS letter was a healing balm to the growing jealouſy of the count, who could ſee, by the plaintive ſtrain of the marquis's ſtanzas, that he had not found the way to *Aminta*'s heart, and that the fair *Grenadine*, of the two ſuitors, loved *Pontio* beſt; ſince ſhe thus gave him up his rival's letters. Emboldened by *Aminta*'s condeſcenſion, *Pontio* made it his next requeſt to have her picture, to which, after much reſiſtance, and hearing that her refuſal had dangerouſly impaired the health of the love-ſick count, ſhe at laſt conſented, and ſent him that which alone could reſtore him to life.

"THE duke of the *Infantada* dying about this time, the marquis ſucceeded to the title, and a moſt princely fortune, which he humbly laid at the feet of *Aminta*. The beauteous daughter of *Morayſel* received ſo brilliant an offer with modeſty and gratitude; but abſolutely declined accepting it. This generous refuſal filled *Pontio*'s mind with joy; but his anxiety ſoon returned upon him, when he conſidered that his rival had daily opportunities of renewing his addreſſes; whilſt he remained at a great diſtance from the object of his love. An event which took place about this time, though diſagreeable in appearance, proved fortunate for the young lovers. The duke of *Medina-Sidonia*, having taken ſome diſguſt at the behaviour of the prime-miniſter, whom he conſtantly oppoſed, quitted the court, and with his lady and *Aminta*, retired to his favourite ſeat.

"GUIDED

"GUIDED by his love, perhaps more than by any motive of generoſity, the young duke of the *Infantada* was the only friend who dared openly to take the part of *Pontio*'s father. He was in hopes thus to have the liberty of viſiting him at *Fontaines*, and had made the neceſſary preparations to ſet out with the duke; when he received the king's expreſs command not to leave *Seville*, 'till further orders. This was owing to the miſrepreſentations of the marquis *d'Ayamont*, the prime miniſter, who, dreading too cloſe an union between theſe two powerful opponents, had repreſented it to the king as endangering the ſtate. Not daring to diſobey his ſovereign's orders, the young duke wholly employed his thoughts in finding out the means of reeking his vengeance on the author of what he thought the heavieſt misfortune that ever could befall him. He met the marquis, and, after a very warm expoſtulation, inſiſted on his giving him immediate ſatisfaction; but all the miniſter's creatures, who ſurrounded their patron, prevented the further conſequence of this encounter. The greateſt crime a courtier can be guilty of, is to offend the prince's favorite. The duke was confined to his houſe, with the ſtricteſt injunction not to preſume to appear in public. This new misfortune exhauſted his fortitude, and an unfavourable anſwer, which he then received from the fair *Grenadine*, would perhaps have drove him to abſolute deſpair, had he not been relieved by the accident which I am about to relate.

"DON OSORIO, who had been my fellow-captive amongſt the *Moors*, and was in *Grenada* when I received *Morayſel*'s command, having recovered his liberty, was lately returned to *Andalouſia*, his country. He had viſited

me at *Fontaines*, and ſeen *Almahida*. He being no ſtranger, as I ſaid before, to the former part of her hiſtory, I made no ſecret to him of what had happened ſince we had left *Grenada*. As fortune would have it, *Don Oſorio* had ſince entered the ſervice of the duke of the *Infantado*, and ſoon diſcovered his love for *Almahida*. He thought, that his revealing the ſecret of her birth, and what he knew of her adventures, would bring ſome comfort to his maſter's afflicted mind. In this hope he was not deceived. On his information, the duke built a plan, which he flattered himſelf would thwart the happineſs of his rival, if not complete his own. He had no ſooner laid his ſcheme, than he put it into execution, by writing the following letter to the illuſtrious *Morayſel*, chief of the royal houſe of the *Almoradis*.

"VIRTUE commands friendſhip every where, and this letter will convince you that your reputation has ſecured you a friend at the *Spaniſh* court, notwithſtanding the animoſity which divide the two nations. Learn from a generous enemy the fate of your long loſt daughter *Almahida*. The whole court of *Ferdinando* and *Iſabella* ſee her daily at the duke of *Medina-Sidonia*'s, in a condition unworthy of you both. I give you this information that you may know how to act."

THIS meſſage produced the deſired effect. An ambaſſador was diſpatched, and the *Spaniſh* monarch ſent a proper guard to *Fontaines*, to eſcort *Almahida* to court, and deliver her into the hands of the *Mooriſh* ambaſſador, who had it in command, not to depart from *Seville* 'till he had found the young princeſs. My duty obliging me to return with her to *Grenada*, I left the young count a prey to grief and deſpair. Of all his ſervants

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the moſt faithful, and the one, who, after me, had the greateſt ſhare in his confidence, was *Sanches*, the painter, who had drawn the picture of *Almahida*. The count had taken him into his ſervice and favour ever ſince, and found him in this criſis more ſerviceable than I would have dared to be. Seeing his young maſter pining at the abſence of his beloved *Aminta*, he propoſed to him to take the habit of a ſlave; whilſt himſelf would act the part of a merchant, and conduct him to *Grenada*, in order to offer him for ſale to *Morayſel*, who, on account of *Don Pontio*'s good appearance, would not heſitate to purchaſe him. This propoſal, by reviving his hope, reſtored him to life. When every thing was provided he ſet out, leaving two letters for his parents; informing them, that by the influence of his uncontrolable deſtiny, he was irreſiſtibly impelled to leave them; whatever reaſon, and filial duty could perſuade him to the contrary. Thus was the prophecy accompliſhed, of which the duke had ſo long endeavoured to prevent the direful conſequence. The father could not be perſuaded to forgive his undutiful ſon; but the more indulgent mother having found out his retreat, ſupplied him abundantly with whatever ſums of money he might require, even to profuſeneſs. I was informed of the whole tranſaction before *Morayſel* had bought *Don Pontio*, as it had been foreſeen, and although I prepared *Almahida* to this interview, words cannot convey a juſt idea of the confuſion and ſurpriſe ſhe was thrown into by the appearance of her lover. It was greatly encreaſed, by her father telling her that he had purchaſed the handſome ſlave to make her a preſent, and bidding her to accept of him. *Almahida* would have refuſed; but the com-

mand was too powerfully enforced for her to reſiſt it. The firſt uſe which ſhe made of her authority, was an effort of virtue, charging the count to return to *Spain*; at laſt however, giving way to my remonſtrances, the count's entreaties, and more ſo perhaps to the dictates of her own heart, ſhe conſented to his remaining ſome time in *Granada*.

THE duke of the *Infantada*, no ſooner heard of the count's departure, than giving a juſt interpretation to his conduct, he ſettled his affairs privately, and giving proper directions to his ſtewart, ſet out from *Seville* with a very ſmall retinue. Hoſtilities having been renewed between the *Spaniards*, and the *Moors* commanded by *Morayſel*; the count directed his courſe to the *Spaniſh* army, where he ſerved as a volunteer, and, in a ſkirmiſh, had the good fortune, after a glorious defence, to meet with a fate which his love alone could make him envy: for, overpowered by numbers, he was taken priſoner, and ſurrendered his ſword to *Almahida*'s father, *Morayſel* judging of his captive more from his good mien and extraordinary valour, than from his appearance, ſent him to *Grenada*, as a preſent to his daughter, and a companion to her other ſlave. Thus the beauteous *Grenadine* ſaw once more at her feet her two noble lovers. Jealouſy would no doubt have ſoon kindled a fire, which the blood alone of one of thoſe two fierce rivals could have quenched; had not *Almahida*'s power been great enough to contain them within proper bounds, and thus aſſiſt my care and vigilance, which without her might have been exerted in vain.

YOU may well be at a loſs, my lord, to underſtand how *Almahida*, beloved by two of the greateſt noblemen

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of *Spain*, and preſerving her honour unſpotted, notwithſtanding the powerful and daily temptations which love and opportunity conſtantly threw in her way, could be brought to conſent to a marriage with the reigning king of *Grenada*, whoſe name has hardly been mentioned in the account hitherto given of her adventures. But this is one of thoſe myſteries in politicks, which the buſy courtier will make it his ſtudy to unfold, whilſt they are impenetrable for the reſt of the nation.

Boaudilin, who now reigns in *Grenada*, was hardly ſeated on his father's throne, by an uſurpation which might have been productive of the worſt conſequences, had not the old king prevented them by a voluntary abdication, than he ſaw himſelf overwhelmed as it were, by the inteſtine broils which he had fomented to ſerve his own ends. Prince *Audalla*, *Boaudilin*'s brother, who had retired with his father, and never could be brought to ſubmit to the uſurper, was the principal promoter of thoſe factions, which often brought the new king to the brink of ruin. He it was, who had ſowed the diviſion between the powerful families of the *Zegri*, and *Abencerragi*, and ſecretly ſupported the former. *Boaudilin*, ſenſible of the danger he was in of loſing his power by the very means which he had recourſe to, in order to obtain it, conſulted with his favourite *Zarcan*, who adviſed his maſter to a ſpeedy marriage, that the hopes of an heir, whoſe right could be diſputed by neither party, might ſilence the factious chiefs, and for ever cruſh the growing ambition of his brother *Audalla*. The king rejected this advice, as being impracticable; having ſettled his affection on a woman of an inferior rank, whom he had engaged to marry. The conſtitu-

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tion of the country forbad ſo diſproportionate an union, and *Boaudilin* was not enough in power to violate his country's laws. But *Zarcan* ſoon removed every objection, by aſſuring his maſter, that it would be no difficult matter to find a maid of royal blood, who, being herſelf in love with another, would conſent to paſs for his queen, on the expreſs condition, that the king, by this ſtratagem, having quieted his rebellious ſubjects, would then declare the pretended queen at liberty to wed her lover whoever he might be: as in ſuch caſe, *Boaudilin*, unawed by faction, could infringe with impunity that law which now oppoſed his union with the woman he loved. *Boaudilin* expreſſed his doubts on the poſſibility of putting the propoſed plan into execution. But *Zarcan* boldly aſſured his royal maſter, that the ſcheme was not only practicable, but that he had found the very perſon wanted to anſwer his political purpoſe, and named *Almahida*. The king was all amazement, and ſeemed to ſuſpect the veracity of his favourite. Believe me, my liege, ſaid *Zarcan*, believe your faithful ſlave. *Morayſel* is my friend: I have had many opportunties of ſeeing his daughter *Almahida*: Her ſettled melancholy, her taſte for retirement, ſo uncommon at her age, a love letter which I have found, and other circumſtances have convinced me that ſhe is in love. The object I have not yet been able to find out; but I think I know enough to aſſure your majeſty that ſhe will not refuſe her hand, if ſhe is permitted to keep her heart, with the flattering proſpect of future happineſs. When the ambition of her parents will have induced them readily to grant your ſuit, without conſulting their daughter's inclination; I ſhall wait upon her, and

explain

explain the whole matter; and that my words may have greater weight, I ſhall beg your royal ſiſter *Morayma* to accompany me, who will engage to certify upon oath, when the time ſhall come, that *Almahida* never conſummated her nuptials with you. The high reputation of truth and virtue, for which *Morayma* is ſo univerſally celebrated, will give to her promiſe that ſanction which cannot but perſuade *Morayſel*'s daughter, and ſilence all her ſcruples.

"THE king having given his approbation to this propoſal, *Zarcan* made the demand in form to *Morayſel* and *Semahis*, who gladly conſented. The very ſame evening *Boaudilin*'s favourite waited on *Almahida*, and, to her very great comfort, acquainted her with the monarch's intention. The joy ſhe felt at the welcome intelligence was but ſhort lived; for a few months after *Almahida*'s coronation, the beautiful *Miriam*, the king's intended conſort, fell ſick and died. Since that time, *Boaudilin* has fixed all his affections upon his queen, who now claims, with little hopes of ſucceſs, the promiſe made her by the king, and confirmed by his ſiſter *Morayma*: whilſt ſhe trembles for the life of her lover, whom neither the jealous monarch, nor the cunning *Zarcan* have yet been able to find out."

THE *Spaniſh* general, no leſs entertained than amazed at the account given him by *Don Fernando* of the ſecret hiſtory of the court of *Grenada*, thanked him, and expreſſed the greateſt ſatisfaction at what he had heard.

MEANWHILE the ſultana-queen, having publickly declared *Don Pontio* a freed man, had obliged him, as we have ſaid before, to leave the palace, and return to *Marayzel*; whilſt the duke of the *Infantada*, who remained

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in bondage, continued to wait on *Almahida*. This was a grievous mortification for Count *Pegnafiel*, who could not bear the thoughts of his rival's happineſs. His body ſunk under the oppreſſion of his mind, and his life was in danger. *Sanchez*, the painter, and *Don Fernando* conſulted together on the moſt probable means of ſaving their young maſter from the ſad effects of melancholy and deſpair. Knowing how tenderly he was beloved by *Morayſel* and *Semahis*, not only for having ſaved the life of the former, but alſo for having preſerved their beautiful daughter from the imminent danger of falling a prey to a lion that had been accidentally let looſe. The two faithful ſervants, under pretence of paying their reſpects to *Almahida*'s parents, took occaſion to mention that they had every reaſon to ſuſpect the *Zegri* of ſome baſe deſign againſt the count's life: adding, that he was not ſafe under *Morayſel*'s roof, as a plan was then laid to aſſaſſinate him. This application had the deſired effect. *Morayſel* and *Semahis* waited on the ſultana, and inſiſted upon her giving a retreat to *Pontio*, as the palace was the only place where he could be in perfect ſecurity. The queen, no leſs alarmed than her parents at the dangers that threatened ſo valuable a life, aſked the king's permiſſion, who granted it, little thinking that he was ſerving a preferred rival.

THE *Zegri* were thunderſtruck at this new inſtance of royal favour, conferred upon a man whom they had ſo many reaſons to hate. *Audella*, the very ſoul of that faction, perſuaded the Mufti to expoſtulate with *Boabdilin*, and, in the name of *Alla*, and his holy prophet, to require the immediate expulſion of the Chriſtian ſlave from the royal palace; as unworthy, by the laws of God

and men, to inhabit within thoſe ſacred walls. The king, though well acquainted with the ſeditious diſpoſition of the Mufti, thought it prudent to diſſemble. He told him that he approved much of his religious zeal, and exhorted him to exert it always on ſimilar occaſions; adding withal, that he would take care to remove every occaſion of ſcandal to the true believers: but that, from ſome reaſons of ſtate, beſt known to himſelf, it was neceſſary that the Chriſtian ſhould remain ſome time longer in the palace. By this wiſe and ſubtle anſwer, the arrogant and ſeditious prieſt was ſilenced. Thus the king, by the ſtrangeſt fatality, acted againſt his own intereſt, by ſerving his rival; for want of knowing who was the man who had ſhut againſt him all acceſs to the heart of *Almahida*.

ZARCAN, ever zealous to ſerve his royal maſter, left no means untried to find out who this powerful rival might be. He endeavoured to bribe ſome of *Almahida*'s waiting women, *Don Fernando*, the Duke, and even *Leontio* himſelf; but all in vain. This made him imagine at laſt, that the favourite lover could be no other than the ſtrange knight, who had received the ring from the queen's own hand, and refuſed, even at the king's requeſt, to lift up his beaver: but *Leontio* had taken ſuch precautions not to be known, that *Zarcan* enquired to no purpoſe, and could find no trace which might lead him to the diſcovery of the important ſecret. He imparted, however, his ſuſpicions to the king, and adviſed him, as the infallible method of coming to the truth, to open a new tournament, and offer new rewards, the latter to be beſtowed on the victor by the queen herſelf.

BOADILIN ordered a bull-baiting for the next day, and invited all his knights and principal courtiers to come and diſplay their dexterity and courage. Yet this failed of the deſired effect. *Leontio* did not appear: the Duke alone entered the liſts, and, not only the ſpectators, who obſerved that this knight was far different in ſhape and appearance from the former, but even the umpires oppoſed the preſſing entreaties of the king, who deſired the ſtranger to uncover his face, as they declared ſuch a requeſt to be an open violation of the laws and cuſtoms of tournaments. This new incident ſerved only to increaſe the doubts and perplexities of the king and his favorite *Zarcan*, whoſe inquiſitiveneſs had been ſo repeatedly exerted in vain.

N. B. The Romance of *Almahida*, which, as it may have been obſerved, is very intereſting by its ſubject, never was completely finiſhed. But, as the whole plan is laid out and foretold in the prediction concerning *Almahida*; the reader will eaſily gueſs, that, after a train of diſtreſſes and unparalleled misfortunes, the fair daughter of *Morayſel* was at laſt happy in her union with *Pontio* of *Leon*, and ſolaced herſelf in his arms for the loſs of a throne.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE ABDULSELAM AND THE PRINCESS CHELNISSA.

A Turkiſh Novel.

BEFORE we give the extract of this Novel which, from its marvellous incidents, better deſerves the appellation of a Tale, as it is conducted nearly on the ſame principles as the Arabian Nights Entertainments, we beg leave to premiſe a few words on the *Turkiſh* language, and what we know of the Romances and Novels publiſhed by the writers of that country.

THE *Turks*, who originally came from *Tartary*, ſpoke a barbarous language, of which there is no grammar now extant; but which is ſtill made uſe of in ſome parts of *Tartary*, though perhaps it never had any written characters. By extending their conqueſts over the fineſt countries of *Aſia*, the *Turks*, like the *Hunni*, and other barbarians in *Europe*, appropriated to themſelves, in ſome meaſure, the language of the people they had ſubdued, ſuch as the *Arabic* and *Perſian*; for it is well known, that they built their empire on the ruins of that of the *Saracens* and *Perſians*, and embraced their religion; a powerful reaſon for the conquerors to adopt the language in which the Alcoran is written. But, as it happens on ſimilar occaſions, they have corrupted thoſe two languages, and the *Turkiſh*, as it is now ſpoken, is formed from the *Arabic* and *Perſian*, juſt as the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* from the *Latin*. The letters and manner

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of writing are nearly the ſame in the *Arabic*, *Perſian* and *Turkiſh* languages. The *Turkiſh* idiom itſelf is very indifferent, the rules of grammar are little attended to, and ſeveral words, which have no ſort of connection with the *Arabic* and *Perſian*, have been retained from the ancient language, or borrowed from others. There are a great many taken from the *Hungarian*, *Albaneſe*, *&c.* which the ſoldiery, who carried on the wars in thoſe countries, have introduced; but hardly any from the *Greek*, this language having little or no affinity with thoſe of the Eaſt.

THE *Turks* can boaſt of very few original writings, their language being neither ancient nor learned. They have a great many tranſlations from the *Arabic* and *Perſian*, and what they can claim as their own, conſiſts moſtly of ſome hiſtories and a few modern tales. The following are the titles of Romances of real *Turkiſh* original.

THE firſt we ſhall notice, is an hiſtorical romance, founded on facts, entitled, *The Amours of Chirin and Coſroes:* the latter reigned over *Perſia*, and was cotemporary with *Mahomet*. What is moſt remarkable is, that it is written in verſe, in the *Turco-tartarian* language, by one *Barakeh*, born in a country called *Copohac*, inhabited by the wandering *Tartars*, from whom the *Turks* derive their firſt origin; it has been tranſlated into the modern *Turkiſh* language.

SEID BATTAL is a romance of ancient chevalry, written in *Arabic*, and is followed by the adventures of two of *Seid*'s deſcendants, whoſe names are *Koraſſan* and *Malick*. They gained ſeveral victories over the *Romans*; that is to ſay, the *Greeks:* for the *Mahometan*s

tans give the name of *Rome* to *Conſtantinople*, and by them the *Greeks* are called *Romans*; becauſe their ſovereigns pretended to be the immediate ſucceſſors of the *Roman* emperors.

THE romance of *Leileh* and *Medgnoun* is in great repute all over the Eaſt; and, if we are to judge of its merit by the numerous copies now extant of that work, written partly in verſe, and partly in proſe, we muſt conclude that it is in a very great degree intereſting.

THERE is alſo a romance of chivalry in the *Turkiſh* language, the hero of which is called *Kederkechan*, one the *Amours of Guedah and Chah*; another, which treats of the love-adventures of *Gul* and *Bulbul*, that is, the *Roſe* and the *Nightingale*; and a third, entitled *the Amours of Vamak and Azza*. We know alſo of a *Turkiſh* MS. which may ſerve to introduce ſome very entertaining ſtories. A certain monarch, named *Huddjade*, tortured with remorſe at the recollection of the crimes by him committed, ſeeks for a man able to quiet his mind and entertain him. One *Selim*, is at laſt brought before him, who relates ſeveral ſtories, ſome of which deſerve particular commendation.

THERE is another *Turkiſh* romance, giving an account of the very extraordinary adventures of *Mahomed-Buhery*, and *Hudgi*, a kind of prophet, or *Mahometan* ſaint, who lived in the reign of *Mahomet* II.

THE hiſtory of the two princes *Soliman* and *Muſtim*, if we are not deceived in our opinion, will prove in its turn entertaining to our readers.

THE laſt romance we ſhall mention is that of the *Sultana of Perſia, and the* 40 *Viziers*, tranſlated into *French*, and publiſhed

publiſhed in the year 1717, by Mr. *Petis-de-la-Croix*. The ſubject is the ſame with that of the *Mal-Marâtre**, and prince *Eraſtus*, an ancient romance originally written in *Latin* and *French*. It contains eighty different ſtories, which are told on the following occaſions. A certain prince, the ſon and heir of a potent monarch, (by the *Turkiſh* writer, the latter is called *Sultan*, in the *Latin* and *French* authors it is the emperor *Diocleſian*,) is accuſed by his ſtep-mother of a conſpiracy againſt the life of his father. The monarch heſitates which to obey, the dictates of juſtice, or the voice of nature. He conſults with forty ſenators, each of whom tells him a ſtory calculated to incline his mind to mercy and forgiveneſs. The empreſs or ſultana who is of a different opinion, ſupports it by the ſame number of ſtories, to perſuade the king that it becomes him to act with the greateſt ſeverity. As fortune would have it, whilſt the ſultana and the ſenators are telling their tales, to which the good king hearkens with great attention and complaiſance; it is found out by a lucky incident that the prince is innocent, and the barbarous ſultana receives the juſt reward of her wicked and malicious intentions.

LET this ſuffice at preſent concerning the *Turkiſh* romances, we ſhall in all likelihood have occaſion to ſpeak of ſome of them more at large, meanwhile, we beg leave to recommend the following to our readers, as one of the moſt extraordinary:

* The cruel Step-mother.

THERE

THERE lived, in the *Indoſtan*, a powerful king whoſe happineſs would have been compleat, could he have been bleſſed with a ſon and heir, a favour which he had long wiſhed and prayed for to the great diſpoſer of events. At laſt he was heard, and he thought himſelf the happieſt of all the monarchs of the Eaſt. Nature had been laviſh of her bounty to the young prince, and her gifts were improved by the moſt compleat education. He became remarkable for his humanity, ſound ſenſe and good nature; but above all, for his boundleſs charity, which induced him to beg his royal father's permiſſion, to build a moſt ſuperb caravanſary, or houſe of entertainment for the indiſcriminate reception of all ſtrangers. The king granted his requeſt, and as ſoon as the edifice was completely finiſhed, the travellers were moſt tenderly treated and entertained with the utmoſt magnificence, at the expence of ABDULSELAM, (ſo was the prince called.) One day, three *Derviſes* put up at the caravanſary, and ſeeing the prince who uſed to call there frequently, they extolled his charity and hoſpitable treatment to the ſtrangers who viſited his country. The converſation turned inſenſibly on the utility of travelling, and viſiting foreign parts. They ſpoke of it in ſuch a ſtrain of praiſe, that the prince begged they would conſent to admit him into their company, which they readily conſented to, adviſing him to take a dreſs ſimilar to their own, and thus avoid the faſtidious pomp which his rank would require.

THE

The king, much concerned at his ſon's ſudden reſolution, did all in his power to diſſuade him from expoſing himſelf to the dangers of a long and tedious journey; but, ſeeing that all the arguments which parental fondneſs could urge, were not capable of altering his purpoſe, and unwilling to exert his authority; *Abdulſelam*'s father at laſt conſented. But upon the prince pledging himſelf ſtrictly to obey the three following injunctions: "That he ſhould never enter any city before he had broke his faſt; nor any time after the evening prayer; and laſtly, that, if in conſequence of his obſerving the latter command, he ſhould find himſelf obliged to ſleep without the wall: he ſhould ſpend the night in a burying ground." *Abdulſelam* made a ſolemn promiſe to obey his father's orders in every particular. The next day, he ſet out in the dreſs of a *Derviſe*, and well ſtored with coſtly jewels, leſt he ſhould want any thing on the road.

The *Derviſes* agreed firſt to viſit the empire of *China*, which they aſſured the young prince deſerved to be the firſt object of his attention. After a long and tedious voyage by ſea and land, they reached at laſt that immenſe kingdom. One day about noon, they found themſelves at a very little diſtance from the capital, which the *Derviſes* prepared to enter, when *Abdulſelam*, recollecting that he had eat nothing that day, refuſed to follow them; as he was not to enter any city before he had broke his faſt. In vain did the *Derviſes* exopſtulate with him, ſaying, that he would there find all the accommodations he could wiſh for. The prince conſtantly oppoſed to their entreaties his royal father's command. After rallying him a good deal on the ſcrupulous at-

tention he paid to ſo odd a charge, they ſet forwards, promiſing to bring him ſoon thoſe proviſions which were to be for him, the key of the city gates.

A FEW hours after they returned, according to their promiſe, and the prince, having made a hearty meal, was preparing to accompany them; when he heard the ſignal for the evening-prayer. His ſcruples returned, and he entreated his companions to wait till the next day. They once more remonſtrated to him, but in vain, that ſo much nicety was truly ridiculous, nothing could perſuade him from that obedience which he thought a ſacred duty incumbent upon him. Seeing that he was not to be convinced of his abſurdity, the *Derviſes* left him rather abruptly and entered the city.

NIGHT coming on, *Abdulſelam*, in order to fulfil his father's third and laſt command, retired to an adjoining burying-ground, and there took up his lodging in an empty tomb. A thouſand diſagreeable reflexions crouding on his mind, prevented him from taking reſt. About the middle of the night, he heard a noiſe, and, on tiptoe, approached towards the place from whence it came. He had not gone far from his gloomy retreat, before he perceived two men, who, from the city-walls, let down with cords a kind of a box or trunk which was taken up by a man, who had got on the prince's ſide of the wall, and laid down by him at a little diſtance from the place where *Abdulſelam* had concealed himſelf. The three ſtrangers having now got together, dug up a hole, wherein they depoſited the trunk, and then making uſe of their rope-ladder, which they drew after them, reached the top of the wall, and ſoon were out of the prince's ſight.

ABDULSELAM having kept out of the way 'till the coaſt was entirely cleared, ſtruck a light by means of a flint and ſteel which he carried about him, and, making ſtraight for the place where the trunk had been depoſited, he began to remove the earth, and perceiving ſome blood about the trunk, broke it open. Let our readers judge what muſt have been his ſurpriſe and terror, when he ſaw that the contents was the body of a moſt beautiful damſel, wounded in ſeveral parts with a dagger. After having cloſely examined the body, he perceived by the ſenſible, though weak palpitation of the heart, that the fair injured was not yet dead. He took the body out, and ſetting it on the ground, tore his turban to bind up the wounds and ſtop a further effuſion of blood. The coolneſs of the morn, and more ſo the timely care taken of her, awoke the maid to wonder and gratitude; ſhe ſeemed ſurpriſed at finding herſelf in the arms of a young Dervis.—"Who art thou, faireſt maid, ſaid *Abdulſelam*, and who are the cruel wretches who have thus inhumanly treated you?" "I muſt put off, replied ſhe, an account of my misfortune to a better opportunity. Let me only entreat the further continuance of your friendly care, and depend on my warmeſt gratitude."

THE Prince checked his curioſity, and entering the town, after he had conſumed what was left of his proviſions, he hired an apartment, and returning in a few hours, had the young perſon carried on a litter to the place he had fixed upon. A ſkilful ſurgeon was called in, to whom the pretended Dervis ſaid, that his ſiſter and himſelf having been ſet upon by robbers, ſhe had been thus ill uſed by thoſe ruffians. To the



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great joy of *Abdulſelam*, the ſurgeon, after having probed the wounds, declared that not one of them was mortal, and the fair ſtranger ſoon recovered her health and vigour.

ABDULSELAM now challenged her promiſe, and begged ſhe would inform him of the cauſe of her diſaſtrous fate. "The time is not yet come, replied ſhe, to let you into the ſecret of my misfortunes, you ſhall hear them one day. If you will do me a piece of ſervice, added ſhe, take theſe diamonds, diſpoſe of them, and at your return I ſhall tell you what uſe you are to make of the money." *Abdulſelam* complied with this requeſt, and at his return, was thus inſtructed by the fair one: "Go to the *Bazar*, (public market) in a ſhop on your left-hand, you will find a ſilk-mercer, aſk him for the two fineſt gold brocades he may have in his ſhop, take it at his own price and bring it here." *Abdulſelam*, ever ſubmiſſive, went and paid two hundred *ſequins* for a piece of brocade. The young lady thanked him at his return, intimating a deſire that he would do the ſame on the morrow, which the prince performed; wondering much at her profuſeneſs. The mercer, who wiſhed to try the pecuniary abilities of his young chapman, and find him out, aſked for this peice of ſilk double the money he had exacted for the former, and was not a little ſurpriſed to ſee the price laid down without the leaſt objection.

A FEW days elapſed, when the young prince renewed his former entreaties with the lady, to recount her adventures. She promiſed to gratify his curioſity, provided he would go and buy two pieces more, in the ſame manner that he had purchaſed the former; *Abdulſelam* obeyed, and the ſilk-mercer, out of gratitude, invited

him to a moſt ſumptuous dinner. It was late before he reached his apartment; when the lady, hearing what had paſſed, "It is juſt as I could have wiſhed, ſaid ſhe, do you go once more to him to-morrow; tell him that you have got at home a rich and noble lady from *Japan*, who is very fond of rich cloaths: if this ſhould raiſe his curioſity, invite him to dinner." The prince did all ſhe deſired, and the mercer accepted of the invitation. He was left by *Abdulſelam* in the anti-chamber, whilſt he went in to acquaint the lady with the arrival of the ſtranger: "It is well, ſaid the fair one, do you wait in the next room and bid him come to me: but do not harbour any thought injurious to my honour."

THE latter part of her ſpeech ſerved only to convince *Abdulſelam*, that the ſilk-mercer was her lover. Whilſt he was ruminating on the indelicate part which he acted in this love-intrigue, the mercer was introduced into the lady's apartment, and the key turned upon them by herſelf. This laſt circumſtance confirmed all his ſuſpicions. He liſtened, and hearing the man ſcream, broke the door open. It is not in the power of words to convey a juſt idea of the horror that chilled the blood of *Abdulſelam*, when the firſt object that ſtruck him, was the young lady holding up in her hand the bloody head of the man, whom ſhe had juſt murdered. In the firſt impulſe of his indignation, *Abdulſelam* would have ſheathed his dagger in her inhuman breaſt.—"Hold, cried ſhe, and now hear me; if, after the recital of my adventures, thou thinkeſt me guilty, my life is at thy diſpoſal.

"I AM the only daughter of the Emperor of *China*, my father, whoſe parental fondneſs for me can only be equalled by the tender love I bear him, gave me a magnificent

ficent palace without the walls of the city. There I ſpent the beſt part of the year, with no other attendants than my eunuchs and a few ſlaves. One day, an old woman, who dealt in rich ſilks and precious jewels, was introduced to me. I purchaſed ſome of her trinkets, and made a ſign for her to be diſmiſſed; when ſhe begged to ſpeak to me in private, having, ſhe ſaid, ſomething to impart which greatly concerned me. Her requeſt being granted, ſhe told me, that a very wealthy merchant, her only ſon, was paſſionately in love with me, and that ſhe thought me too good-natured to occaſion his death by refuſing to admit him to my preſence. You may well judge that I treated the old beldam's inſolence with becoming indignation. I had her turned out of my apartment and palace, with poſitive orders to my ſervants never to admit her again.

"FULL of wrath and diſappointment, ſhe applied to a necromancer of her acquaintance, and prevailed upon him, by means of ſome valuable preſents, to afford her ſome aſſiſtance. The magician gave her ſome myſterious words written on a ſcrap of parchment, bidding her to conceal it in a ſtove under the aſhes. She went home and buried the parchment in ſome aſhes that were left in a ſtove which was not then in uſe. But lo! the powerful influence of incantations! on that very inſtant the moſt ungovernable love ſeized on all my faculties; an unknown flame thrilled through my veins; in a word, though a perfect ſtranger to his perſon, I fell deſperately in love with the old woman's ſon. I ſent for her ſecretly, and revealed to her the ſtate of my heart. She propoſed a meeting, which I eagerly agreed to, and ſhe promiſed to introduce her ſon that very

night

night into my apartment. Whilſt my nurſe, whom I entruſted with the mighty ſecret, enaged to watch at the private door, and let in my unknown lover.

"UNFORTUNATELY for him, and as I thought it then for myſelf, the empreſs my mother paid me a viſit, and ſtaid ſupper. This was a ſevere diſappointment for me. However, I flattered myſelf, that, after I had got rid of my mother's company, which for the firſt time was troubleſome to me, I ſhould fly into the arms of my young merchant. Whilſt we were at ſupper, my nurſe whiſpered to me, that he was already in my apartment. The joy I felt was conſiderably checked by the impoſſibility I was in of diſmiſſing my mother, who ſtaid with me the beſt part of the night. On the other hand, my lover growing impatient, and thinking that I meant to diſappoint him, went away ſecretly. At laſt my mother retired, and, on the wings of love, I flew to my apartments; but alas! the man I ſought for was not there!

"THE next day the old woman came, and, after having apologized for her ſon, begged I would appoint another interview; which I granted. My lover, perfumed and dreſſed moſt magnificently, waited in my apartment, 'till the empreſs, who was come upon another viſit, had retired. My nurſe acquainted him that it would be late in the night before I could go to him, and leſt he ſhould give me the ſlip once more, ſhe locked him in, in the dark.

"IN the room where my lover was, there ſtood a large bottle full of a mixture of amber and eſſence of roſes. The young ſpark thinking it what it appeared to be, a bottle of ſcented water, rubbed his face, hands, and clothes,

clothes, with what he thought the precious contents. As ſoon as the empreſs had bid me a good night, I went to my apartment, with that impatience which lovers feel at the approaching bliſs. But what was my ſurprize and diſappointment, when, entering the room, inſtead of that man, whom fancy had deſcribed to me as the paragon of his ſex, I beheld a frightful figure beſmeared all over with a black liquid? For the bottle he had emptied on his clothes and face, contained ink of the deepeſt hue. As he ſtood before the glaſs, he ſeemed frightened at his uncouth appearance, and without looking behind him, burſt out of the room, and hurried out of the palace as faſt as his legs could carry him. But he was not yet out of the reach of malicious fortune: for, ſtrolling home in the dark, he fell headlong into the mire, and, in that diſguſting pickle, got home, where his firſt care was to waſh himſelf. His mother was out of the houſe. He called a ſlave, and bad him light a fire in the ſtove, and put ſome water on. The ſervant obeyed, and not knowing the conſequence, made uſe of that very ſtove which concealed the powerful charm. I inſtantly got rid of that prepoſterous love which magic alone could have inſpired me with. The mother, returning ſoon after, was going to compliment him on his love proweſs; but ſhe altered her tone, when ſhe heard the ſad account of his misfortune. "And where did you light a fire? ſaid ſhe, haſtily,"—"in that ſtove."—"Ill-fated blockhead! this is the very place where I had hid the magic ſpell. Now, by your imprudence, the charm is broke, and all your happineſs is at an end"—ſhe ſaid, and the young fellow

bewailed

bewailed his miſtake; curſing his ſlave and himſelf with all the energy of a diſappointed lover.

"NEVERTHELESS, the old woman came to me the next morning; but was refuſed admittance. Meanwhile, the ſon, loath to give over his amorous purſuit, found means, by the help of a rope-ladder, to climb up the wall of my garden; but, miſſing one of the ſteps, he fell on ſome bee-hives, and was ſtung in the moſt excruciating manner. To mend the matter, my eunuchs, who had heard a noiſe, fell upon the bold intruder; beat him 'till they were tired, and then flung him out of doors. He crawled home as well as he could, and was received by his mother, who could not help pitying his ſituation; though ſhe upbraided him for having acted without her advice. On the following day, ſhe waited on the ſorcerer, and acquainted him with her ſon's misfortune; praying his further aſſiſtance in his favour. The magician replied, that the enchanted parchment having been deſtroyed by fire, he could not make another to rekindle the love of the princeſs, but gave her a *Taliſman*, aſſuring her that her ſon ſhould have an opportunity of enjoying the daughter of his ſovereign, in ſpite of her will. The effect ſoon followed the promiſe of the infernal imp. One evening, as I was reſting on a ſopha, not quite undreſſed, and having about me great part of my jewels, I was tranſported into the apartment of the perfidious merchant. I awoke to ſurprize and deſpair, finding myſelf in an unknown place, and alone with a wretch who now was the object of my utter deteſtation.—Well, ſaid the deſigning villain, with eyes ſparkling with a mixture of anger and lewd deſires, my turn is come: and now I

have

have it in my power to be revenged.——But—I forgive thee what's paſt, if thou wilt conſent to be mine. —Avaunt, vile monſter, avaunt, the horrors of torture and death would never make me conſent to thy infamous luſt; avaunt!—The manner in which I ſpoke, and the horror viſible in my countenance, convinced him that I felt nothing for him but hatred and averſion. This roſe his fury to ſuch a pitch of madneſs, that, running into an adjacent room, he returned armed with a drawn dagger, threatening to deprive me of life, and then proceeded to offer violence: I ſcreamed, and defended myſelf with all my collected might. As I ſtruggled, whether I ran my breaſt againſt the pointed dagger, or he ſtabbed me in ſeveral parts, I fell on the floor weltering in my blood, which guſhed out of the many wounds I had received. I remained ſenſeleſs, he ſuppoſed me dead, and in order to conceal the foul murder of his ſovereign's daughter, they carried me to the burying-ground, where Providence had guided your wandering ſteps, to be the preſerver of my life and innocence—the reſt you know. In my turn, give me leave to aſk you who you are?"——I gave her an account of my adventures.

The princeſs of *China* favoured me next with a detail of the emperor's court, talked much of the ladies moſt remarkable for their beauty and accompliſhments, among the reſt, ſhe drew the picture of the princeſs *Chelniſſa*, daughter to the grand Mandarin, in ſuch lovely colours, that ſhe inſpired me with a longing deſire of ſeeing that beauteous maid, whom I fancied, by the mere deſcription, above every thing mortal. "This lady, continued the princeſs of *China*, is nearly equal

to me in rank, being the emperor's niece, and her hand the moſt noble reward his majeſty can beſtow on the deliverer of his beloved and only daughter. I ſhall acquaint my father with the obligations you have conferred upon me, and, convinced that he owes you ſo much, he will not heſitate to oblige his grand Mandarin to beſtow upon you his beautiful daughter." Night coming on, I took up the corpſe of the dead merchant, and lodged it in the very ſame grave that the wretch and his aſſociate had dug up for the princeſs of *China*. This I performed, and returned home, without having been obſerved by any one.

On the morrow, *Abdulſelam* having purchaſed a horſe richly capariſoned, conveyed the princeſs to the palace; he walking by her ſide, and holding the bridle. The emperor was ſoon apprized of the approach of ſo welcome a viſitor, and flew to meet his daughter. Let parents fancy the heart-felt joy of the monarch; it diffuſed itſelf throughout the houſehold, and ſoon reached the city; where every citizen thought it a duty to teſtify the mirth occaſioned by ſo proſperous an event. *Abdulſelam* ſtood at the outer-gate of the palace, in hopes of being ſent for to receive the praiſes and reward due to him, as the principal inſtrument of the emperor's happineſs. But he long waited in vain.—Favours are kindly received by courtiers, but ſeldom recompenſed. The princeſs, buſy in receiving and returning compliments, forgot her deliverer; who, after a tedious attendance of many hours, retired, not a little ſhagrined and out of humour, againſt a ſex, which, for the fault of one, he charged in general with ingratitude, as the common failing of every woman. At his return, he

paid

paid for his apartment, which was too dear and magnificent for the reſidence of a ſingle man, and took one more analogous to his appearance in another part of the city. A few days after, when the exceſs of her joy had abated of its firſt tranſports, the princeſs bethought herſelf of her deliverer. She ſent after him; but, as he could not be found in his former lodging, ſhe was ſorry, as courtiers are, for having miſſed the opportunity of doing an act of gratitude and benevolence.

ABDULSELAM, who had left off his ervis dreſs, reſolved to forget the Princeſs of *China*; but *Chelniſſa*'s image could not be ſo eaſily eraſed from his mind. What he daily heard of that lady's virtue and beauty was a conſtant fuel that kept up the fire, which the deſcription given him by his royal gueſt had kindled in his breaſt. Yet the idea, however pleaſing, ſerved only to torture him; as he deſpaired of ever ſeeing the adorable *Chelniſſa*. In order to diſſipate his melancholy, the young prince frequented all the public places, where expence keeps pace with the tranſitory pleaſure they afford. This ſoon brought *Abdulſelam*'s finances to the loweſt ebb, and at laſt reduced him to abſolute beggary. His ſituation was the more deplorable, as he did not know where to ſeek for help, in a country wherein he was a perfect ſtranger.

NATURE had clad herſelf in mourning at the approach of winter. The ſeaſon grew exceſſive ſevere, and *Abdulſelam* was nearly ſtarved with cold and hunger. In order to aſſuage the former, he entered into a public ſtew. The owner, who was then abſent, ſoon returned, and the prince entreated leave to remain till he had perfectly recovered the uſe of his limbs, benumbed

with cold and enfeebled by a long faſting. The maſter of the ſtew, who obſerved in the prince a ſomething which ſeemed to beſpeak him of a rank ſuperior to his appearance, not only granted his requeſt, but offered to ake him as a mate; a propoſal which the half-ſtarved prince accepted of with joy. He had lived ſome weeks with his new maſter, when the latter taking notice of *Abdulſelam*'s ſettled melancholy, ſaid to him one day, "You ſeem to have undergone great hardſhips, and felt the heavy hand of misfortune, the remembrance of which burthens and diſtreſſes your mind; be free and open with me: I perhaps may be of ſome ſervice. *Abdulſelam* would have thought it a want of gratitude in him, had he concealed the leaſt particular of his life from the knowledge of his benefactor; he therefore gave him an account of all his adventures, not forgetting his growing paſſion for *Chelniſſa*.

"I HAVE engaged to ſerve you, replied the maſter of the ſtew, it is in my power, and I ſhall exert it in your behalf." Then reaching a ſmall box, he pulled out a collyrium, or black patch, one of which he applied to the corner of *Abdulſelam*'s right eye. "Go now, ſays he, to the royal palace." The prince, in full confidence of his new friend's ſincerity, obeyed his command without the leaſt heſitation: but, hardly had he walked a few paces from the houſe, when the mob gathered round him, and followed him all the way. *Abdulſelam*, ignorant of the virtues of the black patch which he wore, was rather amazed at the croud that gathered around him. He went on, not knowing that only one ſide of him was viſible to the ſpectators; yet, ſuch was the power of the collyrium, that, having been

applied to one of his eyes only, that ſide alone was kept out of ſight, ſo that one half of a man was only perceived by the wondering multitude. His appearance at court was looked upon as a prodigy. The emperor, his conſort, and all the ladies at court flocked about the wonderful apparition. The grand Mandarin, unwilling to deprive his daughter of ſo uncommon a ſight, ſent for her. *Abdulſelam* was now convinced that what he had heard of *Chelniſſa*'s beauty, fell ſhort of her real accompliſhments. The ſight wrought ſuch a wonderful effect upon him, that he was near fainting away, and could hardly maſter ſtrength enough to withdraw from the palace. He at laſt effected his retreat, and concealed himſelf, 'till night enabled him to avoid the troubleſome company which had plagued him the whole day. "What have I done to you, ſaid *Abdulſelam* to his maſter at his return, to be made, by your artifice, the ſport of every one? Reſtore me to my priſtine form, I beſeech you." "Make yourſelf eaſy, anſwered his maſter, and do not miſtruſt me. I have promiſed to ſerve you; you will find me as good as my word: but hear the detail of my adventures, and know the extent of my power.

"My father was very rich; but, he dying young, I ſoon ſpent the immenſe fortune which I had inherited from him. One day as I was in my way to a market-town, where I propoſed buying ſome corn, I was overtaken by a very heavy ſhower; I held a buſhel in my hand, and, leſt my clothes ſhould be wet, I ſtripped and put them under the buſhel. The rain being over, I dreſſed myſelf again, and went on. At ſome diſtance from the place I had left, I met with a horrid object, wet, and beſpattered from head to toe; ſurprized at

ſeeing

ſeeing me in ſo good a condition, after having weathered ſo heavy a ſhower: the frightful monſter, having eyed me curiouſly for ſome time—"I am, ſaid he, a powerful genius, maſter of all the enchantments and charms which the magic art could ever deviſe: yet, I confeſs, that I am ignorant of the means by which thou canſt have guarded thyſelf againſt the natural effect of the late rain."—"My lord, anſwered I, this is the conſequence of certain words"——"teach them me"——"with all my heart; but upon condition that you will firſt let me into the moſt curious myſteries and ſecrets of your art." This was agreed to, and the genius taught me the uſe of ſeveral charms, ſpells, and magic incantations. In my turn, I ſhewed him my preſerver; I mean my buſhel, telling him, that it was all the witchcraft I had employed to keep myſelf dry. Enraged at his diſappointment, the genius would have taken a ſevere revenge; had he not furniſhed me with the means of bidding defiance to his impotent wrath. I repeated ſome particular words which he had taught me, and, in an inſtant, found myſelf in the very market town where I meant to provide myſelf with corn. I don't know what became of the genius; but I have ever religiouſly obſerved the promiſe he exacted from me, to make uſe of what I had learned, only to do good to my fellow-creatures. Nevertheleſs, it was I who gave the inchanted parchment to the old woman, and afterwards the means of conveying the princeſs of *China* into the merchant's apartment; but I was an entire ſtranger to their wicked intentions. As for you, you may rely on my aſſiſtance, it will be exerted powerfully, and I hope with ſucceſs in the end. The uſe of the collyrium is to render the perſon who wears it inviſible:

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it ſhould be placed for that purpoſe on both temples; I gave you but one, that you might firſt attract the attention of the emperor and his courtiers, and thus have an opportunity of ſeeing *Chelniſſa*. To-morrow the charm will be completed." He was as good as his word, and the next day *Abdulſelam*, inviſible to every eye, directed his ſteps towards the palace of the grand Mandarin. He enters without oppoſition, and having reached the womens apartment, ſoon ſingled out that of *Chelniſſa*, who, conſcious of being alone, was buſy at her toilet. This gave *Abdulſelam* an opportunity of admiring ſuch beauties as the looſe attire of a morning dreſs laid open to his aſtoniſhed eye.

NIGHT, however, was ſtill more propitious to the eager and firey deſires of the amorous youth; he ſaw her, from his lurking corner, diſrobed and put to bed by her women. The princeſs' nurſe, after having lighted up two tapers, went out of the room, leaving *Abdulſelam*, who, as ſoon as he perceived that *Chelniſſa* was a ſleep, ſoftly ſtole to her bed-ſide, and claſping his arms round her ivory neck, turned all the lilies of her delicate face to a high crimſon, by his burning kiſſes. The princeſs awoke, and ſcreamed, her nurſe, alarmed, ruſhed into the room, and, hearing by *Chelniſſa*'s report, that a bold intruder had occaſioned her fright, "Oh, Oh, ſaid ſhe, let us look where the preſuming wretch has concealed himſelf." After having ſearched narrowly every corner of the apartment, ſhe chid the princeſs for her childiſh fright. "Compoſe yourſelf, ſaid ſhe, you ſee that this is all the work of your imagination. Sleep on, and dream no more." The princeſs followed her nurſe's advice, and *Abdulſelam* repeated his attempts.

attempts. The nurſe ſummoned once more by *Chelniſſa*'s outcries, was diſpoſed to be ſeriouſly angry; but the princeſs convinced her, by ſhewing on her cheeks, the full juſtification of her complaints. The grand Mandarin was called in; but, unable to unfold the myſtery, retired, in order to inform the Emperor of what paſſed, leſt the princeſs-royal ſhould be viſited in the ſame manner.

EARLY the next morning, his imperial majeſty aſſembled his council, in order to have their opinion on ſo ſtrange an event. One of thoſe ſages, whoſe hoary hair beſpoke wiſdom acquired by experience, maintained, that this could only be effected by witchcraft. I know, added he, a woman well-verſed in the black art, whom I beg leave to recommend as the only fit perſon to aſſiſt us effectually in ſo important a matter. Being ſent for, the old witch declared, "that the whole tranſaction had been planned and executed by a famous ſorcerer ſettled in the city, who had exerted his ſurpriſing abilities in behalf of a young man whom he had taken under his protection. Neither my art or power, continued ſhe, can enable me to counteract what he has done. All I can promiſe is, to endeavour to prevent the effect of his incantations. If the man ſhould be ſo raſh as to intrude himſelf this night in the princeſs' appartment, let her be leſs coy with him, and we ſhall ſee whether he will be able to eſcape my vigilance, only be careful to have all the doors and avenues ſhut up, and ſtrongly guarded by a party of ſoldiers."

EVERY thing was done according to the old woman's direction. Night being come, the prince found his way once more to *Chelniſſa*'s bed. She met his em-

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braces with leſs reluctance, and *Abdulſelam* was caught in the ſnare that had been laid for him. At a ſignal agreed upon, the princeſs withdrew from her bed, and the doors, windows, and other avenues were inſtantly occupied by armed men. They ſtood ſo thick together, that the prince could not even attempt his eſcape. The old woman, who had been ſent for, ordered the apartment to be unroofed, and, by her direction, a quantity of lighted brimſtone, and other inflamed matters were thrown down. This occaſioned ſo thick and noxious a ſmoke, that *Abdulſelam* was nearly ſuffocated. The tears trickled down his cheeks, and, unmindful of the conſequence, as he attempted to wipe them off, one of the plaiſters ſlid down, and thus diſcovered one half of a man. This the ſoldier ſeized upon, and bound *Abdulſelam* with ſtrong cords, who was ſoon intirely viſible by the other collyrium falling off in the ſtruggle. He was carried before the emperor, who ordered him for immediate execution. As they were conveying him along the ſtreets, amidſt a numerous concourſe of people, he was obſerved by one of the Derviſes who had travelled in company with him. The prince knew him again, and as he ſtood cloſe—"If you would ſave my life, ſays he to him, haſte you to the ſtew, in ſuch a part of the town, and tell the maſter the danger I am in."

The Dervis flew inſtantly, and informed *Abdulſelam*'s maſter. The latter opened a large trunk, and muttering a few magic words, there came out of it ſuch a number of horſemen, as inſtantly filled the court-yard before the houſe; then, taking out of the ſame trunk a bit of chalk, his own features diſappeared, and he was in a moment transformed into the exact likeneſs of the

chief Mandarin. A horſe richly capariſoned ſtood ready for him, and followed by his guards, he haſtened towards the place of execution. It was high time he ſhould arrive; a few minutes later would have put it beyond his power to ſave the Prince's life. The hang-man had juſt tied him up, when the ſuppoſed Mandarin riding through the croud, approached the gallows, and bid the officers of juſtice to releaſe the man, whoſe innocence had been diſcovered. His commands were inſtantly obeyed, and, after cauſing the Prince to mount one of the ſpare horſes, he rode off with him and the reſt of his train towards that part of the town where he lived, bidding the officers go and wait for him at the palace, where he ſhould meet them in a very little time. As ſoon as he got home, the enchantment was broken, the horſemen returned to their trunk, obedient to the voice of the magician, who reaſumed his own features. *Abdulſelam* fell proſtrate at his feet, and, in the warmeſt terms of heartfelt gratitude, returned thanks to his kind deliverer.

MEANWHILE, the officers of juſtice arrived at the imperial palace, where, to their utter aſtoniſhment, the firſt perſon they met with was the chief Mandarin, whom they had ſeen going quite another way. The Emperor aſked whether his commands had been executed? The trembling wretches anſwered, that they had been prevented by the grand Mandarin himſelf. A flat contradiction from this miniſter, who had not left the Emperor during the whole time, threw the officers into the greateſt conſternation. To juſtify their conduct, however, they produced a world of witneſſes, who vouched to the truth of their aſſertion. The Emperor could not doubt the report, yet was ſtaggered in his belief by the very circumſtance. The whole court ſtood amazed,

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nor could any one relieve the monarch from his perplexity. In this dilemma, recourſe was had once more to the old woman, who, after having been informed of the whole tranſaction, and which way the ſuppoſed Mandarin had retired; heſitated not to pronounce that the maſter of the ſtew had alone wrought this prodigy.

The Emperor laid his commands on one of his inferior Mandarins, bidding him go and ſeize on the magician and the culprit. Obedient to his maſter's commands, the Mandarin well accompanied, ſet out directly; but the maſter of the ſtew, whom we ſhall henceforth call *Abdalla*, ſeeing him at a diſtance, and knowing his errand, muttered inſtantly certain magic words, by the power of which, the ſtew ſuddenly diſappeared, and was replaced by a moſt delicious garden, interſperſed here and there with magnificent and delightful ſummer-houſes and bowers. *Abdalla* welcomed the Mandarin, and begged him to alight, which he readily conſented to, and, as the weather was very ſultry, he laid down his bonnet and upper garment. Twenty pages ſurpriſingly handſome ſoon entered, bearing all the dainties the ſeaſon could afford, on golden diſhes. Theſe were laid on a table equally magnificent and richly adorned.

The Mandarin was all amazement, and now prepared to enjoy the delicious meal; when, on a ſudden, the thunder roared, the earth ſeemed to ſhake from its very foundation, the garden vaniſhed, and the Mandarin found himſelf in the public *bazar*, ſurrounded by the pages now turned into as many yelping curs. The mob gathered and ſurrounded him, accompanying with their hootings and hiſſes, the barking of the dogs. The

Mandarin, finding that he had been tricked by the magician, made all the haſte he could to get rid of his troubleſome companions, and having luckily met with an intimate friend of his, took ſhelter in his houſe. As he dreſſed himſelf he reflected, that, were he to tell the truth of his adventure, he ſhould be expoſed to the raillery of all the courtiers. He reſolved therefore to keep his own council, that ſome of his fellow Mandarins might be taken in as well as himſelf.

BEING come to the imperial preſence, he told the monarch, that he had followed the old woman's direction, and ſeen the two men; but that, having but few attendants, and dreading the ſorcerer's art, he had not dared to take them into cuſtody. The word coward was muttered by one of the Mandarins, who ſet down to want of courage the former's miſcarriage; adding, that if the Emperor would give him leave, he ſhould ſoon bring the wretches, and lay them chained at his imperial feet. His requeſt was granted, and he departed. At the very inſtant that he alighted from his horſe, *Abdalla*'s houſe was metamorphoſed into a moſt magnificent palace. Young and beautiful ſlaves of both ſexes ſurrounded the Mandarin, and ſeated him on a golden throne. His ſurpriſe was only equalled by the horror that freezed his very heart, when darkneſs ſurrounded him, and its frightful gloom was heightened by repeated flaſhes of lightning, and conſtant peals of thunder. Meantime, the poor diſmayed wretch found himſelf placed near the palace-walls, in the midſt of a number of cats, who grated his ears with their diſcordant caterwaulings. He took to his heels, and ran as faſt as he could towards a relation's houſe, where, having ſhifted himſelf,

himſelf, he ſet forwards to give an account of his diſaſtrous expedition. He conſidered as he went along, that ſome ſimilar misfortune muſt have befallen the firſt Mandarin, and reſolved to act with the ſame diſcretion; being aſked by the Emperor, why he had not ſucceeded in his undertaking? "My liege, anſwered he, I have been on the very ſpot; ſeen them both. They ſhut their doors againſt me, in vain did I require my attendants and the neighbours in your imperial name to break them open; their conſtant reply was, that they dared not medddle with thoſe two powerful magicians.

THE chief Mandarin was almoſt beſide himſelf at the report; "were it not ſo late, ſaid he, in a furious tone, I'd teach thee, by my example, that thou art no better than a coward, as well as the man that went before thee; but to-morrow morning I ſhall hie myſelf there, and thou wilt ſee whether magic has power over a generous ſoul." The ſun was hardly up, when he ſummoned his attendants. Arrived at the place where he had been directed, he ſaw no houſe, but, inſtead of that, a ſpacious park, encompaſſed with a wall of the pureſt marble. Before the door ſtood an elderly man, with a golden key hanging from his girdle. "Art thou, ſays he, the maſter of this park? Yet, why ſhould I aſk ſuch a queſtion, when the Emperor himſelf cannot boaſt of any ſpot to equal this?"——"It belongs to me, replied *Abdalla*, and, if your lordſhip will pleaſe to walk in, and refreſh yourſelf, it will be the higheſt honour conferred upon me. He nodded his aſſent, and deſired his people to wait without. As he approached, the door turned on its ſilver hinges, and diſcloſed to his wondering eye all that nature, improved by art,

could

could display to please the most luxuriant fancy. Surrounded with lofty and beautiful trees, and embalmed by the odoriferous breath of *Flora*, a peerless pool stood in the middle of this enchanted park. Its crystalline water, the heat of the day, and the entreaties of *Abdalla*, who boasted much of its physical virtues, conspired to prevail upon the Mandarin to bathe himself in it. He swims, dives, and sports for some time; but at last the pleasing vision disappears, and the lord finds himself in a puddle of stagnated water, at the farther end of the city. The mob, seeing a man wallowing in this mirey ditch, hooted at, and even pelted him with stones; whilst the women were not sparing of their railleries. Luckily he was not known, and got to his palace covered with shame, and in so filthy a condition, that his very servants refused at first to let him in. At last the door was opened, and the Mandarin having cleaned and dressed himself, went to the Emperor, to whom he frankly related all that had passed, the two other Mandarins who were present, encouraged by the sincerity of their chief, recounted also their marvellous adventures.

"This is too much, said the emperor, I must come to the truth of it, and will this instant go there myself." As soon as the emperor, with the train of his courtiers, appeared in sight, *Abdalla* came out of his house, and being asked in a menacing tone, how he had dared to give retreat to so abominable a wretch?—"I could not help it, may it please your majesty, he got in here against my will; and truly, it would have been in vain for me to oppose him, for he is so strong, that with a fillip he cleaves a man in two, and lays him dead at his feet. "I shall try now, replied the Emperor, whether

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he can eſcape the edge of my well tempered ſword." So ſaying, he drew his ſabre, and ran up to *Abdulſelam*; but by ſome words muttered by *Abdalla*, the Emperor's arm was deprived of motion, the left, coming to the aſſiſtance of the right hand, ſhared the ſame fate. The chief Mandarin, the courtiers, the guards, all were ſuddenly lamed of both arms.

THE Emperor fatigued of ſo aukward a conſtraint, forgot all the pride of rank and majeſty, begging *Abdalla* to reſtore him and his followers to the uſe of their limbs. "I ſhall obey your imperial commands, anſwered *Abdalla*, but on two conditions"—"name them, they are granted; only relieve me from this diſagreeable poſition."—"The terms I propoſe are, that your majeſty will order the chief Mandarin to give the hand of *Chelniſſa* to this man (ſhewing *Abdulſelam.*) The next, that the old woman may be ſcourged at a cart's tail throughout all the ſtreets of this city."—"It ſhall be done."—*Abdalla* inſtantly blew upon them, and the charm ceaſed.

TRUE to his word, the Emperor took along with him *Abdalla* and the prince, ordering they ſhould be treated with all due reſpect. *Abdulſelam* made his ſtory known to the Emperor, who, pleaſed to learn that the Prince was by his birth even ſuperior to *Chelniſſa*, and that he owed him the life of his own daughter, careſſed him with parental fondneſs, and preſented him to the princeſs of *China*, who was glad to ſee her deliverer. *Abdulſelam* and *Chelniſſa*'s wedding was celebrated with the greateſt pomp, the entertainments laſted ſeveral days, and *Abdulſelam* had the good fortune to inſpire

Chelniſſa

Chelniſſa with a paſſion equal to that which he felt for his beauteous bride.

ABDULSELAM ſpent a whole year in a continual round of delight; but that time being expired, he was ſeized with a longing to reviſit his country and his royal parents. He did not know how to break the matter to the Emperor, *Chelniſſa*, and his father-in-law. At laſt, however, his repeated entreaties extorted their conſent, as he pleaded the cauſe of filial duty before perſons whoſe breaſt glowed with parental fondneſs. He ſet out with *Chelniſſa*, and they were accompanied to a neighbouring ſea-port by the chief Mandarin and his friends. The two travellers got on board a ſhip ready to ſet ſail for *Indoſtan*. After a few days of a favourable and very promiſing navigation, a violent ſtorm aroſe, which baffled the ſkill of the deſpairing mariner. In vain did they ſtruggle for ſome time againſt the foaming waves: all their endeavours could not keep the ſinking bark above water, and at laſt,

"The ſhip with gaping ſeams
Admit the deluge of the briny ſtreams."

A few only of the crew, with *Abdulſelam* and *Chelniſſa*, eſcaped from the wreck. Having taken to their boat, they were drove to an unknown ſhore; where their firſt care was to return thanks for their miraculous preſervation. They then ſet forwards, not knowing what country it had pleaſed Providence to place them in. Scorched with the heat of the ſun, and worn out with fatigue, *Chelniſſa* begged to be indulged with a little reſt. They ſet themſelves down under the friendly

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ſhade of a neighbouring tree, and *Chelniſſa*, reclining her head on her beloved *Abdulſelam*, compoſed herſelf to reſt. As for the Prince, his mind was too violently agitated for him to enjoy the ſweets of balmy ſleep. As he ſat muſing, and diſtracted with the painful recollection of his late misfortunes, and the dread of what was to come; caſting an eye, animated with love and compaſſion for the miſeries that threatened his adored *Chelniſſa*, he ſpied a parcel carefully wrapt up and concealed in her boſom. He pulled it out ſoftly, and with heart-felt joy perceived that the contents were a ſet of the moſt precious rubbies. Happy in the thoughts of having ſaved from the wreck, enough, as he hoped, to ſupport them 'till they reached ſome more friendly ſhore. He laid the parcel at a little diſtance from him, and for ſome time remained motionleſs, contemplating the charms of the beautiful ſlumberer. Whilſt he was thus feaſting his amorous eye, a kite came powdering down, and miſtaking the rubies for ſo many bits of raw fleſh, carried off the bundle, and with expanded wings ploughed back the fleeting air.

ABDULSELAM, fearful of diſturbing his lovely bride, laid her head gently down on the moſſy ground, and leaving by her what the kite had dropped of the rubies, he ſet off and followed the bird from tree to tree, 'till at laſt he came to the ſea-ſhore; when the Prince ſaw the kite croſs over to an oppoſite iſland. As fortune would have it, the boat in which he had made his eſcape was moored on the ſhore, and, by the help of the few mariners who had been left behind, he put her afloat, and rowed up to the iſland, and there conti-

nued his fruitleſs purſuit, 'till the bird winging his flight, left the Prince to bemoan his irreparable loſs.

A PREY to ſadneſs and grief, the young Prince took to his boat, and ſteered for the place where he had left his moſt valuable treaſure; but alas! it was decreed by all-controuling fate, that he ſhould wade through a ſea of trouble and misfortunes, before he could be bleſſed once more with a ſight of his dear *Chelniſſa*. He was hardly a mile from the iſland, when his boat was chaced by a pirate, who ſoon came up with him, and after a brave but unavailing defence, forced him to ſurrender. He was loaded with diſgraceful fetters by the inhuman conquerors, who ſailed round the iſland, and then dropped anchor in a harbour that ſtood on the oppoſite ſide. *Abdulſelam*, expoſed to a public and ignominious ſale, was purchaſed by an elderly man, one of the principal inhabitants of the place. In order to move him to ſome compaſſion, the Prince related to him all his paſt misfortunes. The heart of his new maſter was opened to ſoft pity, and he reſolved to give his royal ſlave the kindeſt treatment. He went even ſo far as to promiſe him his liberty, if he would but conſent to ſerve his daughter for the ſpace of one year. *Abdulſelam*, happy even in the moſt diſtant proſpect of being reſtored to freedom, readily engaged; little thinking that fortune had only gilt the ſnare which ſhe now laid for him. The old man's daughter was no leſs wanton than pretty. She aſſailed the prince with ſo much art, that ſhe ſoon made a conqueſt of her handſome ſlave.—Prudence often forſakes the ſucceſsful lover. *Abdulſelam*'s good fortune threw him off his guard. His amours were publickly talked of, and

though the father, as it is often the caſe, was the laſt to open his eyes on his daughter and her ſlave's miſconduct, he highly reſented the breach of hoſpitality in the latter, on whom alone he reeked his vengeance. The indiſcreet *Abdulſelam* was degraded to the mean functions of a gardener and maſon; and left, in that humiliating condition, which could be no obſtacle to that powerful deity who levels all ranks, he ſhould continue his malpractices, his old maſter ſent him up in the country, where he was ordered to pull down, unaſſiſted by any other ſlave, an antiquated building, which was a diſparagement to a moſt elegant ſeat, the maſter's ſummer reſidence.

ABDULSELAM, weighed down with anxiety and remorſe, looked upon this misfortune as a puniſhment for his breach of the marriage vow, and bore it with fortitude. He had already ſpent ſeveral weeks in the tireſome drudgery; when, one day, as he was pulling down the only remaining wall of the old building, he ſaw a ſtone to which an iron ring was faſtened; having taken it up, he obſerved a ſubterraneous paſſage, which being lead to by a flight of ſteps, he found, in a deep cave, ſix large vaſes filled up to the very brim with gold coin. This lucky diſcovery was a balm to his afflictions.—Avarice makes men more cautious than love, or any other paſſions which humanity is heir to; at leaſt it was here the caſe: for the Prince, who was ſo careleſs in regard to his amours, locked up the treaſure with the greateſt attention, and reſolved to wait a more favourable opportunity to ſeize upon it. In the interim, his maſter, moved with pity at *Abdulſelam*'s condition, and more ſo at his repentance, offered him his

freedom, provided he would prepare to ſail by the firſt ſhip bound to *India*. Charmed at the welcome and unexpected news, *Abdulſelam* reviſited his cave, whence he took the ſix vaſes, having taken off ſome of the gold coin, and replaced it with ſalt, and then made every thing ready for his departure. As he was to ſtop at a ſea-port in *Cochinchina*, to wait for a fair wind, he ſent a great many proviſions on board, and the ſix vaſes, which, leſt he ſhould be robbed, he paſſed upon the captain of the ſhip for ſo many firkins full of ſalt. A favourable gale ſpringing in the night, the veſſel put to ſea, the captain not once thinking that his paſſenger was not come on board. Nothing could equal the Prince's uneaſineſs and diſappointment, when he perceived the next morning that he was left behind. He returned to his maſter, who told him, that he muſt now perforce wait ſix months longer, as no other ſhip would ſail before that time.

Let us now return to *Chelniſſa*. After a long and refreſhing ſleep ſhe awoke; and, not finding *Abdulſelam*, ſhe ſought for him a long time, 'till ſeeing that all her reſearches were fruitleſs, ſhe gave herſelf up to grief and deſpair. Indignation ſoon rouſed her to reſentment. She thought herſelf forſaken by the man ſhe loved, who, not content to leave her, had been baſe enough to ſteal her jewels, and abandon her in the moſt deplorable condition. The thoughts of her wrongs gave the Princeſs a new vigor; ſhe ſallied forth, and walked along while without knowing where ſhe was, and whither ſhe went. After three days of a moſt tireſome and painful journey, fatigued, and half-ſtarved, ſhe reached a town called *Haiſſan*, where ſhe was hoſpitably

tably received, and kindly treated by an old woman, to whom *Chelniſſa* told part of her ſtory, concealing from her only her birth, and the unworthy treatment ſhe had received from her huſband. The Princeſs remained with her benevolent hoſteſs, 'till ſhe had nearly made away with what ſhe had ſaved from the wreck. Reſolved however, to know if poſſible, what was really become of her huſband, ſhe intimated to the woman, a deſire of ſetting out for *India*, and, upon enquiring whether there was any ſhip in the harbour ready to ſail, ſhe was informed that one would put to ſea in a few days; but was obliged to ſtay ſometime in *Cochinchina* to wait for the wind neceſſary to put a proſperous end to their journey. Our readers muſt remember, that the ſhip which was to have carried *Abdulſelam* was to do the ſame. Before ſhe went on board, *Chelniſſa* thought it expedient to lay down the attire of her ſex, and put on man's cloaths. Her intention was to go to the court of the monarch, whoſe ſon *Abdulſelam* had declared himſelf; in hopes that her pitiful caſe would ſecure her the compaſſion and friendſhip of the old king, who could either reſtore her huſband to her, or ſend her back to her own country. The ſhip, after a ſhort and pleaſing paſſage, put into the harbour of the capital of *Cochinchina*. Their ſtay at this port was of ſo long a continuance, that *Chelniſſa*'s ſlender finances began to ebb apace, and threaten her with all the horrors of want and miſery. One day, as ſhe was at dinner, the man of the houſe, taking a compaſſionate notice of the deſpondency viſible on her countenance, offered to take her with him; not upon the footing of a menial ſervant, but rather like a partner in his buſineſs, which

was

was very conſiderable, as he kept the beſt inn in the place. *Chelniſſa* readily accepted of the welcome offer, and, though ſhe was an utter ſtranger to the drudgery of her preſent condition, her good mien, her civility and readineſs to oblige, endeared her to the cuſtomers, who ſhewed her ſo much kindneſs and familiarity, as to admit her to make one in all their parties.

Two months after *Chelniſſa* had taken up her reſidence at the inn, the ſhip, in which *Abdulſelam* had prepared to embark, arrived at this port. The captain took up his quarters on ſhore, in the inn kept by our wandering Princeſs, and offered her for ſale the three vaſes which had been put on board of his ſhip. As good ſalt was a very ſcarce commodity, *Chelniſſa* cloſed a bargain, and the vaſes were brought to the inn.

After half a year ſpent in the moſt tedious expectation, *Abdulſelam* got on board a ſhip bound for the *Indies*, but firſt for the capital of *Cochinchina*. In the courſe of the voyage, the want of water obliged the captain to put into a ſmall iſland, where the crew went on ſhore. The Prince, wandering about the place, diſcovered the neſt of a kite. Having ſworn enmity to the whole race, on account of the theft committed by one of thoſe birds, *Abdulſelam* eagerly ſeized this firſt opportunity of being revenged. He let fly an arrow, which, going through the neſt, brought it down. But let every one judge of his joy and ſurpriſe, when he found that it contained all the rubies of his dear *Chelniſſa*. This he took for a good omen, returned to the ſhip, and a few days after entered the harbour, and *Abdulſelam* put up at the inn above-mentioned. As he entered the houſe, he was amazed at the ſtricking reſemblance

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Behold your Chelnissa!

Published as the Act directs, April 20th 1780.

which the young inn-keeper bore to his long loſt *Chelniſſa*; but her apparel, and above all her attention, ſerved to perſuade the Prince that he was miſtaken, and forced from him a deep-fetched ſigh at the painful recollection.

CHELNISSA knew him at firſt ſight; but diſſembling her joy at ſo unexpected a bliſs, ſhe begged he would walk into a room, where, if he would permit, ſhe was ready to bear him company, and make him partake of a little refreſhment. *Chelniſſa*, left alone with the Prince, entreated him to give her an account of his adventures. Her engaging manner, and the inclination natural to every man to be fond of expatiating on the misfortunes he has borne, eaſily prevailed on *Abdulſelam*. *Chelniſſa*, who had thought him perjured, now convinced of her error, and forgetting all the calamities and hardſhips which ſhe had endured: "Ah, Prince! cried ſhe, were I to ſhew you that ſpouſe you ſo much lament!"—"Ye Gods bear me witneſs! replied *Abdulſelam*, that the very thought is extacy for my almoſt broken heart!"—— whilſt he was ſpeaking, with eyes lifted up to heaven, *Chelniſſa* took off her turban, and thus let fall her long and beautiful hair. She ſoon drew the Prince out of his revery, by exclaiming:——"Behold, dear *Abdulſelam*! BEHOLD YOUR CHELNISSA!" * the reſt of ſo moving a ſcene can hardly be fancied, much leſs deſcribed, and we leave it to the reader's imagination to form, if poſſible, an idea adequate to the tranſports of this happy couple.

WHEN the firſt emotions of ſurpriſe, love, and joy had ſubſided, *Chelniſſa* gave an account to *Abdulſelam* of

* See the Plate.

what

what had happened to her ſince their fatal ſeparation. As the Prince expreſſed ſome regret for the loſs of his ſix precious vaſes, his lovely conſort acquainted him in what manner they had fallen into her hands. This money was appropriated to the buying of a proper dreſs for *Chelniſſa*, rewarding the inn-keeper, and freighting a ſhip, in which they embarked and arrived ſafe in the dominions of *Abdulſelam*'s father, to the inexpreſſible joy of the old monarch, and his faithful ſubjects. The Prince, after the demiſe of his royal father, reigned long and happy with his *Chelniſſa* and a numerous offspring, over a people, who ever revered him as their king, and loved him as the moſt affectionate parent.

THOSE of our readers who have peruſed the Romance of *Pierre de Provence* and the *Fair Maguelone*, and that tale of the *Arabian Nights Entertainment* of which *Badour*, Princeſs of *China*, is the heroine, will find a great affinity between thoſe two novels, and the latter part of *Abdulſelam*'s adventures. It is by no means ſurprizing, that the writer of a *Turkiſh* tale ſhould have taken an *Arabian* author for his model, even to plagiariſm; as to the author of *Pierre de Provence* and the *Fair Maguelone*, he does not ſeem to have invented the incident of a ruby carried off by a kite. We readily acknowledge, that the ſtory on which he built his fabulous narrative, is of very ancient date: yet, ſuppoſing it to go as far back as the *Cruſades*, it is not improbable but that it may have been brought from the Eaſt by ſome of the *French*, who ſerved in that expedition, and therefore originally written in the *Arabic* language.

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HISTORY OF THE AMOURS OF EURIALUS AND LUCRETIA.

COMPOSED and written in *Latin* in 1444, by ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINS, promoted ſince to the papal chair, under the name of *Pius* II. printed in *Italian* at *Vienna* thirty-three years after it was firſt publiſhed, ſeveral times in *Latin*, in *folio* and in *quarto*, without date or name, and inſerted in the complete collection of that Pope's works; the beſt and laſt edition of which is in *folio*, printed in the year 1700. This novel was tranſlated into *French* verſe, by *Meſſire Antirus*, (chaplain of the holy chapel of the Dukes of *Burgundy*,—*Lions*, 1500, in *quarto*; into *French* proſe, by *Jean Millet*, *Paris*, 1551, in *octavo*; into *Spaniſh*, *Sevil*, 1530; and laſtly, once more into *French* proſe by the Sieur *de Louvencourt*, *Leyden*, 1736, in *twelves**.

THE real, or ſuppoſed letters of *Clement* XIII. having met with ſo favourable a reception from the public; we flatter ourſelves that the extract of a love-tale, written by a pope, will prove acceptable: having on our ſide this advantage, that no reaſonable doubt can

* In the *French* edition, the novel is entitled, *The Sieneſe Lovers; wherein the author proves, that married women make love better than maids or widows.*

be formed on the real author of *Eurialus* and *Lucretia*. *Æneas-Sylvius* wrote this novel fourteen years before his election, and ten years before he was created a cardinal. He was then ſecretary to the Emperor *Frederick* III. who firſt appointed him poet laureat, and afterwards ſent him ambaſſador ſucceſſively to the court of *Rome*, *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Bohemia*. Pope *Nicholas* V. promoted him to the biſhoprick of *Trieſta*, from whence he was tranſlated to the See of *Sienna*, his country. He was employed as nuncio at different courts, created cardinal in 1456, elected pope in 1458, and died ſix years after, in the ſixtieth of his age. He led a very regular and exemplary life after his promotion; but he had been very diſſolute in his youth, and was then very far from being an enemy to gallantry. He altered his opinion when he was ſeated in the papal chair, and, pronouncing then *Ex Cathedra* with all the pride of pretended infallibility, he told the world, that the hiſtory of *Eurialus* and *Lucretia* was a moral tale; though he before had publiſhed it as a mere novel. It is ſaid in the laſt editions of this work, in order to vindicate the new title, that it ſhews the fatal conſequence of unwarrantable love. The ſtory itſelf, nevertheleſs, is far from inforcing good example.

THE principal merit of this work is, that it will ſerve to give our readers a juſt idea of *Italian* manners and gallantry in the fifteenth century. They will ſee how very jealous *Italian* huſbands were at that period, and how difficult it was to throw them off their guard. On the other hand it will appear, how well diſpoſed the good-natured dames were to help their lovers in

ſo arduous a taſk. The former, indeed, are now much better civilized, and often will aſſiſt rather than thwart their wive's inclination, if, from what we daily ſee amongſt us, we are to judge of what they are in their own country.

THE edition we have now before us, is prefaced with two dedicatory epiſtles. The firſt to *Gaſpardo Schlick*, chancellor of the Emperor *Frederick* III. contains ſeveral remarkable paſſages. The author, ſpeaking of *Marianus Socin*, ſays, "That he was of a very diminutive ſtature, as well as himſelf: *Æneas* being of a *Pygmean* family, as his name ſeems to indicate. Piccolomini being derived from the two *Italian* words, *piccoli*, little, or ſhort; and *uomini*, men. He is very laviſh of his encomiums upon that celebrated juriſconſult, comparing him for philoſophy, to *Plato*; for geometry, to *Boetius*; for muſic, to *Pythagoras*; for his ſkill in arithmetic, to *Macrobius*; for his knowledge in ſculpture and painting, to *Praxitelles* and *Appelles*; adding, that he underſtood agriculture as well as *Virgil*; could wreſtle with all the ſtrength and dexterity of *Enetellus*, and, in fine, that *Socin* was as great a phyſician, as he was juſtly celebrated for his extenſive knowledge in juriſprudence. Nevertheleſs, *Picolomini* confeſſes, that philoſophy and learning, are not inſeparable from ſtupidity. Then ſpeaking to the merit of his own work, he owns, that it treats much of love and gallantry; which he acknowledges he was a great votary to in his youth; having been often in love, and very ſucceſsful in his amours at *Sienna*, his native city.—"And have you not been, ſays he to *Schlick*, my good lord chancellor, as great an admirer

of the fair ſex as any of your cotemporaries? I remember, that during the Emperor's ſtay at *Sienna*, there was not a love affair in which your lordſhip did not act a capital part."

THE ſecond Epiſtle is inſcribed to his learned friend *Marianus Socin*, at whoſe ſolicitation the author ſays he wrote the love-romance of *Euriaius* and *Lucretia*; that this ſtory brought to his memory the pleaſing recollection of his own youthful adventures, at the ſame time that he congratulates himſelf of having eſcaped the dangers attending the life of a man of intrigue and gallantry. It may not be unintereſting, though foreign to our preſent extract, to add that this *Marianus* was grandfather to the celebrated *Lelio Socin*, the head of thoſe ſectaries, called after his name *Socinians*.

IN the year 1434, the Emperor *Sigiſmundus*, of the houſe of *Luxemburgh*, came into *Italy*, and reſolved to make ſome ſtay in the city of *Sienna*. He was received by the inhabitants with every mark of joy and reſpect. Each day was particularly diſtinguiſhed by ſome magnificent entertainment, wherein the Emperor appeared always to the beſt advantage. Being tall, handſome, and as amorous as he was gallant, he was charmed with the beauty of the *Sieneſe* ladies, whom he pronounced the faireſt he ever ſaw. But the beauteous *Lucretia*, of the ancient family of the *Camilli*, and married to the ſenator *Menelai*, was the paragon of all her country-women. Here *Æneas Sylvius* gives a moſt finiſhed deſcription of the heroine of his tale, and concludes by ſaying, that ſhe deſerved to be noticed by the Emperor, and fix the attention of the hand-

handſome *Eurialus* of *Franconia*, equerry to *Sigiſmondus*, and his favourite. He was to his ſex what *Lucretia* was to hers, the very *chef d'œuvre* of partial nature. His good mien, the magnificence of his equipages, the brilliant appearance of his numerous attendants, were as many ſnares to ſurpriſe the hearts of the ladies, by commanding their admiration. Add to this a flowery and fluent elocution, and every deſirable accompliſhment; and you will have a ſketch of the picture which the gallant Pope gives of *Eurialus*.

It was no wonder that theſe two miracles of beauty ſhould be charmed with each other, and that, from their firſt meeting, *Eurialus* and *Lucretia* ſhould feel the workings of a moſt irreſiſtible paſſion, and give way to the voice of nature, who ſeemed to whiſper to them, that her intention had been over-ruled, when *Lucretia* was contracted to any other man.

They had not yet enjoyed the opportunity of converſing together. Their eyes had been the only interpreters of their hearts. The Emperor, who had watched them more through friendſhip than curioſity, paſſing one day by the ſenator's houſe, took particular notice of *Lucretia*'s returning from her window his equerry's glances, with a very intelligible bluſh. "Is it thus, ſays he to him, that you labour to eſtrange the affections of the married ladies of *Sienna*." *Eurialus*, rather diſcompoſed at ſo ſudden a charge, endeavoured to diſſemble with his maſter, by ſaying, "that chance alone had directed his eyes to *Lucretia*'s balcony:" but the Emperor was not deceived by ſo lame an apology; yet rather than diſconcert his favourite, or diſturb his quiet, he kindly gave another turn to the converſation.

On the other hand, *Lucretia* was intent on the means of bringing matters to a ſpeedy concluſion.—A confident in a love intrigue is as neceſſary as a bribe in a bad cauſe. She had no women, whom ſhe dared to entruſt with the mighty ſecret. One of thoſe domeſtic animals, whoſe principal merit is unlimited paſſiveneſs, a *Swiſs* in ſhort ſeemed to her a fit perſon to anſwer her preſent purpoſe. She had one in her family of the name of *Sofia*, who appeared to her the more worthy of confidence, as he was leſs liable to thoſe delicate feelings that might have operated ſtrongly on a more animated being. She called him up to her, when the following dialogue took place.——"Well, my dear *Sofia*, what thinkeſt thou of the magnificent train of our ſovereign?" "Why truly, your ladyſhip, theſe German folks are handſome, and well-proportioned fellows: La! it does my heart good when I think that I am half their countryman!"—"Aye, but didſt thou take notice of that handſome equerry, who ſeems to be the Emperor's favourite? if I miſtake not, his name is *Eurialus*."—"As to that matter, miſtreſs, the lad is well enough; but his horſe! Ah Madam, that is the handſomeſt beaſt I ever ſaw. I wiſh I had ſuch another; the very firſt man in my country would honour me for his ſake."——"Poh, what ſignifies his horſe! the man is the thing. Oh, my good *Sofia*, where can he be matched? how well calculated to charm the proudeſt of my ſex, ſeduce her heart, and make her mad with deſire!"——"Oh fy, your ladyſhip, you forget yourſelf; if you were now what you were about three years ago, I would ſay that you are in the right, and that a huſband of lord *Eurialus*' complexion is more the thing for you than my old maſter. But you are now married, and

ſurely

ſurely you would not think of bringing to diſgrace ſo grave a ſenator as my lord *Menelai*."——Ah, *Sofia*, *Sofia*! thou knoweſt not the force of all-ſubduing love. It makes us riſe ſuperior to all prejudice, and ſilences both duty and decorum. Hear me, *Sofia*, and do thy miſtreſs a piece of ſervice, which will ever be gratefully acknowledged. Go to *Eurialus*, and give him to underſtand that a lady of the firſt beauty and faſhion is a great admirer of his perſon and genteel carriage, and that ſhe wiſhes . . . . . "Not I truly, your ladyſhip, I ſhall do no ſuch a thing. You quite miſtake your man. If you mean to put ſome foul trick upon my good maſter, *Sofia*, though a menial ſervant, has too much honour to be the abettor and accomplice of your wickedneſs. All I can do is to give you my word that I ſhall not betray you to my lord the ſenator. The people of *Switzerland* are above doing dirty actions; but we are neither informers, talkative, nor miſchievous."—"Thou ſpeakeſt well, *Sofia*, to be ſure I ſhould love no man but my huſband. It is a breach of all laws of honour, of every thing that is held ſacred amongſt men. Yet, I bluſhingly confeſs it, *Eurialus* has found his way to my heart, and all my efforts to drive away his lovely image are exerted in vain. Thus far am I criminal. If I live I may perhaps ſink deeper in guilt. Death is the only reſource left: I ought and will embrace it. Come, good *Sofia*, let me have thy friendly opinion on the beſt method of putting an end to my life. Shall I drown, ſtab, or poiſon myſelf? I ſhall abide by thy friendly advice."—"Oh la, madam, I declare you quite frighten me. Your death would drive me to deſpair; eſpecially if you were to chuſe by my direction. Come what will, you muſt live, I had much rather help you to your ſpark,

than

than to a bowl or dagger. Life, after all, is preferable to innocence without it. Come, be comforted, I ſhall wait on Lord *Eurialus*, and acquaint him with his good fortune. If he takes my meaning; why then manage the reſt yourſelf. If, on the contrary, he ſhould diſappoint you in your expectation, it will be no fault of mine."—"I aſk no more, my truſty *Soſia*."

THOUGH he promiſed fair, the honeſt *Suiſs* put off the evil day as long as he could, and at laſt, meeting *Eurialus* in the ſtreets, only ſaid theſe few enigmatical words to him.——"My lord, you are much beloved by the fair in this noble city."——The equerry, who knew not *Soſia* for what he was, never heeded his addreſs, and paſſed him as a meddling inſignificant fellow. Had he known him to be ſervant to *Lucretia*, he would have ſeized the golden opportunity; for he was then wholly intent on the means of procuring an interview with his fair enamorata. He made on his amour, ſeveral pertinent reflexions: theſe, *his holineſs* gives us in very fluent *Latin*, which would loſe much even by the moſt elegant tranſlation. We ſhall only quote two inſtances which we do not remember to have met with in any other author. The firſt is, "That *Virgil*, drove to deſpair by the ſeverity of a beautiful maid, hung himſelf." The other is ſtale and unworthy of being related as true, by ſo learned a man as *Piccolomini*: it is, "That a woman, having laid a conſiderable wager that *Ariſtotle*, notwithſtanding all his philoſophy, could not be proof againſt the allurements of love; the poor degraded philoſopher ſuffered himſelf to be mounted, bridled, and ſpurred like a hack, by the fair ſeducer.

EURIALUS,

EURIALUS, after a long and ſerious meditation on the moſt expeditious manner of making his love known to *Lucretia*, reſolved at laſt to write a letter, which, as he did it under *Cupid*'s dictates, was couched in the moſt tender and inſinuating language. His buſineſs was next to look out for ſome body to carry his love epiſtle. He was told of a woman hackneyed in thoſe ways, and who had the reputation of being ſeldom unſucceſsful. To her *Eurialus* made application, and enforced his ſuit by a valuable preſent, with a promiſe of a greater reward, if ſhe ſhould ſucceed in her embaſſy. The *good-natured* woman went inſtantly to work, and by means of a well-timed bribe, and a plauſible pretence, obtained a tête-a-tête with *Lucretia*; to whom, after a ſhort and pithy introduction, ſhe delivered the letter. The Senator's lady, as any other of her ſex would have done, ſhewed an hypocritical reſentment, which her heart belied. "How dare you, ſaid ſhe, come to me with ſo impertinent a meſſage? Is it befitting my virtue and high rank to hearken to the ſaucy language of any man, eſpecially one whoſe very perſon I am a ſtranger to? (Here truth forced a bluſh from her.) Granted that he is all you ſay, a man of the firſt rank, no leſs amiable than rich; is that a reaſon for me to enter into a criminal connexion with him? —No, no! I know better my duty towards my noble lord and myſelf. It is lucky for you, woman, that I have too great a regard for my own reputation, to appriſe my lord *Menelai* of your daring behaviour, a gloomy dungeon would be your portion. Go and acquaint your employer in what eſteem I hold his impertinent letter." So ſaying, ſhe tore it in five or ſix

than to a bowl or dagger. Life, after all, is preferable to innocence without it. Come, be comforted, I ſhall wait on Lord *Eurialus*, and acquaint him with his good fortune. If he takes my meaning; why then manage the reſt yourſelf. If, on the contrary, he ſhould diſappoint you in your expectation, it will be no fault of mine."—"I aſk no more, my truſty *Soſia*."

THOUGH he promiſed fair, the honeſt *Swiſs* put off the evil day as long as he could, and at laſt, meeting *Eurialus* in the ſtreets, only ſaid theſe few enigmatical words to him.——"My lord, you are much beloved by the fair in this noble city."——The equerry, who knew not *Soſia* for what he was, never heeded his addreſs, and paſſed him as a meddling inſignificant fellow. Had he known him to be ſervant to *Lucretia*, he would have ſeized the golden opportunity; for he was then wholly intent on the means of procuring an interview with his fair enamorata. He made on his amour, ſeveral pertinent reflexions: theſe, *his holineſs* gives us in very fluent *Latin*, which would loſe much even by the moſt elegant tranſlation. We ſhall only quote two inſtances which we do not remember to have met with in any other author. The firſt is, "That *Virgil*, drove to deſpair by the ſeverity of a beautiful maid, hung himſelf." The other is ſtale and unworthy of being related as true, by ſo learned a man as *Piccolomini*: it is, "That a woman, having laid a conſiderable wager that *Ariſtotle*, notwithſtanding all his philoſophy, could not be proof againſt the allurements of love; the poor degraded philoſopher ſuffered himſelf to be mounted, bridled, and ſpurred like a hack, by the fair ſeducer.

EURIALUS,

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pieces, acting all the time to a miracle, the enraged and affronted woman, and flung the paper not quite in the fire, but by the ſide of it. The old beldam, who had obſerved every action of our modern *Lucretia*, pretending to be more frightened than ſhe really was, flung herſelf at the feet of the ſenator's chaſte conſort: and, in the accents of well-feigned repentance, exclaimed: "Oh, dear madam! pardon me. How very unfortunate I am to have deſerved your anger! I proteſt to your ladyſhip, that my intention——." "No more, interrupted *Lucretia*; be gone, and let me never ſee your face again."

The old woman waited not for a ſecond command, but inſtantly hied herſelf to *Eurialus*.—"All is as you could wiſh my lord, ſaid ſhe, your letter has met with a very bad reception; I ſaw her fair hands tear it, but no matter for that—I call it a good omen." The Emperor's favourite thought the woman beſide her ſenſes, and begged ſhe would be clear, and not talk as ſhe had done, in riddles. She then gave him an account of the whole tranſaction—"Once more, my lord, you are in the faireſt way of ſucceeding with *Lucretia*. She ſighed when I mentioned your name. The very thoughts of your being handſome, deeply crimſoned her cheek. She took your letter, and tore it in a ſeeming paſſion; but, obſerve me well, in the hurry, inſtead of committing it to the flames, ſhe threw it in a very ſafe corner of the fire-place; my life upon it, but ſhe picks up every atom of it, and reads the contents. They will have the deſired effect on her—take my word for it. She'll kiſs an hundred times the precious ſcroll, when ſhe is by herſelf; aye, and anſwer it too. To

be ſure, ſhe has called me out of my name, or ſo, but what of that? She neither beat me, nor ordered her ſervants to do it: beſides, had I been kicked and baſtinadoed to a mummy, I would ſtill hold good my opinion, that your lordſhip's letter hath effectually done the buſineſs, and that you will bring the matter to a happy concluſion."

THUS ſaid *Venus*'s propheteſs, and *Eurialus* ſoon experienced the truth of her oracle: but he did not think it prudent to mention it to the complaiſant matron, leſt ſhe ſhould grow too proud and talkative. Therefore, after having rewarded her in a princely manner, he diſmiſſed her.

LUCRETIA had indeed anſwered his letter, and honeſt *Sofia* had been the bearer. Leſt he ſhould refuſe the friendly office, his miſtreſs, compoſing her countenance to affected ſerenity, ſaid to him: "That young nobleman, of whom you have heard me talk in a manner unbecoming a woman of honour, not knowing the ſentiments which I entertained for him, has wrote me a letter full of the expreſſions of the love I have inſpired him with. Would you believe it, *Sofia*, this very letter has ſteeled my heart againſt him, and reſtored my troubled mind to peace and tranquillity. Yes, faithful *Sofia*, thy miſtreſs is herſelf again. I had hitherto turned a deaf ear to the calls of virtue and duty; but nothing will henceforth make me ſwerve from them. This, *Eurialus* will ſee by the peremptory ſtile of my anſwer to him. Take it, and in delivering of it to him, do not fail to give him the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of my indifference for him.

Sosia was enraptured, and muttered his thanks to heaven for ſo unexpected a converſion. The letter was as follows:

LUCRETIA TO EURIALUS.

"GIVE up a vain purſuit, and think of me no more. Honour and virtue forbid it. You may meet with more ſucceſs with ſome other woman, better diſpoſed than I am to hearken to the voice of ſeduction. Were my heart at my own diſpoſal, you might perhaps——but what need I mention impoſſibilities. Believe me, if you love, ſum up all your fortitude, and for ever renounce a paſſion which ſhall always be repaid with the coldeſt and moſt unconquerable indifference by

LUCRETIA."

THOUGH this letter was far from being ſevere, yet it was couched in ſuch terms, that the truſty *Swiſs* thought it the moſt diſcouraging epiſtle a lover could receive from his miſtreſs. He haſtened with his meſſage to *Eurialus*, who, judging better of *Lucretia*'s real diſpoſition, gave to *Soſia* the kindeſt reception, and then put into his hands a letter full of reſpect and ſubmiſſion, aſſuring *Lucretia* that his love was as refined and honourable, as its object was handſome and accompliſhed. He concluded by entreating her acceptance of a diamond ring, which he begged ſhe would wear for his ſake. It was of ſo immenſe a value, and the preſent he made to the *Swiſs* ſo conſiderable, that neither the miſtreſs nor her faithful meſſenger could find it in their hearts to refuſe.

EURIALUS

EURIALUS had intimated in his letter, that he wiſhed for an interview, in which he promiſed to behave with all poſſible reſpect and modeſty. To this *Lucretia* ſent for anſwer, that, truſting implicity to his honour, ſhe would readily conſent, but that it was impracticable, as ſhe was continually beſet by her jealous and troubleſome *Argus*, who watched her ſo carefully, that, unleſs *Eurialus* could fly in the air, and come in through the iron grates that blocked up her windows, it was impoſſible for them to meet. The young Lord was chagrined, but not diſcouraged by ſo many obſtacles, and reſolved to conquer them all. They kept up for ſome time this epiſtolary correſpondence, 'till both, tired of ſo trifling an enjoyment, thought ſeriouſly on the means of giving each other verbal aſſurances of their mutual ſentiments, and ſome more ſolid proof of their love. Meanwhile, *Sofia*'s heart was conſiderably ſoftened by the generoſity of *Eurialus*, from whom he never returned empty handed, and, ſeeing that his miſtreſs never ſent back the preſent ſhe received, he thought it right to follow ſo laudable an example.

LUCRETIA was permitted to viſit no one but her own mother, the Lady *Camilla*. She had a lodger in her houſe, who could not withſtand the golden arguments which the ſenator's lady made uſe of, to perſuade her to lend her apartment on this occaſion. *Eurialus* was informed of the place of rendezvous, and no doubt would have been made happy; had not fortune, who is not always an attendant on frolickſome *Cupid*, raiſed an obſtacle which they could neither foreſee nor remove. *Lucretia* had taken, as ſhe thought, the faireſt opportunity. She went to her mother's at the time when ſhe

ſhe knew the good lady would be gone to church. But what was her diſappointment, when ſhe ſaw that *Camilla* had taken the whole family with her, and locked the ſtreet door? She was obliged to return home, ſad and dejected; yet revolving in her mind ſome new plan that might better anſwer her purpoſe.

About this time *Eurialus* was diſpatched to *Rome* upon ſome important buſineſs, and was to remain there near two months. This event proved very grievous to our lovers; and during his abſcence *Lucretia* ſhut herſelf up from the world, and even her deareſt friends could get no acceſs to the fair diſconſolate. At laſt *Eurialus* returned, and new efforts were made to procure the wiſhed-for interview. The Senator's houſe was parted by a narrow lane only from an inn, one of the windows of which faced that of *Lucretia*'s dreſſing-room. *Eurialus* hired that apartment, which afforded him an opportunity of converſing with his enamorata. But although this was better than correſponding by letters only; yet the very diſtance which the lane occaſioned, though ever ſo ſmall, was a very material obſtacle to the full completion of their wiſhes. Their chief object was to find out ſome means of coming to a cloſer approach: *Eurialus*, obſerving that *Lucretia*'s window was not barred like the reſt, propoſed to lay a plank acroſs from his apartment to his miſtreſs's dreſſing room. *Lucretia* ſtrongly objected to the danger of ſuch an attempt, and had courage enough to oppoſe it. At laſt, the fear of being overheard, which operated more ſtrongly, as they obſerved ſeveral perſons who ſeemed to liſten from the adjacent rooms, and miſtruſting the very inn-keeper, they were forced to have recourſe to ſome other expedients.

The

THE firſt that occurred to them was rather whimſical, and might have appeared degrading to any one but a lover, deaf to every conſideration not ſuggeſted by his paſſion. *Lucretia* was informed, that her huſband's tenants were to bring ſeveral ſacks of wheat, the produce of the laſt crop; the carts were to be unloaded at a back door, and the ſacks carried into the houſe by common porters. Honeſt *Sofia*, firmly believing that neither his miſtreſs nor the young lord meant any harm, procured a porter's dreſs for *Eurialus*; and, thus diſguiſed, our gallant went up to the garret with a load on his back, and by a private door ſtole into *Lucretia*'s room. Their mutual joy at this firſt meeting beggars all deſcription, and even *Piccolomini*'s pencil draws but a faint ſketch of ſo luxuriant a picture. Fortune however was ſtill on the watch to diſturb the loving pair; they had not been above an hour together, which from the many things they had to ſay, ſeemed to them even ſhorter than the fleeteſt minute; when *Sofia*, puffing and panting for breath, came to tell them that the Senator, with another man, was juſt entering at the gate. "What ſhall I do?" exclaimed *Eurialus*: we readily ſuppoſe that this was the expreſſion, not of his fear, but of the concern he had for *Lucretia*'s reputation. "Let me alone, replied the lady, only hide yourſelf in that corner, and leave the reſt to me." He had hardly time enough to obey her commands, when *Menelai* entered the apartment. He was come with the ſecretary to the council of ſtate to ſearch for ſome papers which were wanted on a very important occaſion. *Lucretia* did not attempt to oppoſe their ſearch, 'till the Senator called for a light, in order to viſit the very cloſet where *Eurialus* was concealed.

She

She thought it high time to ſtep forth; and, coming up to her huſband, "Do not give yourſelf any farther trouble, ſaid ſhe, I think I remember where you have laid thoſe papers, if I miſtake not, they are in that band-box over the window; I ſhall reach it down:" ſo ſaying, ſhe got on a chair, but in attempting to take the box, let it go, and the window being open, the whole fell into the ſtreet; then, with a well-diſſembled concern,—"O Lord! ſaid ſhe, Sir, I have done miſchief indeed; behold all your papers ſcattered about the ſtreet; pray go and pick them up, leſt ſomebody ſhould ſeize upon them?" The Senator alarmed, as well as his ſecretary, haſtened down ſtairs to prevent the precious manuſcripts from falling into unhallowed hands. This gave an opportunity to the fair dame of diſmiſſing *Eurialus*, after having bade him the moſt tender farewell.

A HAPPY lover is ſeldom diſcreet—"This, ſays the holy prieſt, was the caſe with *Eurialus*." He told the whole ſtory to a friend, who, in all likelihood was the Pope himſelf; for it ſeems that he was privy to the whole tranſaction.

AN event took place about this time, which turned greatly to the honour of *Lucretia*, and put her reputation for chaſtity upon a level with that of the *Roman* matron of that time. An *Hungarian* gentleman, of the name of *Baccari*, no leſs conſpicuous for his figure and fortune, than univerſally admired for his wit and literary abilities, fell in love with the Senator's wife. After ſeveral unſucceſsful attempts, he at laſt found means to convey to her a moſt ſuperb noſegay; whoſe principal ornament was an artificial flower, which opened

opened by means of an almoſt imperceptible ſpring, and contained a billet-doux. *Lucretia* ſoon diſcovered the contrivance, and peruſed the moſt paſſionate love-letter ſhe had ever been complimented with: but her heart being ſincerely attached to *Eurialus* alone, ſhe ſpurned the offers of this new lover, and, as an inſtance of her conjugal fidelity, complained to her huſband, and ſhewed him the letter. *Menelai* addreſſed himſelf to the Emperor, who ſharply rebuked the audacious *Baccari*, and ordered him to leave *Sienna* immediately; bidding his courtiers to be warned by this example, and not to be daring enough to attempt any thing againſt the honour of the *Sieneſe* ladies. This charge he delivered with half a ſmile, knowing very well that *Eurialus*, his favourite, was equally guilty, but more mercifully uſed by *Lucretia*. The monarch's intention was by his apparent ſeverity, to caution his equerry to be more upon his guard, and carry on his amours with becoming ſecrecy. This leſſon was loſt upon *Eurialus*, for, although he never was diſcovered, it happened more through good fortune than any particular care on his ſide. Various were the ſtratagems he had recourſe to: ſometimes diſguiſed in the habit of a groom, at another, in the character of a waiter he got admittance into *Menelai*'s houſe; and, as the viſit was by no means intended for the latter, he readily found his way to the lady's apartment. One night as he was at ſupper, the Senator came in unexpectedly, and muſt have diſcovered *Eurialus*, had not *Lucretia*'s wonted preſence of mind, ſaved him and herſelf from that diſgrace. She went out to meet her huſband, who had already got as far as the landing-place, loaded him with the moſt tender

reproaches for having left her to eat her ſupper by herſelf. In vain did he proteſt to her, that he had not eat a morſel the whole day, ſhe was not to be pacified, and falling on the neck of *Menelai*, ſhe bedewed the dear man with her tears. The Senator, pleaſed at ſo rare an inſtance of her love, kiſſed off her tears, and comforted his loving ſpouſe in the moſt ſoothing language. *Lucretia* acted the farce long enough to give *Eurialus* time to get out at the window; then walking into the room arm in arm with her *caro ſpoſo*, they ſat down lovingly to ſupper.

SOSIA continued his faithful ſervices to *Eurialus* and *Lucretia*, for the former's generoſity had overcome all thoſe nice ſcruples, which had at one time ſtaggered the delicate feelings of our *Swiſs*, who was not to be prevailed upon by mere reaſoning. But the fellow's awkwardneſs, and now and then a qualm of conſcience, occaſioned by the part he was acting in this comedy, convinced our lovers that another confident was neceſſary, leſt *Soſia*'s diſorder ſhould return upon him, and in a fit of delicacy he ſhould diſcloſe the whole affair to *Menelai*, or by his blundering betray them in the end. The care of providing a more uſeful hand was left to *Eurialus*. He fingled out for that purpoſe a certain ſignor *Pandali*, who, though a relation of *Menelai*, ſeemed to the young lord a fit perſon to anſwer his purpoſe. He courted his acquaintance, and *Pandali*, who was devoured by the moſt boundleſs ambition, thought it a great honour to be ſeen in the company of a man who enjoyed all his Sovereign's favour, and who, by his intereſt at court, might be of great ſervice. *Eurialus*, knowing the weak ſide of *Pandali*, offered him his protection, and to recommend him to the Emperor's notice. "I have it in my power," ſays the artful courtier, "to diſpoſe in your favour of the higheſt

preferments in the gift of *Sigiſmondus*. His majeſty, at my recommendation, will readily admit you amongſt the Knights of the Golden Spurs; but, as this dignity however honourable, would be confined to you alone, I think the title of Count is far preferable; as in this caſe your honours could be transferred to your poſterity: but, as a friendly turn deſerves another, you muſt do me a piece of ſervice."——"Oh, any thing to be a Count of the Holy Empire! Speak, my good lord, and were it to renew the twelve labours of *Hercules*, I would undertake them all to convince you of my gratitude."——"The taſk," returned *Eurialus*, "is by no means ſo hard: it is only to give me your aſſiſtance in a little love intrigue, on the ſucceſs of which depends all my happineſs, and even my life. I ſhall be open and explicit with you, and let this be the firſt proof of the confidence I repoſe in you. I have the moſt tender regard for *Menelai*'s lady, and may without vanity flatter myſelf that ſhe requites my love. The only favour I expect from you is to give us an opportunity of a ſpeedy tête-à-tête."—"How, my Lord! have you forgot that *Menelai* is my friend and kinſman?" "Why! my dear *Pandali*, that is the very reaſon that has induced me to apply to you. Who could better ſerve me in this affair? You are every day with the Senator, he informs you of all his tranſactions, and, knowing when he is from home, and where he goes, you might acquaint me with the proper time to go and throw myſelf at *Lucretia*'s feet without the danger of being interrupted by any jealous intruder."—"All you ſay, my Lord, is very true; yet give me leave to tell you, that though the title of Count is highly deſirable, I do not think it worth the high price you put to it. The diſgrace . . . . . ." "Pſhaw, how you talk! Why, my good *Pandali*, various

ways lead us to preferment and dignities. Look around you, and conſider well by what means our nobles have obtained their titles. The moſt illuſtrious among them have acquired it by their warlike deeds; that is, in other words, by plunder, maſſacre, and murder. Others owe their preſent grandeur to the money hoarded up by their penurious and plebeian anceſtors; but, believe me, the greateſt number are indebted for theirs to that very ſort of complaiſance which I require from you. Services of this kind done to the Sovereign, or his favourites, are always rewarded with titles, or other eminent preferments."

ALTHOUGH the arguments of *Eurialus* were not unanſwerable, yet they ſerved to ſilence all objection on the part of *Pandali*. He promiſed every aſſiſtance in his power, and it was not long before he ſeized an opportunity of obliging his new patron. An affray had happened at a country-ſeat of *Menelai* between his ſervants and the cottagers, in which ſeveral of the former were killed on the ſpot. This circumſtance obliged the Senator to leave town, in order to go and take the informations which the law required on ſuch occaſions. As a coach would have been troubleſome, and occaſion ſome delay on the road, he reſolved to travel on horſeback. Having no ſaddle-horſe himſelf, he ſent to ſeveral of his friends; but they were out of town: and *Menelai* complaining of his diſappointment to *Pandali*, the latter engaged to ſupply him inſtantly. He applied for that purpoſe to *Eurialus*, who called to a groom, and after giving him ſome private inſtructions, ordered him to ſaddle two of the fleeteſt horſes in the Emperor's mews, one for *Menelai*, and the other for the groom himſelf. The Senator, proud of travelling with his Sovereign's ſervant behind him, ſet out directly in that brilliant equipage. A few hours

were

were ſufficient for him to reach his country ſeat, and reſtore peace and harmony amongſt his tenants; having finiſhed his buſineſs, he was preparing to return to town, when the groom, who had his cue, told him that his imperial majeſty's horſes were not uſed to ſo much fatigue, as they never travelled above a ſhort ſtage in a day: and that if the horſes were to come by any accident, he would looſe his place, nay, perhaps his life. The Senator, ſeeing that he muſt perforce ſtay there all night, ſat down as contented as a jealous huſband can be, at twenty miles diſtant from his ſlippery wife.

We need not queſtion the reader's ſagacity, ſo far as to ſuppoſe, that he wants to be told in what manner *Eurialus* and *Lucretia* ſpent their time. Suffice it to ſay, that they were as happy as love and opportunity could make them. But alas, their bliſs was too exceſſive to laſt: and here the Pope, recollecting his dignity, is not ſparing of moral reflexions, which, though enhanced by a very pleaſing ſtile, are trite and common, and ſuch as every one may have read a hundred times: we ſhall therefore lay them aſide to haſten to the cataſtrophe.

The happineſs of theſe lovers laſted as long as the Emperor's ſtay in *Italy*; for, although his majeſty went to *Rome* in the interim to be crowned there, *Eurialus* never miſſed an opportunity of writing to *Lucretia*, or of coming incognito to *Sienna*, in order to comfort her more effectually. But at laſt the Emperor ſet out for *Trentum*, in his way to *Bohemia* and *Hungaria*. Thus divided from the only man ſhe loved, *Lucretia* pined away. She was convinced that ſhe now had to lament two irreparable loſſes, that of her honour, and that of the adored accomplice of her guilt. She fell into a total decay,

decay, which ſoon making the moſt alarming progreſs, brought her in a few months to her grave. She died, and her laſt ſpeech ſtammered the dear name of *Eurialus*.

Let us turn from the ſad object. Her fate is a further inſtance of the danger attending on the wretch, who, forgetful of the moſt ſacred duties, gives a looſe to a guilty paſſion. Luckily however, the generality of the ladies do not take ſo much to heart the loſs of a lover. And as for the other ſex, *Eurialus* is a proof that men were even then eaſily comforted for the death of a miſtreſs, falling a ſacrifice to an exceſs of love; for the hiſtorian tells us, that *Sigiſmondus* gave to his favourite in marriage, a fair maid of the moſt illuſtrious birth, with whom *Eurialus* lived long and happy, perhaps without experiencing the fate of *Menelai*.

Such is the novel compoſed by *Pius* II. when he was only a biſhop, and had not yet received the Cardinal's hat. His manner of writing in *Latin*, ſhews that he was a very excellent ſcholar, and will eaſily convince the reader, that *Piccolomini* had made his particular ſtudy of the works of *Petronius*, whoſe ſtile he has copied, as he has endeavoured to do that of *Tacitus* and *Livy*, in writing the hiſtory of *Bohemia*, and of *Frederic* III. his maſter. He imitated alſo the manner of *Cicero*, in an harangue addreſſed to the Chriſtian Princes, when he tried to make them take up arms againſt the *Turks*. His intention was to have headed the army in perſon, but death prevented him.

Before *Æneas Sylvius* was promoted to the Cardinalſhip and Popedom, he had acted as ſecretary to the council of *Bale*, and contributed more than any body

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elſe to enforce this opinion: *that the general council was above the Pope, and that it is in the former's power to effect a reformation, both in the chief and members of the church.* Seated on St. *Peter's* chair, *Piccolomini* recanted, condemned his former doctrine, and publiſhed againſt it, the famous bull, known by the firſt word of it, under the title of EXECRABILIS; by which he cenſures appeals from the holy ſee to the council, as of none effect, execrable, and contrary to the holy canons of the church. Yet we ſee no where, that the *Latin Muſty* ever diſavowed his being the author of the romance of *Eurialus* and *Lucretia.*

LARISSA;

TAKEN FROM THE LATIN OF

THEOPHILUS VIAUT.

THIS Author is too generally known to require any particular detail. Suffice it to ſay, that this little tale is written with more correctneſs than any of his other productions. The invention and plot is confeſſedly after the plan of the ancients, and is in the true ſtile of the *Mileſian* fables.

LARISSA recounts her adventures in a mixt company, in which are two young girls, who, by ſome wanton and malicious device, interrupt the narration for ſome time. This incident does no ſmall honour to the author's

author's imagination, and cannot but ſecure the approbation of every man of taſte and ſound underſtanding.

I LIVED fellow-ſervant in a *Roman* citizen's family, with a ſlave, who, born in *Greece*, had, by indulging too fond a deſire of viſiting foreign climes, loſt that freedom which he might have enjoyed undiſturbed in his own country. His pleaſing countenance was expreſſive of all thoſe features which are accounted the characteriſtics of a gentleman, whoſe education has perfected his natural accompliſhments. His noble mien vouched to his high birth, and it was plain, from his manner, that he had been brought up in a ſtile diametrically oppoſite to his preſent ſituation. He handled the meaneſt tool, as if he had wielded a lance, and the leaſt burthen weighed him down, if he were obliged to carry it but at a mile's diſtance. Nevertheleſs, his courage was above his bodily weakneſs, and however diſguſting the taſk which duty impoſed on him, he ever performed it with alacrity and a good grace. Unmindful of what he had been, he regarded nothing but his preſent condition, and the drudgery it ſubjected him to, could not by any means damp his ſpirits, though his extreme delicacy ſerved to render more painful, a ſervitude for which nature and fortune had never marked him out.

THE hardſhips he had to encounter with ſoon exhauſted all his ſtrength, and he fell into a languid melancholy, which led him to the very brink of his grave. His beautiful flaxen hair, hitherto his chief care, hung

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looſe and neglected about his neck and face: his fair and ſmooth forehead was diſgraced by the wrinkles which toil and grief had furrowed. His blue eyes were ſunk in their ſockets; his hollow cheeks, his hands become callous by hard labour; in ſhort, his whole emaciated body ſeemed to announce his approaching diſſolution. Thus ſinking daily under a load of woe, his ſobs and ſighs were the only ſigns by which he could be ranked amongſt the living. My heart melted at the rueful ſight, and I loudly exclaimed againſt Fortune's capricious partiality. I watched every opportunity of inſpiring him with a becoming fortitude; I often mingled my tears with his, and tried every means in my power to comfort him and aſſuage his misfortunes. I ſympathiſed with his weakneſs, anticipated his very wiſhes; not ſuffering him to take the leaſt trouble. Nay, ſuch was my attachment to his perſon, that, though his fellow-ſervant, I became his ſlave, and ſerved him with all imaginable zeal and exactitude.

The young man's feelings were too nice for him not to be ſenſible of the obligations conferred upon him. Whenever I enjoyed the opportunity of doing him ſome ſervice, I could perceive how painfully he felt the impoſſibility he was in, of proving by his actions, a gratitude which his eyes expreſſed, and his tongue ſpoke in a manner and language that proclaimed him the accompliſhed and real gentleman. As he was of a very even temper, truly amiable in his converſation, and lovely in his perſon; it was not long before pity gave way in my heart to the moſt tender paſſion. It is true, that the firſt arrow which the god of love aimed at my breaſt, did not ſink ſo deep as to conquer me at this one

blow; but, by not plucking it out in time, its venom ſoon reached the very core of my heart, and ſet it up in a blaze. Then, as if my reaſon and underſtanding had conſpired againſt me, I thought that the indulging of my growing paſſion was the ſovereign bliſs.

THIS intereſting beginning of *Lariſſa*'s hiſtory had called up the attention of the hearers, and of two young ladies in particular. But, leſt they ſhould ſeem to hearken to a recital which bade fair to be rather too licentious, for their pretended modeſty not to appear at leaſt to take the alarm, they affectedly turned their heads from *Lariſſa*, and then gaped, and ſhut their eyes by degrees, ſo that any one would have thought that they really were faſt aſleep: ſo artful a diſſembler is crafty woman! Their real meaning was to collect all the faculties of their minds, in order to hear the better, and then treaſure up in their memory every word of a ſtory, which in fact was entertaining for them. The ſenſe of hearing co-operated ſtrongly with their lively imagination, and this was prepared not only to receive with pleaſure, but to add to the ſtrong colouring of the voluptuous picture which they expected to have ſoon in proſpect. One of them could not help, in order to gratify the impulſe of her curioſity, caſting now and then a glance at the old woman; but this was done as if awaking for a moment from her ſleep, and her eyes were inſtantly cloſed again. The other carried her diſſimulation ſtill farther, by letting herſelf ſlide from her ſeat on the floor, and then ſtarting up as if ſhe had been awakened by the fall from a long ſlumber.—— "How's this, ſaid ſhe, is it day-light already?" But ſhe was ſoon off her guard, and a ſudden and involun-

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tary bluſh betrayed the weak ſtratagem of her ſham modeſty. They were laughed at, and ſtared out of countenance by the whole company, who gave them to underſtand that they were not to be miſled by their affectation.

Meanwhile *Lariſſa* refuſed to go on with her ſtory; proteſting that ſhe would by no means enter into details which ſeemed to give offence to ſome of the company: but, as ſhe had promiſed to entertain her hearers in the beſt manner ſhe could, ſhe was ready to begin another: when *Phileſus*, who was all impatience to hear out the old woman's adventure—"Why goody, ſays he, don't you perceive that theſe two young ladies are all affectation? They perhaps endeavour ſeriouſly to compoſe themſelves to reſt; but it is only with hopes that a pleaſing dream, the offspring of their wanton fancy, will preſent them with the image of the handſome ſlave. Then falling on *Lariſſa*'s neck, good mother, I beſeech you, continued he, do not deprive us of the ſequel of your adventures; it would be too ſevere a puniſhment for ſo trifling an interruption." By his careſſes and endearments, the handſome youth at laſt prevailed on *Lariſſa* to reſume the thread of her narration, which, after having deſired the two little counterfeits to come and ſet by her, ſhe did in the following words:

"The ſmalleſt ſpark will often occaſion a moſt dreadful conflagration. I ſoon experienced that love, if once cheriſhed, will, from a trifling beginning, carry one beyond thoſe bounds which reaſon and decorum have vainly ſet to that imperious paſſion. I felt no more that gentle emotion which I at firſt experienced with delight; my heart was enthralled by an overbearing tyrant, who

having triumphed over my weakneſs, cruelly inforced his deſpotic ſway. In fine, inſtead of that peaceful love with which my boſom gently glowed, and had at firſt entered at my eyes, I was conſumed by a devouring flame which raged in ſpite of all my efforts to ſtop its alarming progreſs; for I muſt own that, in ſome intervals of reaſon, I boldly reſolved to check the impetuoſity of my fiery deſires. Often would I exclaim during thoſe tranſient glimmerings of light—Oh love! fatal love! thou, the plague and ſcourge of mankind, wherefore doſt thou diſturb my tranquillity? Then, almoſt in the ſame breath, would contradict myſelf, and cry out, Oh thou, the moſt powerful of all the deities which trembling mortals do adore! ſweet conqueror! excuſe my raſhneſs; my heart belies the unjuſt complaints which my tongue has uttered: forgive this laſt effort of expiring reaſon. Behold in me, thy moſt religious votary—god of *Paphos* and *Idalia!* hear my prayer: inſpire my beloved *Gliſon* with the ſame paſſion thou has kindled in my breaſt, and the blood of ſparrows and doves, mixed with roſes, ſhall lave thy altars.——The conflict was too great. My weak frame was not proof againſt ſo violent a ſtruggle, my ſpirits ſunk, my health was impaired, and I thought myſelf on the verge of diſſolution. Food I taſted but juſt enough to ſupport myſelf; ſleep was a ſtranger to me, and yet nothing could allay my anguiſh, or aſſiſt me in my endeavours to overcome a paſſion which increaſed in proportion as my bodily ſtrength failed me; though pride itſelf, the beſt, and perhaps only preſerver of our ſex's honour, ſeemed to condemn me for being thus the groveling ſlave of a bondſman.

"GERSON (this was, as you may have before obſerved, the name of the handſome youth) daily endeared himſelf to me; his converſation had new charms, and methought every day added ſome perfection to my lovely charmer. For now, that time had nearly worn out the ſad remembrance of his former misfortunes, and exceſs of calamity had blunted the edge of grief and ſorrow, his eyes ſparkled with a new luſtre, and his countenance, like the ſun after a ſhower, emerging from the cloud which affliction had caſt over it, ſhone with more than mortal comelineſs, and exhibited to the admiring eye a living image of that celeſtial *Venus*, the maſter-piece of the painter *Apelles*. But, ah me! whilſt *Gliſon* was ſo altered for the better, the change which I experienced enfeebled me more and more every day. The greateſt torment lovers can endure filled up the meaſure of my woes; I mean that in proportion as my love increaſed, an ill-timed and unlucky timidity forced me to lock up my ſecret in my breaſt, and thus I kept up a flame which raged the fierce, for being confined: for although the workings of this tyrant paſſion were ſuch as to ſet me above all the nicety of female decorum, yet I was too young, or perhaps too proud to expoſe myſelf by a declaration, the ſucceſs of which was at beſt uncertain. I was nearly drove to deſpair, when the god of love caſting an eye of pity on his drooping victim, bleſſed me at laſt with the wiſhed-for opportunity. In one of our tête-à-têtes, the grateful *Gliſon*, obſerving the ſtate of my health, and remembering how careful I had been of his, ventured to aſk me a few queſtions, which I anſwered only with a flood of tears. They ſaid much, and were not miſunderſtood by *Gliſon*, whoſe viſible emotion was the firſt ray of comfort

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that cheared my almoſt broken heart. He ſpake not; but his ſilence was far more pleaſing and expreſſive than words. We mingled our tears: mine were the expreſſion of joy and unſpeakable delight; as I ſaw that they had made an impreſſion on that heart which they were meant to ſubdue. Oh, extatic recollection! that happy hour will ever live in my memory. But, alas! the dear object is for me no more, his death was the only ſorrow I have had to bear ſince the bliſsful inſtant that gave him to my arms.—Ye tender and lovely youths, if ever your hearts are inclined to love, never complain of pains and toils; a moment of bliſs compenſates for a whole year of troubles and diſappointments!"

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

How the Count DE FOIX *was very ſuddenly apprized of what had happened at the battle of* JUBEROTH, *in a marvellous manner; together with a very appoſite ſtory of a familiar ſpirit, called* ORTHON, *who did a ſervice ſomething ſimilar to his maſter the* Lord *of* CORASSE.

THE battle of *Juberoth* is much talked of in ancient records; it was fought during the wars of *John* King of *Caſtille*, ſon to *Henry* of *Triſtemare*, againſt *Denis* King of *Portugal*; willing to inforce their reſpective claim to the latter kingdom. On that memorable day the *Caſtillans*, as well as the *French* who had eſpouſed their quarrel, were totally routed with a prodigious ſlaughter. The fact, related by *Froiſſard* on this occaſion, is truly remarkable. This hiſtorian, in the 17th chapter

of the third book of his *Chronicle*, ſays, "That the very next day after the battle, the Count *de Foix* was informed of every particular; a circumſtance which, from the diſtance of place, appears morally impoſſible."

ON * the Sunday, and the two following days, the Count *de Foix*, who was then at his ſeat of *Ortez*‡, lived ſo retired and melancholy that, for thoſe three days, he would not utter a ſyllable, go out of his room, nor ſuffer even his deareſt friends and relations to come near his apartment. On the Tueſday evening he called to him his brother *Arnaut Guillaume*, and whiſpered in his ear, "Our men have been worſted yeſterday at *Juberoth*, a misfortune which I had foretold ſhould happen to them." *Arnaut*, who was a brave and diſcrete knight, took at firſt but little notice of what his brother ſaid; but the count raiſing his voice, ſaid, "I tell you once more, brother, that what I ſay is true. You ſhall ſoon hear more particulars; but never did the country of *Bearn* loſe, at any period, for theſe three hundred years paſt, ſo many perſons of diſtinction as have fallen yeſterday in the field of *Juberoth*." Several knights and eſquires who were then preſent paid little attention to the count's ſpeech; though, awed by the reſpect they bore to ſo great a perſonage, none of them dared to offer a ſingle word, or aſk any queſtion about the matter. In about

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* The ſtory is related to *Froiſſard* by one of the Count's gentlemen.

‡ *Ortez* is a ſmall town ſituated in *Bearn*, within twenty-one miles of *Pau*, the capital of that Province.

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ten days after, the whole of the ſtory was known by the unqueſtionable report of the few who had eſcaped the almoſt general ſlaughter of their countrymen, and was ſeverely felt by moſt of the great families in the principality of *Bearn*, as there was hardly one who had not to lament the death of ſome friend, or near relation.

"Holy Virgin! exclaimed I, when the Eſquire had given me this wonderful account, how could the Count even gueſs, much leſs know for certain, a piece of news which could not be brought in the common way to *Ortez*, in leſs than ten days?"—"I cannot tell you, replied the Eſquire, how it happened, but it certainly was ſo:"—"It muſt then have come to his knowledge, ſaid I, by means of ſome heavenly meſſenger, or by ſome conjuration and witchcraft, or elſe the Count muſt have received the diſpatches by ſome winged emiſſary. "Surely, rejoined the gentleman, it muſt be by the magic art; and, on this, I ſhall relate to you a ſtory nearly ſimilar, which is generally known and believed as matter of fact, by the graveſt and moſt learned inhabitants of this province.

"About twenty years ago, there lived within ſeven leagues of this place, a Baron of the name of *Raymon*, Lord of *Coraſſe*. This nobleman had a lawſuit depending at *Avignon*, on an action brought againſt him by a clergyman, who, in right of his living, laid claim to certain tithes on the above Lord's eſtate. He was admitted to prove his titles, and did it to the ſatisfaction of Pope *Urbanus* V. and his conſiſtory, who acknowledged the juſtice of the clergyman's pretenſions; delivering to him at the ſame time a copy in form of their definitive ſentence. This the good prieſt thought a ſufficient argument to ſilence the ſaucy layman, who

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was threatened in caſe of diſobedience, to be openly declared an enemy to the church and its divine rights. But *Raymon* was proof againſt theſe menaces, and would have ſooner renounced to his holineſs's bleſſing for ever, than part with one inch of his eſtate. Therefore, knowing that the prieſt was returning triumphant from *Avignon*, he met him on the way, and accoſted him in theſe words: "Do you imagine, maſter *Martin*, that, by virtue of your ſcrap of paper, you will be permitted to rob me of my patrimony, or my vaſſals of the fruit of their toilſome harveſt? This would be truly a very great miſtake, which might turn out badly for you in the end; for I pledge you my honour, and ſwear to you by my knighthood, that you ſhall anſwer upon your head for the leaſt attempt to put your pretended rights in force. So, believe me, return from whence you came; for not a tithe ſhall you gather in any part of my eſtate." The Prieſt, who knew that the Baron was irraſcible, and cruelly inclined, did not dare to forego *Raymon*'s commands; but, before he parted from him—"My trade is not fighting, my Lord, ſaid he, but ere it is long, you ſhall ſee a champion that will be a match for you."——"Go to, thou impudent varlet, anſwered the Lord of *Coraſſe*, neither thou, nor all thy conſiſtory ſhall ever frighten me out of my eſtate; no, nor out of a barley corn belonging to me or mine." So ſaying, he turned his back, and rode towards *Coraſſe*. Matters remained in this ſituation for ſome time, and you may well think that the proud Baron had as readily forgot, as he had ſlighted the threats of the diſappointed Prieſt. But the latter, like the generality of men in that profeſſion, ſuffered his reſentment to lay dormant ſome

time, in order only to make more ſure of his revenge One night, as the Baron laid in bed, he was awakened by violent raps at the outer-gate, and at the door of his bed-room; while the foot of ſeveral perſons, parading about the houſe, were diſtinctly heard by the Knight. The ſtory goes, that he was not at all diſmayed; but of this you may believe what you pleaſe. The noiſe laſted violently for two hours, and then all was huſhed again. This ſudden tranſition from ſo great an uproar to a perfect tranquillity, gave time to *Raymon* to recollect himſelf, and, by the reflections which this event brought to his mind, he was convinced that it muſt be the effect of ſome præternatural agency, as on the morrow no footſtep could be traced. The Lord of *Caraſſe* going to bed the next night, reſolved at all events to endeavour to come at the truth of this affair, in caſe the ſame ſhould happen again. About the ſame hour as the preceding night, the farce was repeated with the addition of breaking windows and crockery ware. The Baron, ſeating himſelf on the bed, deſired, in a commanding tone of voice, to be informed "who dared to rap at his door in ſo violent a manner."—"It is I, replied a rough voice, my name is *Orthon*, a familiar ſpirit: remember the Prieſt, and reſtore the tithes thou haſt deprived him of, or elſe henceforth expect never more to cloſe your eyes to ſleep."——"As to that matter, replied *Raymon*, I ſhall do as well as I can; but ſo long as I am not totally out of my ſenſes, never ſhall pay a lazy prieſt tithes even for ſtraws in my eſtate.—But, gentle ſprite! how canſt thou live with ſo infamous a maſter? conſent to be mine; I ſhall uſe thee gently: whilſt the daſtardly gownſman will for ever torment,

torment, by ſending thee on his miſchievous errands." —The ſpeech had the deſired effect. *Orthon*, from this inſtant, devoted himſelf entirely to the ſervice of *Raymon*; whom he would often diſturb from his reſt, to give him an account of what paſſed in the different parts of the world. The Baron, who knew that the Count *de Foix* was very fond of news, ſtraitly forwarded his intelligence to *Ortez*. For five years together did *Raymon* puzzle the Count, by acquainting him with particulars, which no one heard of for ſeveral months after he had received his information. At laſt, the Count having one day plied his friend with repeated drafts of excellent wine, the latter diſcloſed the whole ſecret to him. The Lord of *Ortez* congratulated him on ſo excellent an acquiſition, wiſhing at the ſame time to be maſter of ſo uſeful a ſervant.

It is not known whether *Orthon* waited on any one beſides the Baron; but he conſtantly viſited him whenever he had news of any conſequence. Four days however had elapſed ſince *Orthon* had been heard of, and, as the Baron was converſing with the Count, ſeemingly alarmed at ſo long an abſence.—"Never mind it, ſays the Count, perhaps ſome thing material is going forwards, which he muſt enquire minutely into, before he returns to you."—"But my, Lord, I wonder you never yet deſired to ſee what ſort of a being, and of what form your *Orthon* may be. I muſt own that, were I in your caſe, I would aſk him to ſhew himſelf. *Raymon* promiſed to do it. While he was undreſſing that very night, he heard a gentle tap at the door, and preſently knew that it was his ſprite. "Where haſt thou been, ſays he to him?"—"In many places ſince I was here laſt, anſwered *Orthon*; but now I come from

Prague, about ſixty days journey from hence, which I performed in about twelve hours." His maſter next queſtioned him about the manner of travelling ſo expeditiouſly. This brought on a new converſation, in which the Baron expreſſed a wiſh that his friend *Orthon* would aſſume ſome viſible form whatever. "Why ſhould you wiſh to ſee me, ſaid *Orthon?* You had better forego your intention, the requeſt, believe me, is indiſcrete, and you may have occaſion to repent if you perſiſt in your deſire: for where you command I muſt obey, be the conſequence what it may."——"Well then I command thee,"—"if ſo, wait 'till to-morrow, and the firſt thing you will caſt your eye upon, when you get up, will be *Orthon*."—The Baron, as ſoon as daylight peeped into his room, began to dreſs himſelf leiſurely, expecting every minute to ſee *Orthon*; but he looked about in vain, and when the ſpirit came to him at night, he upbraided him for his duplicity.—"Why, my Lord, anſwered the urchin, you have ſeen, but taken no notice of me. Recollect yourſelf. The firſt thing you ſaw, were two bits of ſtraw dancing about the bed as if agitated by the mild breath of *Zephyrus*."—"It was ſo,"—"Well, this was your ſlave."—"I wiſh to ſee thee; nay, I command that thou mayeſt next appear to me in a more remarkable ſhape."—"It ſhall be done. I ſhall be the firſt object that will ſtrike your eye to-morrow morning as you look out of the window." *Raymon* ſunk into a profound ſleep, and in the morning went to a window that looked into the yard. There he beheld a monſtrous and frightful ſow, with a large head, a long tail, and a very emaciated body. He inſtantly called to his man, ordering him to let his

hounds

hounds looſe upon the monſter; but they were hardly turned out, when a ſhreak was heard, and the ſow vaniſhed. The Baron diſcovered his error, but it was too late. In vain did he prepare to apologize the enſuing night for his unlucky miſtake; *Orthon* never returned, and *Raymon* died within the year. Thus have I given you a true and faithful account of the Baron and his inviſible ſpy."

"But, Sir, ſays I, what has this ſtory to do with what we were talking about before? Sure, you do not mean to inſinuate that the Count has a familiar alſo?" —"Indeed, replied the gentleman, it is the general opinion of all ranks of people in this province: for nothing happens in the remoteſt corner of the world, but what he is informed of, months before it can be publickly known. We have a recent inſtance of it in the news he had, ſo many days before any body elſe, of our defeat at *Juberoth*. And let me aſſure you, Sir, that his being provided with ſo uſeful a ſervant is of great advantage to the community; for there is no theft committed, but what is inſtantly brought to light."

Here my companion left me loſt in wonder at what I had heard, and firmly reſolved to record it, which I have done in his very words.

THE

THE HISTORY OF CLARIS AND LARIS,

A ROMANCE OF CHIVALRY.

EXTRACTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT

In the poſſeſſion of Mr. DE ST. PALAYE, *and relative to the hiſtory of the* TWELVE WORTHIES *of the* ROUND TABLE.

WE can boaſt of no proof to aſcertain who was the author of this old romance, and know no other MS. than that from which the following pages have been extracted; mention being made of it only in the catalogue of the *French* King's library. All that we can ſay with certainty is, that this romance is poſterior to that of the *Knight of the Lion*, ſince the latter and its author are quoted in the work now before us.

IN the reign of the renowned *Arthur*, King of *Great Britain*, there lived in *Gaſcony*, a ſovereign, whoſe name was *Ladon*, married to the beautiful *Lidamia*, daughter to an Emperor of *Germany*, and grand-niece to King *Arthur*. This Princeſs, who was accounted the faireſt of her ſex, had hardly completed her third luſtre; whilſt her royal conſort was in his hundredth year. So diſproportionate a difference of ages, which might have

ſtartled a vulgar huſband, did not in the leaſt terrify the bold *Ladon*. He knew that *Lidamia*, trained up from her infancy in all the virtues which render the fair ſex as great an object of man's admiration, as nature has calculated them to captivate the heart, would never ſwerve from thoſe principles; and therefore thought himſelf perfectly ſecure, and that the Emperor's daughter would prove no leſs dutiful than ſhe was handſome. Among the young gentlemen or eſquires who had been brought up at the court of *Gaſcony*, the moſt remarkable was *Claris*, ſon to a Duke, vaſſal to King *Ladon*. He was nearly of the ſame age with the Queen; and at that time of life the "Heyday of the blood is *wild*, and waits *not* upon the judgment." The Queen's exquiſite beauty made the ſtrongeſt impreſſions on the youthful page, who, in her preſence, was ſo diſconcerted, as not to be able to go through the duties of his office, which was to wait as decker and carver to their Majeſties. This appeared in ſeveral inſtances, which, though trifling in themſelves, are accounted very ſignificant in love affairs. At times, ſetting a diſh on the table, he would ſpill the contents; at others, he would cut his fingers inſtead of the meat he had to carve; for, whilſt his eyes were revetted on the miſtreſs of his heart, the amorous youth could mind nothing elſe. The King thought him very awkward and unhandy. The Queen proved a better judge, and laid his abſence of mind to a far different cauſe than want of dexterity. But ſhe was too virtuous, and too attentive to what a wife, and above all, a Princeſs owes to the world and herſelf, to boaſt of her ſagacity in this inſtance: yet *Lidamia* was a woman, *Claris* graceful and handſome; two excellent reaſons for even a Queen not to be diſpleaſed at the diſcovery.

MEANWHILE

MEANWHILE *Claris*, whoſe paſſion daily increaſed, grew every day more unfit for his employment; till at laſt, weighed down by the conflict of love and honour, he fell dangerouſly ill. Nature, the ſtrength of his conſtitution, and above all, perhaps, his unconquerablere pugnance to phyſic and phyſicians, reſtored health to his body; but nothing could afford relief to his diſturbed mind. As he recovered his ſtrength apace, the King ſaid to him one day, "My good varlet*, thou ſeemeſt calculated for ſomething better than carving and waiting; ſo inactive a life is irkſome to thy youth. Thou hadſt better hie thee to *England*; King *Arthur*'s court is the beſt ſchool for valour and chivalry: my Queen will give thee letters to that great Prince our kinſman, and, coming with ſuch a recommendation, thou canſt not fail of being well received, and wilt be taught the art of war, more becoming thy age and high birth, than carving a joint or decking a table." The Queen, with great complacency, ſaid, "That ſhe rejoiced at the opportunity of ſerving the young man, by recommending him ſtrongly to the notice and patronage of her royal uncle." This aſſurance, and the manner in which it was given, removed all the objections which the enamoured *Claris* might have urged againſt undertaking a voyage that would put ſuch diſtance between him and the perſon he adored. But conſidering that honour on his part, and the Queen's unſhaken virtue were obſtacles not to be removed; then

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* This appellation was far from being accounted ignominious at that time; as it was common to all the young gentlemen who had been brought up at court from their youth, and were of the houſhold.

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reflecting on *Lidamia*'s advice, and pleaſingly recollecting the affability and unſpeakable ſweetneſs with which ſhe had expreſſed herſelf, he prudently reſolved to ſet out for *England* for a few days. On the eve of his departure, *Laris*, the Queen's brother, declared he would bear him company. A conformity of tempers and inclinations had long eſtabliſhed a mutual friendſhip between the young Prince and *Claris*, who was of the ſame age, and proud of an intimacy with *Laris*; not becauſe he was of ſo elevated a rank, but becauſe he was *Lidamia*'s brother. The King, who was conſulted in this matter, gave a ready aſſent, and before they left the court they were knighted by *Ladon*. The Queen, with great affection, recommended her brother to the care of *Claris*. The latter, unable to refrain from tears, replied, "Moſt gracious Queen! as long as I have a drop of blood in my veins, be aſſured that I ſhall ſhed it with pleaſure in defence of his Highneſs. My life is yours, and I ſhall be happy to lay it down in the ſervice of ſo near a relation to your Majeſty." He could ſay no more; his voice failed him, and he could hardly muſter ſtrength enough to retire. The two young Knights ſet out at laſt with only a few attendants in their train.

On their way, they met with ſeveral hazardous adventures; but we ſhall only mention their principal atchievements. As they were paſſing by a ſtrong caſtle, a dwarf, with great politeneſs, invited them in his maſter's name to walk in, and take ſome refreſhment. They got on the draw-bridge; but they had hardly reached the caſtle when the bridge was pulled up after them, and they were inſtantly beſet by the maſter and all his ſervants. Their valour made amends for the imprudence they

had been guilty of. They killed moſt of their opponents and diſperſed the reſt. The maſter, brought down by *Claris* from his horſe, begged his life; which the generous Knight was about to grant; when a damſel of exquiſite beauty addreſſed him in theſe words, "Moſt noble and valorous Knight! do not ſpare the caitiff; but rather puniſh him at once for his numberleſs crimes. It has been his conſtant practice to decoy every paſſenger, attack them, as he has done you and your brave companion, then to put them to death, or keep them confined in horrid and gloomy dungeons. Thus is it that he hath uſed my dear *Yvain*, one of the moſt worthy and braveſt Knights of the Round-table; come and break his chains; but firſt diſpatch the traitor, or at leaſt let him take *Yvain*'s place."

CLARIS, complying with the latter part of her requeſt, had the tyrant loaded with irons, and ordered him to be carried to the black hole, where he had confined the brave *Yvain*. The latter, greatly rejoiced at this unexpected turn of fortune, which reſtored him to liberty and love; for, as the leſs ſagacious reader has already found out, the damſel was the *Lady Paramount of Yvain's thoughts*. After abundance of thanks and compliments had paſſed between the happy pair and their deliverers, they all ſat down quietly to ſupper; thinking themſelves now in perfect ſafety. But they were ſoon rouſed to arms by the approach of the dwarf, followed by a troop of banditti, who were in league with the blood thirſty Baron, and to whom the truſty pygmy had given the alarm, as ſoon as he ſaw that victory declared againſt his maſter. *Yvain*, who, by his experience and his great deeds of arms, was enabled to direct and execute, ordered the neceſſary

cautions to be taken, and to let the enemy enter the caſtle, and then attack them unawares. The villains fell a victim to their imprudence. Seeing they were not oppoſed, they ruſhed on heedleſly; but were ſo timely and vigorouſly aſſailed, that, notwithſtanding their great ſuperiority in point of number, they were all ſlain to a man. The maſter, who from his dungeon heard the outcries of his dying friends, and the victorious ſhouts of the conquerors, broke his chains; to run if poſſible to their aſſiſtance. Then, with a ſuperior exertion of his bodily ſtrength, wrenching the door from its hinges, he ſallied out, and reached the field of battle, where he met with the fate of his accomplices. *Yvain* dined, and remained there the whole day. After having given the beſt inſtructions to his deliverers, both concerning the road they were to take, and how to behave at the court of King *Arthur*, he ſet out with the lady for a diſtant province, the name of which is not recorded by the author.

Our young Knights were croſſing that part of the country, now called the *Marches of Poitou*. *Claris*, ever intent on the contemplation of *Lidamia*'s dear image, was rouſed from his pleaſing revery by the appearance of a horſeman making towards the two friends. As he approached, they were ſtruck with the coſtlineſs of his armour, and the magnificence of the horſe's trappings. The man himſelf, however, did not ſeem to become all this finery; for he had hardly ſtrength enough to keep in the ſaddle; whilſt the ſadneſs and dejection viſible in his countenance, betrayed ſome inward grief that laid heavy on his mind. They accoſted the ſtranger with all imaginable civility, proffering their ſervices to help

him on the road.——"Alas! gentlemen, replied he, with a heart-renting ſigh, I have no further hope of peace and happineſs on this ſide of the grave; all I hold dear and precious in this world, my fair damſel, has been eſtranged from me in the moſt treacherous manner. My name is *Carados*, and, though I ſay it, is no diſgrace to my fellow worthies of the *Round-table*. I am now in my way to the court of King *Arthur*, to beg the aſſiſtance of that Prince and his noble Knights, it is amongſt them only that I can hope to find an avenger." "You need not go ſo far, anſwered, unanimouſly, *Claris* and *Laris*, we may be perhaps, by our diſcretion, worthy of your confidence: and, as to redreſſing your grievances, we are ready to encounter, nay, to court danger undiſmayed." "Gentle Knights, rejoined the afflicted *Carados*, your appearance and courage inſpire me with eſteem for you, and confidence in your word; I ſhall therefore briefly relate to you my diſaſtrous adventure.

"I WAS on the eve of being married to a moſt beautiful and virtuous maiden, when *Ladas*, Lord of *Rochelles*, and my neighbour, envious of my happineſs, and reſolved to thwart it, ſent me a challenge, by which he offered to diſpute with me the poſſeſſion of ſo valuable a treaſure. I might have refuſed to meet him, nor would it have been derogatory to the laws of chivalry, ſince he was hardly known even by ſight to the fair damſel; nor had he in any wiſe aſſerted his pretended right before I had been ſolemnly betrothed to her. Yet I was ſo enraptured with her beauties, that I could not bear the thought of any one preſuming to lift up his eyes to the idol of my heart's worſhip: ſo that, truſting to the little

fame

fame I have acquired by a few feats of arms, and well ſpoken of by my too partial friends, I obeyed the proud Lord's ſummons. Punctual to the time, I arrived on the ſpot before my antagoniſt made his appearance. But I ſhould inform you (though you may think my raſhneſs deſerving of cenſure) that, in the heat of paſſion, I had ſent word back to my rival, that I was ready to fight ſingle againſt himſelf and two more; againſt ſix, if he would allow me a ſecond; or againſt him and eight more, with two Knights beſide myſelf. The terms were agreed to by him, but without ſpecifying which he preferred: this I overlooked, thinking that he would meet me with two of his friends only, the firſt propoſal being a ſufficient mark of my contempt for him: upon this ſuppoſition, I brought no one with me to the appointed place. *Ladas* came at laſt, but better accompanied than I expected; for, having taken advantage of the laſt condition which I had mentioned, he had put himſelf at the head of eight of his vaſſal Knights. Had I had the leaſt aſſiſtance at hand, I would have attacked them, regardleſs of their number; but being alone, what could I expect but death? and, what was ſtill worſe, to expire with the torturing certitude, that he ſhould be happy in her love. I therefore declined the combat, as not being prepared for it. My adored fair one was put into the hands of the Barons, who were to have been witneſs of the conteſt; and *Ladas* declared, that unleſs within forty days I ſhould come accompanied as I had propoſed, the fair prize ſhould be aſſigned over to him. King *Arthur* is gone into *Britanny*; his valorous Knights, my brethren, have no doubt followed our brave and worthy leader; ſo that I have every

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reaſon to fear that I ſhall return too late, and thus loſe the only woman that can make life deſirable."

"SIR Knight, ſaid *Claris* to him, your courage got certainly the better of your prudence; but we have engaged to ſerve you, and if the aſſiſtance of two young Knights, whom ſix adverſaries cannot intimidate, proves acceptable, you need but ſpeak; we are ready to follow you."

THIS bold offer, and the reſolute manner in which *Claris* had ſpoke, revived the exhauſted ſpirits of *Carados*, who, with joy and gratitude, cloſed with their propoſals, and the three heroes galloped away towards *Rochelles*, where they immediately challenged *Ladas* to fulfil his promiſe. All the Knights of this and the adjacent countries, aſſembled on the appointed day, to ſee the iſſue of ſo important an event. The Barons to whoſe charge the Lady had been committed, brought her to the field of battle, where *Ladas* had the cowardice to appear at the head of eight Knights. But the very ſight of his lovely miſtreſs, had rouſed a lion within the breaſt of *Carados*; whilſt indignation at *Ladas*'s unmanlineſs, ſtimulated the undaunted courage of the two young Knights. They engaged; but, as if it had not been enough for the treacherous *Ladas* to have the advantage of three to one in the field, he had given particular directions to his followers to point their lances to the breaſts of the horſes, contrary to the expreſs law of true chivalry. The three brave Knights had already diſmounted three of their adverſaries; but their own horſes being now killed under them, they were obliged to fight on foot againſt the ſix that remained on horſe-back. Enraged at ſo much perfidy, they hearkened

to

to nothing but the loud calls of a juſt reſentment; and, ſeizing the reins, to the manifeſt danger of being cruſhed to death, they endeavoured to make their opponents quit the ſaddle, or to ſtab them through the openings of their armour. *Carados* was beſide himſelf, and, in ſpite of ſo many obſtacles, endeavoured to cut his way to his deteſted rival. One would have thought that he ſought for death, and would have welcomed it, if he could have rendered it fatal to the treacherous *Ladas*. At laſt, fortune favoured the juſt cauſe; the Lord of *Rochelles*, forced from his horſe, fell at the feet of *Carados*, who held his pointed ſword to the throat of the proſtrate truant. Meanwhile, the other champions did not dare to advance to his reſcue, ſeeing the menacing poſture of the victor, leſt he ſhould put their maſter to inſtant death. Thus forſaken and conquered, *Ladas* was obliged to beg for life, which the noble *Carados* did not think worth taking. Having called to the Barons to witneſs his victory, he ran to his betrothed to take her back from them. The lively apprehenſion of her lover's danger had deprived her of motion, and almoſt of life, nor did ſhe come to herſelf for a long time. At laſt, opening her lovely eyes, ſhe caſt on *Carados* a look of fondneſs inexpreſſible. The firſt uſe ſhe made of her ſpeech, was to aſk, with all the anxiety of love, whether he was wounded. On his giving her the moſt poſitive aſſurances that he was not, ſhe ſprung from him, and ran towards the place where the two other Knights ſtood, ſurrounded by a number of brave warriors, who, aſtoniſhed at their youth, beauty, and above all, their behaviour on ſo memorable a day, were laviſhing their encomiums on ſo much bravery and conduct. The

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miſtreſs of *Carados* broke through the valiant croud, and after having thanked the two Knights in the warmeſt terms her gratitude could ſuggeſt; ſhe gave each of them a ſalute. The whole aſſembly echoed their applauſe at ſo well-deſerved a favour.—Happy days of innocence, when a modeſt kiſs, granted by the fair, was accounted an adequate reward for the nobleſt deeds! our preſent Knights would not be quite ſo moderate. After having been entertained ſome days with the greateſt magnificence, and received the higheſt honours, *Claris* and his royal companion ſet out in their way to *Britanny*, where King *Arthur* was at that time.

THE road they were to follow, led through the foreſt of *Broſſeliande*, where *Merlin* was ſpell-bound by the enchantments of the fairy *Viviana*. Her pupil *Morgana*, who was likewiſe a fairy, had fixed herſelf in this foreſt. We read in the hiſtory of the Round Table, that *Morgana* was ſiſter to King *Arthur*, and had ſpent ſome years at his court, where ſhe had been for a time its greateſt ornament, by the attractive charms of her youth and beauty. But at laſt, age having impaired her charms, ſhe had recourſe to art. That of the toilet, common to all her ſex, was the firſt ſhe tried; yet even this ſoon grew inſufficient; and *Morgana*, convinced by experience, that no human artifice can controul the irreſiſtible power of time, nor clog its fleeting wings, was reduced to the neceſſity of employing the charms of her potent incantations. It is by ſuch means only, that a woman of *Morgana*'s years can flatter herſelf to attract the notice of the other ſex: and, as the ſecret is loſt, the old matrons of the preſent age, if they are not fairies, ſhould retire in time, nor think

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rouge and coſmetics a ſufficient ſpell to charm and ſeduce mankind, or hide the natural defects of threeſcore. *Morgana* made ſeveral conqueſts, and of courſe, many enemies amongſt the damſels who found themſelves forſaken by their diſloyal Knights. The fairy gave proofs of her partial preference to the great *Lancelot of the Lake*, which *Genievre*, *Arthur*'s beauteous conſort, bore very impatiently. At laſt, whether ſhe took a diſlike to the court, or the court to her, ſhe thought proper to retire to the foreſt we ſpeak of; where, at her command, her inviſible agents erected an enchanted palace. She was followed in her delicious retreats by young and beautiful Varlets, Eſquires, and as many Knights as preferred the inglorious, but delightful pleaſures that awaited them with *Morgana*, to the honourable toils of knight-errantry. The fairy was alſo conſtantly attended by ſpirits, and other familiars, who gave her an exact account of what paſſed within a certain diſtance from her palace, and aſſiſted her in inveigling every traveller whom ſhe beſt thought worth her notice.

CLARIS, and *Lidamia*'s brother were enſnared, as many hundreds had been before them. They were at three miles diſtance from *Morgana*'s retreat, when two beautiful kids, ſkipping before, ſeemed to invite them to follow their track through a moſt luxuriant grove. They had not gone above an hundred yards in that enchanting road, before they met with a company of hunters and huntreſſes, with whom they readily mixed, in order to follow the ſport. As they drew nearer to the palace, a troop of dancing ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes joined their company, 'till our Knights came to

the very gate; and, as it was opened, curiosity enticed them to examine the inside of a dwelling, which, from the outward appearance, promised so ample a gratification to their senses. They were not mistaken; every object they met with was equally surprising and new: 'till at last, entering the house, they were led through a range of anti-chambers, each surpassed by the next in point of elegance and splendour, to *Morgana*'s apartment, which was hung with a pink lustring, richly fringed with gauze and artificial flowers. The fairy in a light, and attitude best calculated to set off her borrowed charms, was reclined on a couch. She negligently raised her head, and welcomed her new guests. "Princes, said she to them, by my skill in divination, I know who you are, and I am proud to see you within these walls, where you may assure yourselves of a reception equal to your rank and deserts—then, turning to her attendants, reach here two arm chairs for my noble guests—be seated, brave Sirs! But heavens! stay you awhile: armed at all points as you are now, you will tear the furniture to rags——Come, YE NYMPHS, UNARM THESE GENTLE KNIGHTS:* free their delicate limbs from these heavy and troublesome accoutrements."——The nymphs obeyed, and the fairy continued her address to the Knights:—"I flatter myself you will favour me with your company at supper. You will meet with a better fare than you could look for in some bye inns, supposing you should even find such an accommodation."—Who could refuse so polite an invitation?—"Now, gentlemen, resumed *Morgana*,

* See the Plate.

gana, if you have been told by ſome ſlanderer that I am a witch, I hope that you harbour no prejudice againſt me, and that I ſhall not frighten you. I freely acknowledge that I know more than the generality of women do, but all my dealings are as fair as myſelf; and you may ſee that I am not unſeemly: true it is, that I love young people, they entertain and pleaſe me; but I am very far from intending them any harm; ſo far indeed, that I ſhall readily ſuperintend your education: I ſhall put you in the way of thriving in the world, and I dare ſay you will, with my advice, get to the rugged temple of glory, through a path equally eaſy and pleaſing. But that you may not think that I ſpeak upon a mere gueſs, I ſhall convince you that I am no ſtranger to your qualities and perſons. In you, *Claris*, I ſee one of the greateſt Lords in *Gaſcony* or *Aquitaine*; and you, *Laris*, are brother to the fair *Lidamia*, *Ladon*'s royal conſort. You ſee that I know ye both. Come, *Claris*, give mē your hand, and let us go to ſupper."

THE cheer was abundant and delicate, and our two Knights reſted on the beſt beds they had met with ſince their departure from the kingdom of *Ladon*. The next day *Morgana* improved upon them, by her engaging manner and civility. She reſolved to take upon herſelf the training up of *Claris*, and the *German* Prince was committed to the truſt of the moſt faithful of h er attendants, called *Madoina*. "My dear, ſaid the fairy to her, I commit Prince *Laris* to your care: ſhew him all the beauties of this place, ſo as to entice his curioſity, and make him wiſh to ſtay with us; but beware you do not fatigue him by too much exerciſe, that I may *walk* with him in my turn."

WHATEVER care the fairy took to pleaſe and entertain them, the young Princes were ſenſible of their diſagreeable ſituation. A cage, for being gilt over and enriched with moſt coſtly jewels, does not change its nature; and captivity, whatever the appearance may be, is always grievous to a generous mind. *Claris*, whom nothing could eſtrange from his fidelity to Queen *Lidamia*, lent but an unwilling ear to the cajoling of *Arthur*'s ſiſter. He nevertheleſs diſſembled, and his youth favoured the cheat. *Laris* acted the ſame part with his tutoreſs *Madoina*. It was in vain for *Morgana* to expoſtulate with them in the moſt endearing language—"Lovely youth; ſaid ſhe, what can entice ye to repair to my brother's court? Is it merely to ſeek after adventures? I have it in my power to ſatisfy you within theſe very walls, where, without danger, you may gain the glorious trophies of knight-errantry! At your command, by my ſkill in the magic art, which I mean to render ſubſervient to your wiſhes, I ſhall raiſe the moſt frightful dragons for you to deſtroy; giants who will fall under your conquering ſwords, and whole armies that will by you be routed; by theſe means your eyes will be uſed to ſuch horrid ſights, and when real monſters come in your way, you ſhall be prepared to meet them undiſmayed." Our Knights were not to be deluded by her artful reaſonings; yet, in order to keep themſelves in exerciſe, they conſented to the mock fights. But when they had an opportunity of holding a ſecret converſation together, the manner how to break out of their priſon was the favourite theme. Yet they looked upon their deliverance as morally impoſſible. The palace was encompaſſed with the ſtrongeſt walls, and of ſuch a height that their towering

ing tops ſeemed to be "cloud capt." Nor was there a door, gate, or wicket to be ſeen. Twenty times they had walked round, and minutely examined the place; but all in vain: till *Laris* bethought himſelf of a ſtratagem which had the deſired ſucceſs.

THE Prince doubled his care and aſſiduity with his fair tutoreſs, and, improving one of thoſe extatic moments, when prudence being thrown off her guard, a miſtreſs can refuſe nothing to a lover, he begged *Madoina* to give a proof of the ſincerity of her love, by telling him how it was poſſible to get out of the enchanted palace. The nymph heſitated for ſome time, till unable to contain the mighty ſecret, ſhe ſatisfied his curioſity. They were at the furtheſt end of the garden, when, ſhewing him a ring faſtened to the wall, "Look here, ſaid ſhe, in this ring you have the maſter-key of the garden. You need but pull it to you, and the towering wall will inſtantly diſappear." *Laris*, ſeemingly out of joke, tried the experiment, and ſaw the wall give way. The high road now appeared before him, and he might have effected his eſcape that very inſtant, had he not thought it more adviſable to diſſemble his intentions for a few days. He replaced the ring, and, arm-in-arm, with his dear *Madoina*, returned to the palace. Having imparted his diſcovery to *Claris*, they jointly begged the fairy to order a tournament for the next day, in which, by tilting with fantaſtical opponents, they might learn to encounter real ones. Their ſuit was readily granted, and *Morgana* appointed a day for that purpoſe. Meanwhile the Knights begged that their horſes and armours might be returned, and that leave be granted them to ride about the park in order to be the better prepared. This was

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complied with, and the ladies followed them in carriages ready for the occaſion. The young heroes, having clapped ſpurs to their ſteeds, were ſoon at the end of the garden. Having reached the ſpot where liberty awaited them, *Laris* pulled the myſterious ring, and the road lying open before them, they followed it ſo long, and with ſo much ſpeed, that they ſoon found themſelves out of ſight of the enchanted caſtle, and the power of its wicked miſtreſs.

At laſt, having croſſed the foreſt and travelled on a few days, they arrived at the place where *Arthur* kept his court. They were welcomed in a very flattering manner; for *Yvain* and *Carados*, whom they had delivered, had not been ſparing of their encomiums, and had prepared their royal maſter to receive them as they deſerved. Here they tarried for near a year. Was there a perilous adventure to undertake, a public robber, or diſloyal giant to deſtroy, our two Knights were ever ready to appear in the field of honour, and ſhare in the glory as they had done in the dangers attending ſuch noble atchievements. They were ſo inſeparable, that each would have thought himſelf ſucceſsful but by halves, had he conquered alone, and their intimacy was not leſs admired than their heroic behaviour in every perilous occaſion. Amongſt the ancient Knights, the greateſt friendſhip and unanimity was ever religiouſly preſerved by thoſe who were, what was then termed, *brethren in arms*; but, beſides this noble motive, our two Knights were bound to each other by a conformity of age, temper, and inclinations; and *Claris* above all loved *Laris* as being the brother of the beauteous *Lidamia*.

THEIR return to the court of *Ladon*, was celebrated by a grand jouſt and tournament, given in compliment to them, by the old Monarch. *Claris*, as uſual, diſtinguiſhed himſelf; but had the misfortune of being wounded; and his friend *Laris* ordered him to be conveyed to his own apartment in the palace. The Queen went to viſit him, apparently out of mere civility; but ſhe was guided by another impulſe, which human frailty cannot withſtand: namely, the love ſhe ſecretly entertained for the handſome youth; a ſentiment, which her unſhaken virtue had hitherto forced her to conceal. One day, her Majeſty being alone with the wounded Knight, and having made the accuſtomed enquiries concerning his health; the latter, who thought the opportunity favourable to a declaration of his love, anſwered, "that his outward wound gave him no ſort of uneaſineſs; but there is one, added he, which is far more dangerous, and will never be healed. Never! no! never ſhall I get cured of it, as I dare not aſk for relief; and if I dared, it would be refuſed." *Lidamia* begged a clearer explanation. This he gave, by entering into a detail of the progreſs which love had made in his heart ſince he had been bleſſed for the firſt time with the ſight of her; of his efforts to ſtifle the growing flame, by tearing himſelf from the court of *Ladon*; and finally, of what he had ſuffered during ſo inſupportable an abſence.

ALTHOUGH this declaration was by no means diſagreeable to the Queen; yet ſhe thought it became her dignity to ſhew an apparent reſentment at ſo much boldneſs. "*Claris*, ſaid *Lidamia*, I had hitherto eſteemed and reſpected you as the braveſt of our Knights, and I

valued in you my brother's friend. I did not expect that such sentiments should ever be repaid with this insulting behaviour, equally affronting to me and my royal consort. Since you have been so bold and indiscrete as to mention to me your criminal inclination, it behoves me never to visit you again; nay, and to desire you never to appear in my presence."

So severe a rebuke was more than *Claris* could bear; he fell motionless, and remained so long in that condition, that he was thought to have breathed out his last. Those who came into his room, after the Queen's departure, gave out the report, and the palace instantly resounded with the most lamentable accents. Matrons, maidens, knights, varlets, all paid to his memory the tribute of their grief. The alarm soon reached *Lidamia*'s brother; he flew to his apartment, and embracing the cold body of *Claris*, bathed it with the tears of mourning friendship. But, having applied his hand to the Knight's breast, he felt the pulsation of his heart. This fortunate discovery, which filled *Laris* with joy, was soon improved to recall *Claris* to his senses. Considering that his wound, being but slight, could not alone have produced so alarming an effect; *Laris* was led to suspect that some inward, and very affecting grief, was the hidden cause that had brought his friend to death's door: he even tacitly accused his sister of having greatly contributed to this accident, and hastened to her apartments to know how far his suspicions were well founded. The Queen was disconcerted at his approach, and blushed very significantly: but, as truth and sincerity were the leading qualities of her noble mind, she frankly owned all that had passed in *Claris*'s apartment. *Laris*

blamed

blamed her much for ſo ill-timed a piece of ſeverity; declaring, that he had long been acquainted with his friend's inclination, which, as it was no leſs honourable, than he knew it to be ſincere, he had never thought of oppoſing it; but, on the contrary, approved of his ſentiments, and foſtered his hopes. He begged and entreated his ſiſter; nay, required, as a proof of her friendſhip for him, that ſhe would come to *Claris*, and not only to ſooth him with good words, but even to complete his recovery, by permitting him to ſalute her lips. She at firſt ſtrenuouſly remonſtrated againſt ſo improper a ſtep, which militated, ſhe ſaid, againſt her duty towards her Lord and herſelf. "It is not, added the Queen, that I would refuſe ſuch a favour, were my heart at my diſpoſal; for I readily confeſs, that there is not a ſubject in this kingdom, for whom I have a greater regard than I entertain for *Claris*."—"Well then, my lovely ſiſter, pledge me your word, that if you ſurvive the old King, you will give the preference to *Claris*. Meanwhile come with me to his apartment, and grant him that favour, which, being urged by me, cannot be degrading, and which I conſider as the only means of preſerving the life of the braveſt Champion of Chivalry, and your brother's deareſt friend. We ſhall then ſet out for *England* if you ſhould think it expedient; nor ſhall we return till you deſire it."

LARIS's reaſons were well urged; but would have perhaps availed little, had they not been enforced by the powerful advocate that pleaded his friend's cauſe in *Lidamia*'s gentle breaſt. She followed her brother to his apartment; but when ſhe ſaw *Claris* pale and wan, ready to fall a victim to her barbarity, inſtead of the promiſed

ſalute, ſhe more than once kiſſed the fainting *Claris*. This revived the nearly expiring Knight, who, caſting on the Queen a look expreſſive of all his heart-felt gratitude, exclaimed with the accent of rapture and ecſtaſy, "Oh, beautiful ſovereign of my heart! this alone could recall your deſpairing Knight to life and happineſs; ſo ſaying, he threw his arms round her neck and returned a hundred-fold the embraces he had received." At laſt, diſengaging herſelf, "My brother, ſaid ſhe, has inſiſted upon my giving you this firſt proof of my friendſhip; nay, ſince it is too late to diſſemble, I ſhall call it my love. I have the more readily conſented, as I firmly rely on your honour, and truſt that you will, in compliance to a neceſſity urged by virtue and decorum, fulfil the promiſe he has given in your name, of leaving this kingdom as ſoon as your health will enable you to ſupport the fatigue of a voyage." "Alas! replied *Claris*, it is but too plain that, when *Laris* entered into this engagement he did not conſult the inclination of his friend. But, my moſt gracious Queen, it is enough that you have ſignified your pleaſure; and, were it to coſt me my life, your royal commands ſhall be obeyed."

A few days after the two Knights ſet out with a numerous retinue, and twenty-four horſes given them as a preſent by King *Ladon*. Night coming on, our travellers pitched their tents in a moſt beautiful plain, where, after a plentiful ſupper, they retired to reſt. Towards midnight three ladies paſſed by this place in their way to *Ladon*'s palace, in ſearch of the two young Knights. The principal among them, and the only one whoſe name it is neceſſary to mention, was *Madoina*, who imprudently complying with the entreaties of *Laris*, her

her pupil, had favoured the eſcape of the two heroes from *Morgana*'s enchanted caſtle. Their flight had greatly irritated *Arthur*'s ſiſter, who juſtly ſuſpected her nymph *Madoina* of having betrayed a ſecret, which the royal fairy had imparted to no one of her attendants beſide this her favourite. *Madoina* had ſome very perſonal reaſons to be ſorry for what ſhe had done; but in vain did ſhe endeavour to deprecate *Morgana*'s reſentment; the fairy would not liſten to her tears and apologizes, which, though ever ſo ſincere, could not bring back to her arms, her beloved *Claris*. She, however, took no further revenge on her repenting nymph than turning her out of the caſtle, with the ſtricteſt injunction never to approach it again. *Madoina* was followed in her exile by two of her companions. During her long ſervitude with *Morgana*, the former had acquired knowledge and ſkill enough in the black-art to be a very expert fairy, though of an inferior claſs. She took up her reſidence in a tower that ſtood on the ſkirts of the foreſt of *Broſſeliande*; and, by her art, had transformed it into a tolerable copy of *Morgana*'s palace. The gardens ſhe encompaſſed round with magic walls, nearly ſimilar to thoſe which we have already deſcribed. As for the means of opening and ſhutting it up, they were exactly the ſame: but, in order to prevent any eſcape in future, ſhe placed a moſt frightful giant, and all the horrid monſters ſhe could raiſe, on the outſide, near the ſpot where it might be attempted. When once ſhe had ſettled every thing to her fancy, her next care was to ſally forth in ſearch of her dear *Laris*, in full confidence that, if ſhe could once more get him within her power, he would never be able to leave her more. The intelligence which ſhe had lately

received from her airy ſpies, had directed her wandering ſteps to the place where the Knights were encamped, and her joy at being ſo near her beloved *Laris*, cannot well be expreſſed. By reciting a few magic words, ſhe plunged the Princes and their attendants into a lethargical ſleep, and, making a proper uſe of the favourable opportunity, commanded ſome of her nimbleſt ſpirits to ſeize on *Laris*, and convey him ſafe to her palace, where ſhe ſoon followed.

The ſpell, in which *Madina* had bound the whole camp, being broke, *Claris* and his retinue awoke and prepared for their inſtant departure; but let our readers imagine their ſurprize and terror, when, after ſeveral hours ſpent in a fruitleſs ſearch, they found no trace of the *German* Prince. *Claris* was thrown by this accident into a ſituation little ſhort of deſpair. He had not only loſt a friend; but in him *Lidamia*'s brother, and for whoſe ſafety he had pledged himſelf to the beautiful Queen. In vain the Knights who accompanied him did all they could to ſooth and comfort him; he was deaf to all their remonſtrances, and nothing could aſſuage his grief. At laſt it was reſolved that the ſmall party ſhould diſperſe, and each take to a different road in queſt of the Prince, who they thought was not far enough yet not to be overtaken; eſpecially as their number was ſufficient to divide between them the ſeveral roads. They parted, each in hopes of being the happy man who ſhould firſt come up with *Laris*; they however met with no ſucceſs, and a few of them only having found their way to the court of King *Arthur*, gave the alarming intelligence. The Prince of *Germany* had ſecured the friendſhip, and deſerved the eſteem of the Twelve Worthies, who, all to a man, reſolved to go in ſearch of him; but,

as they did not exactly know which way he was gone; this expedition only ſerved to procure to thoſe brave Knights the opportunity of diſplaying their wonted courage in ſome private adventures; nor was their chief purpoſe anſwered, till an odd circumſtance happened which we are about to relate; but firſt we beg leave to carry our readers back to *Madoina*'s palace, where ſhe arrived an hour after *Laris* had been conveyed there by her ethereal agents.

LIDAMIA's brother coming to himſelf, nearly at the ſame inſtant as his fellow-travellers were ſo anxious on his account, was ſtrangely amazed, inſtead of the tent which he had entered that very night, to ſee himſelf placed on a moſt elegant bed in a room neatly furniſhed, the windows of which were cloſely ſhut up and barred in and out. His wonder gave way to a ſenſation more diſagreeable, when the firſt object that ſtruck him was *Madoina* ſitting by his bed-ſide. Conſcious of the wrong he had done to the fair ſorcereſs, he gave himſelf up for loſt, and expected the worſt treatment; when *Morgana*'s late waiting woman, aſſuming the moſt tender and paſſionate air, addreſſed him in the following words: "Thou art once more, gentle Knight, not in *Morgana*'s, but offended *Madoina*'s power. Thy deſtiny is in my hands, and I might take a ſevere revenge by embittering every hour of thy life. Thou haſt impoſed on my weak fond heart; but I am eaſily pacified; tarry with me for ſome time: let thy love for glory reſt awhile, and enjoy the ſweets of this retreat. Thou wilt be here equally happy, if not more ſo than thou waſt at *Morgana*'s. I ſhall only be more cautious, and keep thee in ſafer cuſtody: and, leſt thou ſhouldſt offer to make thy eſcape, learn

that

that my power is at leaſt equal to that of my former miſtreſs." *Laris* ſtood mute, and for ſome time could not recover the uſe of his ſpeech, ſo thunderſtruck was he at every thing he ſaw and heard. "I leave you to your meditations, continued *Madoina*, I ſhall retire for awhile; but remember, that you are now in the power of a woman, who loves, though ſhe ought to hate you. Ponder well on the conſequence, and take your reſolves accordingly."

LARIS, left to himſelf, conſidering where he was, and that no way was left for him to eſcape, thought that the only method of freeing himſelf from this new ſlavery was to have recourſe to the very ſame means he had employed to get out of *Morgana*'s power; fondly imagining that *Madoina*, though already taught by experience, might ſtill be made his dupe. He therefore welcomed her at her return, in a manner that proved highly ſatisfactory; and, although ſhe was neither young nor handſome, his own youthful vigour, and the hopes of regaining his liberty, made of our hero a perfect *Hercules*; ſo that the fairy congratulated herſelf for having enſnared once more her dear *Laris*; whilſt, relying on the precautions ſhe had taken, ſhe flattered herſelf to keep him long in bondage. *Madoina* gave him all the freedom he could wiſh for in his priſon; ſuch as walking about the gardens, &c. but in vain did he endeavour to get from her the method of breaking the ſpell that held him faſt. She ſtood upon her guard, and warned by her own experience, ſhe ſuffered none of her female attendants to come near him, leſt they ſhould be ſeduced by his perſuaſive eloquence. Meanwhile the giant beat his rounds night and day, and the monſters protected the enchanted place from any outward

ward attack. The Prince of *Germany* was now ſenſible that all his cunning would prove ineffectual to impoſe once more on *Madoina*'s weakneſs, and looked upon himſelf as for ever ſequeſtered from the world and his friends. An unforeſeen event however, which took place about this time, and which we have hinted at before, gave ſome relief to the melancholy that began to aſſail him, and impair both his beauty and conſtitution.

Among the Knights of the *Round-table*, who went in queſt of *Laris*, the *Seneſchal Queux*, as famous for his miſchance and laughable adventures, as the others were juſtly celebrated for their deeds of arms, was one of the foremoſt, as he uſed to be upon all occaſions, though oftener guided by a ſpirit of *fanfaronade*, than any principle of real valour. He was the firſt who made the diſcovery of *Madoina*'s palace, and his miſhap in this place ſurpaſſed, if poſſible, his former miſcarriages. The croſſing of *Broſſeliande* foreſt had detained him above two days, and *Morgana*'s ſprites had not thought him worthy of being introduced to her fairyſhip. At laſt, after having faſted the whole day, he reached the outward wall of *Madoina*'s caſtle, fatigued and almoſt ſtarved; for he had nothing left of the proviſions he had taken with him, except a few ſcraps, which he now got together, and ſwallowed down with the moſt voracious appetite. Having waſhed down his dry and uncomfortable meal with a glaſs or two of wine, which had likewiſe been ſpared on the preceding evening; he ſpied ſome moſs gathered at the foot of the wall, and, having made his horſe faſt at a little diſtance from him, he laid down, and compoſed himſelf to reſt on the bed which nature ſeemed to have provided for his wearied limbs. The reader

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muſt be informed that this very moſs made part of the giant's proviſion for his own litter. He had carefully gathered it in the morning, and laid it there, till, at day cloſe, he ſhould come for it. *Queux* had hardly taſted the ſweets of balmy ſleep, when the giant came to take up his bed. He firſt ſpied the horſe, and conveyed him into the park. Then caſting his glaring eyes on the moſs, he perceived the diminutive Knight, who, having been awakened by the heavy footſteps of the earth-quaking giant, had buried himſelf deep into the moſs. The monſter, laying on him another load, took the whole on his ſhoulders, and carried it off. Having got on the other ſide of the wall, and, with his uſual care, made the door faſt, he walked up to a ſummer-houſe, where *Madoina*, with ſome of her attendants, was waiting till the ſun had ſunk beneath the horizon, to bathe in a chryſtalline pool that ſtood behind the place where ſhe ſat. The giant entered, with all the brutality of ſuch a monſter, and, caſting down his load altogether on the floor, "Here, madam, ſays he, with a voice that ſhook the whole room, SEE WHAT IS IN HERE; METHINKS IT SPEAKS, FOR IT SQUEAKS AND COMPLAINS.*" The bundle was untied, and *Madoina* at firſt ſight knew the diſaſtrous Knight, though armed cap-à-pee. She had ſeen him before at *Arthur*'s court, when ſhe was one of *Morgana*'s attendants. She deſired him to give her an account of his adventures, which greatly diverted her; and ſtraightways leading him to *Laris*'s apartment, "No doubt, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, you know this worthy Knight: let him recount to you in what manner,

* See the plate.

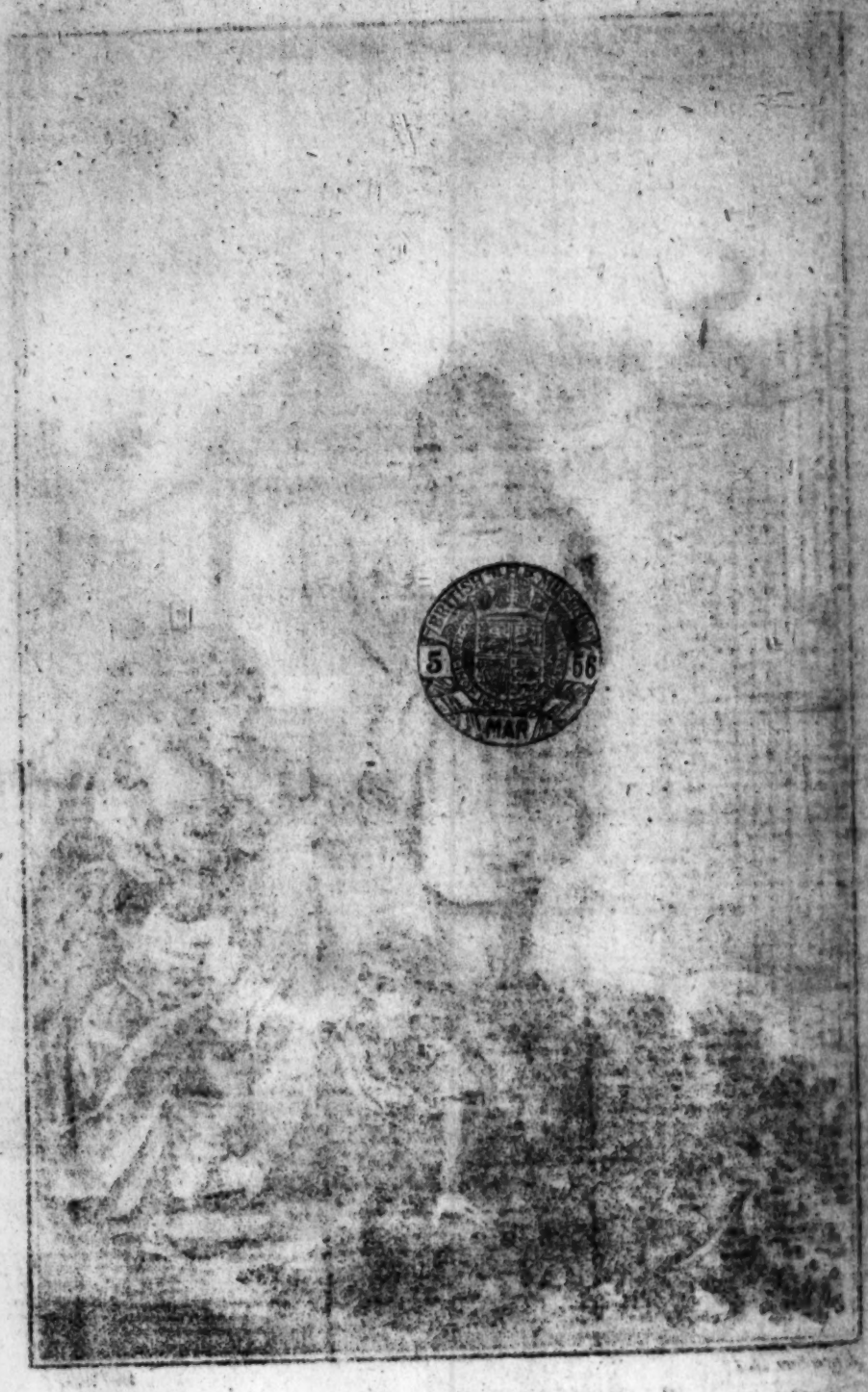
and



Digbton del.t Wells Sc.t

See what's in here, the thing Speaks methinks, for it Squeaks & Complains.

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and by what ſtrange accident he comes to be our gueſt: Beſides I mean that he ſhould ſtay ſome days for your entertainment." She left *Queux* in the room, and *Laris* was pleaſed for ſome time in his company. So true it is, that when there is no other at hand, we cheriſh a man, whom at court and in the face of the world, we would think it our duty to load with contempt; but captivity reconciles a man to all ſorts of company. The chief object, however, which *Laris* propoſed to himſelf, by putting up with the impertinence of the Seneſchal, was to try if, by conſulting with him, they could not agree upon ſome method of effecting their eſcape. But *Queux* was not the man to anſwer ſuch hazardous purpoſe. He could boaſt much, but dared little. *Laris*'s delivery was to be the work of a real and loyal Knight.

CLARIS, after a long and fruitleſs ſearch, bethought himſelf at laſt of *Morgana*'s palace; ſuppoſing that by ſome unfortunate encounter, he had once more fallen into the hands of the wanton fairy. In order to find out whether his ſuſpicions were well founded, he rode all round the foreſt of *Broſſeliande*, and obſerved a palace ſimilar to that of *Morgana*; and, upon this diſcovery, he laid a ſcheme, which in the end proved ſucceſsful. He placed himſelf in ſuch a manner as to ſee every thing without being obſerved. The Giant, whoſe duty it was to take care that every thing was as ſafe without as within the palace, came out of it at the cloſe of the day. *Claris* ruſhed from his lurking-place, and, couching his lance, galloped up to the Giant; the latter, grinning a gaſtly ſmile, expreſſed his contempt in theſe words, ſpoken in a rough thundering

voice: "Who art thou, ſaucy child?"—"Look here, replied *Claris*, ſhewing his lance, this is the bauble I have been uſed to from my cradle." So ſaying, he made a furious puſh at the monſter, who endeavoured in vain to put by the thruſt with his ſabre. He was wounded, and fell to the ground. *Claris* alighted inſtantly, and was preparing to cut off the Giant's head, when he earneſtly begged his life; promiſing to diſcloſe a ſecret of the higheſt importance. This he did, by acquainting *Claris* with the captivity of the Prince of *Germany*. At this piece of intelligence, *Claris* broke into a flood of tears, and only begged of the Giant, as a reward for having ſpared his life, to be admitted a companion in *Laris*'s confinement.——"Hark ye, Sir Knight, ſaid the monſter, we Giants are not ſo hardened, but what we can reliſh as well as you the ſweets of friendſhip, and be actuated by gratitude. You ſhall be convinced of it if you will truſt to my honour." *Claris* nodded aſſent, and he ſuffered himſelf to be bundled up as *Queux* had been before, and in that condition was carried ſafe into the apartment of *Laris*. Let two ſuch friends, if any ſuch there are in this corrupted age, take the pen from our weak hands, and trace, if poſſible, the affecting ſcene that paſſed at this unforeſeen meeting, between theſe ſworn brothers. Locked in each other's arms, they would have died for joy at their happy reunion, had not the Giant engaged to complete their happineſs by ſeeing them out of the enchanted caſtle. The circumſtance was the more favourable, as *Madoina* was from home. He firſt inſtructed them what courſe they were to take, in order to tame the monſters that kept watch at a certain diſtance from the wall, and then let them

out

out of the garden gate which no one could open but his miſtreſs, her two favourite women, and himſelf. From thence, after a few days journey, they got ſafe to the court of King *Arthur*, where they had engaged to return; but they had not been there long before ſome very important news arrived which required their immediate departure for *Gaſcony*.

LADON was no more, and his royal widow, who ſucceeded to his crown, was defenceleſs and deſtitute at a very dangerous criſis. *Savary*, King of *Spain*, in love with *Lidamia*, and perhaps more ſo with her rich dowry, had entered her dominions in an hoſtile manner at the head of a numerous and well-diſciplined army. His intention was to force the Queen to a political marriage with him. The invaſion was ſo unexpected that *Lidamia* had but juſt time to write to King *Arthur* for his aſſiſtance. *Laris* and *Claris* took their leave, and the *Britiſh* Monarch, who knew how to reward military valour, becauſe he was himſelf a model of that courage which he cheriſhed in others; granted them a body of a thouſand Knights, at the head of whom were the following worthies, *Gauvain*, *Lucan*, *Sacremor*, *Agravain*, *Yvain* and *Galheret*. This brave troop ſet forward, and arrived in *Gaſcony*. A few days later, and this kingdom had paſſed with its beauteous Queen into the hands of the ambitious and cruel *Savary*. *Lidamia* was ſhut up and beſieged in the laſt fortreſs that acknowledged her ſway. All the reſt had ſworn allegiance to the conqueror. The perfidious *Spaniards* ſoon experienced that a handful of *Britiſh* warriors, with juſtice and honour on their ſide, ever was a match for whole armies of mercenaries fighting for plunder, and in open defiance of all laws. The

enemy was ſoon obliged to raiſe the ſiege, and evacuate their new conqueſt; whilſt the Queen was ſet at liberty to the great joy of her ſubjects, who dreaded nothing ſo much as a foreign yoke.

CLARIS, who did not think he had done enough, ſince ſo many brave men had an equal ſhare with him in delivering *Lidamia*, thought it not proper to appear before his Sovereign till he had done her ſome more eſſential ſervice. He withdrew himſelf in the night, and, accompanied by *Laris* and a few choſen hands, he ſet out in purſuit of the *Spaniards*, whom they ſuddenly attacked and totally defeated. Their treacherous King fell by the hand of *Claris*, who, purſuing his victory, croſſed the *Pyrenees*, penetrated into the province of *Navarre*, and made an eaſy conqueſt of it. Thus triumphant, and having ſome perſonal ſervice to boaſt of, *Claris* and *Lidamia*'s brother returned to court, where they were received by the Queen in the moſt affectionate manner. She ſoon after rewarded with her hand the modeſt and faithful *Claris*. The *Britiſh* Knights, having ſtayed a few days to be preſent at the royal nuptials, and take their ſhare of the manly entertainments of thoſe times, returned to *England*. As for *Laris*, he remained ſome months longer with his beloved brother, whoſe bliſsful union with *Lidamia*, would have compleated his own happineſs, had not this very circumſtance re-kindled in his breaſt a paſſion which he had kept a ſecret, even from *Claris* himſelf; though it had taken its firſt riſe when they were together on the moſt intimate and confidential terms at the court of King *Arthur*.

THE fair object of the Prince's love, whoſe name his timidity alone had forced him to conceal, was worthy ſo noble

noble a ſuitor. She was ſiſter to the brave *Yvain*, the honour of the *Round-table*, as ſhe was one of the moſt accompliſhed of her ſex. *Laris* drew now and then a painful compariſon between his ſituation, and that of his ſiſter and *Claris*. They had attained the ſummit of all worldly happineſs; he was yet to ſeek for it, without any certainty of ſucceſs. Thoſe reflections preyed upon him; he grew thoughtful and melancholy. This ſudden alteration could not eſcape the anxious and clear-ſighted eye of friendſhip. The King and Queen were alarmed, and enquired into the cauſe with ſo much tenderneſs and ſolicitude, that *Laris* could not ſtand out any longer, and at laſt diſcloſed the mighty ſecret. *Claris* and his royal conſort were happy in the thoughts that the diſeaſe was not incurable, and the former declared his intention of going over to *England* in perſon, to ſolicit for his brother the hand of the beautiful *Marina*, from thoſe who had a right to diſpoſe of it, namely, *Arthur* her royal uncle, and *Yvain* her brother. *Lidamia* approved of this reſolution; but inſiſted upon going along with them. This was objected to, as it would have been imprudent to abandon her new conqueſts: but, caſting an eye brimful of tears, on her beloved *Claris*, ſhe ſeemed to reproach him with leaving her behind, when he was going to encounter perhaps new dangers by land and by ſea. The King was not proof againſt ſo powerful an attack: he kiſſed off the ſtarting tear, and granted her requeſt. After having committed the reins of government into the hands of wiſe and able miniſters, he left the kingdom, entruſting its defence to ſome worthy Knights, whom he inveſted with the neceſſary powers,

ſubject nevertheleſs to the controul of the civil laws, the only bulwark of public liberty.

Thus, in time of yore, Kings and Queens uſed to travel without any ceremony, nor anxiety for their perſons or poſſeſſions; as they ever took care to enſlave nothing of their ſubjects, but their hearts and affections. It is true that by theſe means they were expoſed to many accidents out of their own territories; but, if they ran the ſame hazards with other men, they enjoyed thoſe ſweets, the lot of private life, of which few Monarchs have any notion.

Our travellers met with ſeveral adventures, numberleſs of which are recorded in the manuſcript from which this extract is taken; but, as the recital would be tedious and unintereſting, we ſhall only ſelect the following:

"One day as the royal cavalcade paſſed by a caſtle, the weather being fair, and the Queen gracefully riding on a white hackney, her Majeſty began to ſing with all her uſual taſte and chearfulneſs. The Lord *Caſtellain* pricked up his ear at the enchanting ſounds, and ran up to the window to ſee from whence iſſued ſo melodious a voice. The Queen's beauty completely turned his brains, and, miſtaking her for quite a different ſort of a woman, he ſent an invitation to our travellers to tarry with him all night. It was accepted, and the drawbridge let down to introduce the company. During the ſupper, their hoſt, intoxicated with wine, and mad with love; for, having now *Lidamia* near him, and having heard once more her melting ſtrains, he took it into his head that, with a little management, he could bring her to conſent to his paſſion, as he ſuppoſed her to be a ſtrolling beauty, who had already ſhewn her complaiſance

to

to her male companions. He laid his plan accordingly, and having given to underſtand to the two Knights, that it was contrary to the cuſtom of his family, as it palpably was ſo to the laws of decency, for gentlemen to ſleep on the ſame ſide of the houſe with women; that he had for that purpoſe added another wing to his caſtle for the uſe of men only, as the ladies always ſlept in rooms adjacent to thoſe of his ſiſter, and her female ſervants. The ingenious Lord hugging himſelf in this excellent conceit, thought the day, or rather the night, muſt be his, eſpecially as the two gentlemen ſeemed to join with him in opinion; but, ſuſpecting ſome deſign, they were reſolved to ſtand on their guard. Accordingly, as the ſervants were lighting them up to the mens quarter, they obſerved that, by means of a long gallery which reached from one wing to the other, they could eaſily get near the womens apartment. Inſtead, therefore, of taking off their armour, they ſat quietly, till they thought that, if the maſter of the houſe had any ſiniſter views, the time was come when he would go about to perpetrate his villainy. They ſoon had occaſion to thank their ſtars for having inſpired them with ſo prudent a caution. They advanced on tip-toe, and ſoon heard the ſcreams of a woman calling loudly for aſſiſtance. They made towards the room from whence the noiſe came, and, burſting open the door, were convinced that their perfidious hoſt had attempted to offer violence to *Lidamia*, whoſe ſtrength was nearly exhauſted. They fell on the wretch, and beat him ſo heartily, that his cries brought all the ſervants up, who, ſeeing their maſter in jeopardy, and unmindful of the laws of chivalry, which they cared little for, aſſailed altogether the two Knights, who

who fought like lions, and ſoon ended the tragedy by ſlaying the maſter and ſeveral of his men. After this exploit, in which they were aſſiſted by the Knight *Carados*, who, by the luckieſt chance happening to come by, hearing the noiſe, and obſerving that the draw-bridge was down, got admittance into the caſtle. He flew to the ſcene of action, where, diſcovering two Knights fighting to ſuch diſadvantage, he readily ſided with them; but thought himſelf completely rewarded when, after the victory, he ſaw that the perſons whoſe part he had ſo generouſly eſpouſed, were the very preſervers to whom he owed both his life and happineſs.

THE next day *Lidamia*, and the two brothers reſumed their journey, and croſſed the tremendous foreſt of *Broſſeliande*, without meeting with any accident. They at laſt came to a wide river; a boat ſtood on their ſide of the water to convey them to the oppoſite ſhore. On the ſtern of the boat was written the following caution, "Whoever is neither guilty of treaſon or diſſimulation, may ſafely embark, and the boat will waft him over without the help of any viſible agents; but will not ſtir, if the paſſenger has any reaſon to reproach himſelf with any ſuch crime." Our royal travellers got eaſily on board; they were true and loyal Knights, and *Lidamia* was a virtuous Queen: ſo that they croſſed the water in perfect ſafety, till they arrived within a few yards from the ſhore, when *Lidamia*, in the fulneſs of her joy, and by an impulſe of female vanity, exclaimed, "Deareſt *Claris*, the triumph of my virtue and untainted chaſtity, is now complete; if I have any thing to reproach myſelf with, it is the kiſs which I gave thee whilſt *Ladon* was yet alive. Now thou art my ſecond huſband; I love thee, and

and am faithful to the marriage vow. How could I be otherwiſe to thee, whom I adore! When married to a man who never found his way to my heart, I never, no not even in thought, ſwerved from"——The Queen had gone thus far, when the boat reached the ſhore; but when ſhe prepared to land, it recoiled, and ſhe fell into the water, being repulſed by an inviſible hand. This accident, however, was attended with no farther conſequence than her being well ſoaked, the Knights having ſoon taken her out of the water. *Lidamia* was copiouſly rallied for the puniſhment inflicted on her vanity, by her pretending to have loved no other man during the life of her late Lord; when, even then, her heart was full of *Claris* alone. They continued their journey in high ſpirits, and arrived ſafe in *England*.

The Queen of *Gaſcory* was received at court with all the diſtinction her ſuperior merit and her kindred to King *Arthur* could entitle her to. Her royal uncle would have given a magnificent entertainment to his niece; but the intelligence they received at their arrival was too alarming for them to think on pleaſure, when *Laris*'s happineſs was at ſtake. *Marina* was not at court, which ſhe had left a few months before to return to her own country. *Talla*, King of *Denmark*, deadly ſmitten with her charms, had ſeized the opportunity of her being upon a viſit at her father's, King *Urianus*, to aſk her in marriage; threatening, in caſe of a denial, to invade the territories of *Marina*'s father, and force him to do that, which was now aſked as a favour. This imperious way of ſueing for *Marina*'s hand, greatly indiſpoſed the old King, who, being a companion of the *Round-table*; had learned in *England*, *that paſſive obedience to a tyrant's*

will is baſe and unmanly. He therefore returned an anſwer, which, being couched in terms expreſſive of the higheſt indignation at *Talla*'s boldneſs, and of the contempt in which he was held by *Urianus* and his daughter, ſo enraged the irraſcible *Dane*, that he put himſelf at the head of a numerous army, and laid ſiege to the capital of *Urianus*'s kingdom, which was of no great extent. The news further added, that *Marina*'s father and herſelf had retired to the fortreſs, and abandoned the town to the enemy, who ſeemed determined to ſtay before it until he had ſtarved the King into a compliance; having experienced already to their coſt, the impoſſibility of taking it by ſtorm. The dangers to which his fair miſtreſs was expoſed, had ſuch an effect on *Laris*, that he fainted away, and was taken up for dead. *Claris*, greatly alarmed, begged his royal conſort to try the ſame means of recalling her brother to life, which had proved ſo ſucceſsful to himſelf when he was in a ſimilar caſe. *Lidamia* conſented, and embracing her brother moſt tenderly, whiſpered in his ear:

Love calls thee hence to ſave a royal maid,
Laris, awake! or *Marina*'s betray'd!

Revived by his ſiſter's tender careſſes, but more ſo by the ſweet ſounding name of *Marina*, *Laris* recovered from his trance, and fixing his languiſhing eyes on *Lidamia*, ſaid to her:

A ſiſter's kiſs may ſome relief impart,
But love alone can eaſe my aching heart!

Never-

NEVERTHELESS, ſenſible how degrading it would be for a Knight of his high renown to indulge a womaniſh grief, and ſit ſobbing and weeping whilſt his miſtreſs was in the moſt imminent danger; *Lidamia*'s brother reſolved to ſet out the very next day to go to the reſcue of *Marina* and her father *Urianus*. The Prince was joined by *Claris*, the brave *Yvain*, whoſe own quarrel it was, he being ſon to *Urianus*, and by the experienced *Gauvain*, kinſman to *Yvain*, and ſon to King *Loth*.

THESE four heroes, each at the head of a reſolute band, were well calculated to ſtrike terror and put to flight the perfidious *Talla*, and his banditti; but the enchanters who favoured the latter, as being engaged in a bad cauſe, found means to diſperſe this little army, and thus counteract the projects of the invincible Knights and their brave followers.

THE whole company were now within a few miles of the kingdom of *Urianus*, when, one morning, they obſerved at a little diſtance from the high road, a kind of funeral proceſſion, with a hearſe ſupported between two black horſes or mules, for they could not well make the difference. It was preceded and followed by a numerous train of mourners, amongſt whom a lady appeared, mounted on a black ſteed. She was wrapped up in ſable veils and cloaths, and cried out in the moſt lamentable voice, "Bemoan, ye people of *Orcania!* bemoan the death of your good King *Loth*; pray for his ſoul, and unite together in wiſhing health and proſperity to the brave and virtuous *Gauvain*, his worthy ſon and ſucceſſor." Hearing this, *Gauvain* took leave of his friends, and went round to join the funeral proceſſion, which ſeemed rather in a hurry. He galloped after it, and thus

loſt ſight of his companions, who went on their way. About noon day an elderly man paſſed them, he ſeemed to be in the utmoſt confuſion, and, as if in dread of being overtaken by his purſuers. His body was pierced thro' with an arrow, and the blood that trickled from the wound marked his way. *Yvain* looked up, and thought that the man's features bore a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of his father *Urianus*. He ſcreamed out, and galloping after him, was inſtantly out of ſight. Towards evening, as *Claris* ſtood before his tent to breathe the freſh air, he thought he ſaw *Lidamia*, diſhevelled and out of breath, ruſhing by him on horſeback, and ſcreaming as ſhe went, "*Claris*, my dear *Claris*, aſſiſt me!" Inſtantly two horſemen appeared, ſword in hand, running full ſpeed after the Queen of *Gaſcony*. This was too much for *Claris* to bear; he mounted his ſteed and galloped after the ſuppoſed raviſhers, till he got a great way up the foreſt. *Laris* informed of the circumſtance, inſtantly galloped to aid him in reſcuing his ſiſter from the hands of the deſigning ruffians; but he had hardly advanced a few yards in the foreſt, when an inviſible hand let fly an arrow, and ſhot the Prince's horſe under him. He was ſoon on his feet again; but what was his rage and diſappointment? In the perſon who tendered him a helping hand, *Laris* ſaw his perſecuting demon, the fairy *Madoina*. He loaded her with reproaches couched in the bittereſt terms, and would have avoided her, but alas! ſhe was too powerful for him. With the help of her ſprites and ſome corporeal aſſiſtants, ſhe had him bound in order to be conveyed to her caſtle. They were on the way, and near to the enchanted place, when luckily *Claris* met him, and for the third time ſaved *Laris*

from captivity. The King of *Saxony* was that inſtant returning from his purſuit after the two horſemen, whom he had ſeen following *Lidamia*, in the threatening manner above deſcribed, and had come up with the hindmoſt, who luckily proved to be no fantaſtical, but a real and palpable being, a pupil in the magic art to the deteſtable ſorcereſs *Madoina*. *Claris* was about to plunge his ſword deep into the traitor's heart; but he, in order to ſave his life, revealed to *Claris* the ſecret means made uſe of to ſeparate the four Knights from their diſconſolate followers; adding, that *Madoina* had declared to him, that the principal object ſhe had in view, was to get *Laris* once more into her power.

THIS information determined *Claris* to return to his camp. It was in his way thither that he met *Madoina*'s attendants, whom he eaſily diſperſed and reſtored, as we have ſaid before, his friend and brother to a freedom which he was on the point of loſing, perhaps, for ever. Having reached the beaten road, they reſted till the next day in the firſt hut they came to, and next morning, to their inexpreſſible joy, met with the two other Knights, who, after a long and tedious race, had at laſt been convinced that they were led on by a mere illuſion, and running after two empty ſhadows inſtead of their beloved parents.

THEY arrived in a few days in ſight of *Tulla*'s camp, and their little troop being ranged in good order, *Claris* and the Prince of *Germany* made their way through the enemy, ſlaying all that oppoſed them, and entered the town; whilſt *Yvain* and *Gauvain*, with the other detachment, ſtaid without the gates, till the beſieged could ſally forth, and give them an opportunity of entering the

town

town alſo. Meanwhile *Laris* was nearly fainting with the loſs of blood, occaſioned by a wound which he had received in forcing the lines. *Marina*, who had joined her father to go and welcome their brave deliverers, was greatly diſconcerted, as much through the love ſhe entertained for *Laris*, and her joy at meeting him, as through her anxiety for the ſtate of his health. Theſe various ſenſations had ſuch a violent and ſudden effect on her tender and delicate frame, that ſhe was obliged to be immediately put to bed. Our Knights were appriſed of the alarming circumſtance; but *Claris*, who had always his favourite preſcription ready for the cure of perſons afflicted with a love diſeaſe, conducted *Laris*, whoſe wound upon examining had proved very trifling, and led him to *Marina*'s bed-ſide; deſiring him to apply to her roſy lips the never failing topic, which, as he had foreſeen, proved moſt efficacious. *Marina* from that very inſtant recovered, and was able to attend the company next morning at breakfaſt. This firſt introduction gave the lovers an opportunity of diſcloſing to each other the ſtate of their minds. They interchanged mutual vows of conſtancy, and promiſed to ratify them at the altar as ſoon as *Urianus* ſhould be ſet at liberty.

In order to open the way for their friends, as agreed upon, *Claris* and *Laris*, at the head of a few choſen men, made a vigorous ſally, penetrating as far as *Talla*'s tent, who narrowly eſcaped being taken; whilſt the two other Knights, falling on the enemy's rear, ſpread conſternation and ſlaughter among the *Danes*, and, having effected a junction with their friends, entered the town in triumph, loaded with the ſpoils of the enemy, and followed by a long train of priſoners. Notwithſtanding their loſs, the

Danes

Danes did not ſeem diſpoſed to raiſe the ſiege: but a few days after, King *Arthur* appearing at the of head his army, the very ſight of the *Britiſh* troops inſpired the friends of *Urianus* with confidence, and made the *Danes* think on a retreat which, however, had not the deſired ſucceſs, as very few of the beſiegers, with *Talla* their King, could reach the ſhipping and effect their eſcape. The circumſtance of the *Daniſh* King having eſcaped unhurt, was more than the raſh and amorous *Laris* could eaſily brooke. He thought his glory incomplete if his rival was ſuffered to live, and longed to lay *Tulla*'s head at the feet of *Marina*. He therefore purſued the fugitive *Danes* as far as their ſhips; but his youthful ardour was ſeverely checked, for the enemy ſeeing that he was accompanied only by a few attendants, ſurrounded him on all ſides, and, though he fought bravely, took him priſoner and put him on board the fleet, which ſailing before the wind, arrived ſafe in *Denmark*, where the *Daniſh* King ordered *Laris* to be ſhut up in a dark dungeon. Yet in this forlorn condition *Laris* ſeem'd leſs affected with his captivity, the end of which he could hardly hope for, than by the misfortune of being at ſuch a diſtance from his adored *Marina*.

The daughter of *Urianus* was a prey to all the horrors of ſolicitude and deſpair. No tidings could be heard of *Laris*, nor was he to be found among the dead. King *Arthur* could hardly perſuade her to follow him to *England*, where the good King was confident that the friendly care of his Queen *Genievre*, and of *Lidamia* who remained at the *Britiſh* Court, would ſolace and comfort the afflicted *Marina*; whilſt his Knight companions ſhould go in queſt of her beloved *Laris*. The *Britiſh*

Worthies

town alſo. Meanwhile *Laris* was nearly fainting with the loſs of blood, occaſioned by a wound which he had received in forcing the lines. *Marina*, who had joined her father to go and welcome their brave deliverers, was greatly diſconcerted, as much through the love ſhe entertained for *Laris*, and her joy at meeting him, as through her anxiety for the ſtate of his health. Theſe various ſenſations had ſuch a violent and ſudden effect on her tender and delicate frame, that ſhe was obliged to be immediately put to bed. Our Knights were appriſed of the alarming circumſtance; but *Claris*, who had always his favourite preſcription ready for the cure of perſons afflicted with a love diſeaſe, conducted *Laris*, whoſe wound upon examining had proved very trifling, and led him to *Marina*'s bed-ſide; deſiring him to apply to her roſy lips the never failing topic, which, as he had foreſeen, proved moſt efficacious. *Marina* from that very inſtant recovered, and was able to attend the company next morning at breakfaſt. This firſt introduction gave the lovers an opportunity of diſcloſing to each other the ſtate of their minds. They interchanged mutual vows of conſtancy, and promiſed to ratify them at the altar as ſoon as *Urianus* ſhould be ſet at liberty.

In order to open the way for their friends, as agreed upon, *Claris* and *Laris*, at the head of a few choſen men, made a vigorous ſally, penetrating as far as *Talla*'s tent, who narrowly eſcaped being taken; whilſt the two other Knights, falling on the enemy's rear, ſpread conſternation and ſlaughter among the *Danes*, and, having effected a junction with their friends, entered the town in triumph, loaded with the ſpoils of the enemy, and followed by a long train of priſoners. Notwithſtanding their loſs, the

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Worthies

Worthies, who all entertained the greateſt friendſhip for *Lidamia*'s brother, willingly undertook a taſk ſo agreable to their inclination. They parted and went different ways to ſeek after the miſſing Prince. *Claris*, *Gauvain*, *Yvain* and *Carados* were the moſt ſucceſsful, for, as they croſſed a foreſt, the name of which is not mentioned in the manuſcript, they paſſed by *Merlin*'s cave which, it is well known, was to be found by mere chance only. A venerable Sire with hoary hair and beard, ſat muſing at the entrance of the cave. He held in his hand a black and white wand; his head was covered with a high pointed cap, and his garment conſiſted of a long ſable robe covered with ſtars. The Knights, paying due reſpect to his age, noble appearance, and grave deportment, bowed to him as they paſſed. This act of civility was not loſt upon him. The ſage, calling them all diſtinctly by their names, addreſſed them in theſe words: "Wiſe *Gauvain*, valiant King *Carados*, moſt noble *Yvain*, and thou brave and gentle *Claris*, ſtop awhile and liſten to me; I am *Merlin*, the avowed protector of the moſt illuſtrious Knights of the *round-table*, and in you I ſee the brighteſt ornaments of that noble and moſt ancient order. I know what brings you this way, and what your intentions are: be it my care to furniſh you with the neceſſary inſtructions to inſure your ſucceſs." At theſe words, impell'd by a juſt ſentiment of veneration and gratitude, the Knights alighted, and, on their knees, received the neceſſary directions from the reverend Sage, of whom they took the moſt affectionate leave, humbly entreating a continuance of his protection to themſelves and their companions.

MERLIN

MERLIN had informed them that *Talla* had confined *Laris* in a tower of a caſtle, the uſual reſidence of the *Daniſh* King. They arrived in the neighbourhood of the place, dreſſed like Pilgrims in white garments, &c. holding their Pilgrim's ſtaves in their hands; but they had concealed each a poniard under his cloaths: having aſſumed this diſguiſe in order only to avoid being ſuſpected. *Talla*, at their humble requeſt to be received in the caſtle, ordered them to be admitted; not from any motive of liberal hoſpitality; his ſavage heart was not opened to the refined feelings of humanity; he only meant to make game of the four travellers. He treated them at ſupper for the baſe purpoſe of inſulting them in the moſt cruel and ſcurrilous manner. They patiently put up with his abuſe, as long as he expreſſed it only by words; but when, in a threatening manner, and preparing to execute his menaces, he told them, that if they could not pay for their ſupper with money, they muſt expect to be cudgelled for his diverſion; they roſe altogether and ſheathed their daggers in his barbarous heart, laying alſo dead at their feet thoſe of his ſervants who would have aſſiſted him in his brutal intentions. They then made themſelves maſters of the caſtle, ſet *Laris* free, and, having ſoon ſecured a powerful party, they cauſed *Lidamia*'s brother to be elected and crowned King of *Denmark*. *Claris* and *Gauvain* ſet out for *England* to aſk *Marina* in marriage for the new King, whom the *Danes* ever after revered as their Monarch, and loved as a benevolent father, who completed their happineſs by chuſing ſo worthy and peerleſs a conſort. All theſe adventures being brought to a happy concluſion, *Claris* and *Lidamia* returned into *Gaſcony*, to the inexpreſſible

joy of their loving ſubjects; *Gauvain* remained with *Arthur*, and *Yvain* retired to the kingdom of his father *Urianus*. Thus we ſee that ſucceſs ever attended the Knights of the *Round-table*, under *Merlin's* immediate protection, and, in the end, defeated the inveterate malice of thoſe, who, like the deſpicable *Morgana* and her diſcarded waiting-maid, would attempt to ſhake thoſe valiant ſons of honour from their unwearied attachment to their moral and religious duties.

THE HISTORY OF TRISTAN,

SON TO KING MELIANUS OF LEONOIS.

A ROMANCE OF CHIVALRY.

IT is agreed, that this is the oldeſt Romance that ever was written in proſe; as moſt of the others were firſt publiſhed in verſe, and then turned into proſe: but of a poſterior date to that of TRISTAN, which was compoſed, as it is conjectured, in the reign of *Philip-Auguſt* of *France*, ann. 1190. It is often quoted by the writers of *French* lays or ſongs of the 13th century, and namely, by the King of *Navarre*, who, in two of his ſongs, which that prince is thought to have compoſed for Queen *Blanche*, compares her to *Yſeult*, the heroine of the following pages, and himſelf to *Triſtan*.

THE

THE author of this Romance ſays, that it is taken from the hiſtory of the holy greal*, the ſource of many other works of that kind, as we ſhall have occaſion to obſerve. In a prologue or preface to the hiſtory of *Triſtan*, we read, that it was compoſed by Sir LUCIUS DU GUA, Knight, who gives himſelf for an *Engliſhman* born in the neighbourhood of *Saliſbury*; whence it appears that the Romance was written in the reign of *Henry* I. of *England*, for we are given to underſtand in ſome other works, that Sir LUCIUS was kinſman and cotemporary to that monarch, who waged war againſt *Lewis le Gros*, about the year 1120. This Prince is repreſented as amiable, as he was a brave and loyal Knight. He being engaged in a tedious war againſt the King of *England* and his own vaſſals, his reign was the moſt brilliant æra of chivalry, at leaſt under the *French* Kings of the third race. This ſame ſpirit was kept up under his ſon LEWIS THE YOUNGER. This Prince, whoſe courage and imprudences are equally recorded in hiſtory, ſupported the honour of *French* chivalry, and was more nice in his feelings than expert in politics, as appears by his divorcing the heireſs of *Guienna*; as by theſe means that province became part of the *Engliſh* dominions. The Belles Letters made a conſiderable progreſs during his reign and under his immediate protection. The *French* began to imitate the lively imaginations of the *Greeks*, and take the *Romans* for their models in eloquence: in ſhort, good taſte ſeemed then to emerge from that ignorance and barbarity which had diſgraced former

* A name given to the cup made uſe of by *Chriſt* at his holy ſupper.

ages: witneſs the works of *Bernard*, thoſe of the learned but unfortunate *Abelard*, and the tender *Heloiſa*. Literature continued in its progreſs under *Philip-Auguſt* and *Lewis* VIII. The *French* language, which was then called *Romance*, was firſt brought to ſome perfection, and it was at this æra that the writings on Knight-errantry began to have the vogue. In theſe extraordinary productions, the authors generally betray their ignorance of hiſtorical facts, together with a ridiculous and ill-timed parade of religious devotion: yet they are commendable in this particular, that their works breathe that ſpirit of generoſity and honour which ſeem to have ever been the characteriſtics of ancient chivalry. Under *Lewis* IX. and his grand children, the romantic ſtile gave way to works of a leſs elevated nature; as may be proved by the lays or ſongs of the King of *Navarre*, other pieces of light poetry, and the farce of the *Avocat Patalin* (the Wheedling Lawyer) which were publiſhed about this time. The very manner in which the hiſtory of *Triſtan* is compoſed, ſeem therefore to aſcertain its being anterior to this epocha; it being one of the beſt and moſt intereſting of the whole collection of Romances. The hero is repreſented as equally brave and gallant, the leading features of the Knights of yore; the heroine as beautiful and tenderly inclined: both nobly minded and virtuous. If they are guilty of treſpaſſing againſt the marriage vow, the author has had art and taſte ſufficient to excuſe or at leaſt palliate their fault by making it appear to be the conſequence of an irreſiſtible charm. Their very weakneſs is dignified in ſome reſpect by the fortitude they diſplay in bearing the misfortunes which their ill-fated love bring upon them. The reader will

ſee

ſee in BRAGIEN the moſt complete model for a truſty confident: as ſhe carries even to heroiſm the deſire of being thought worthy of ſharing in *Yſeult*'s ſecrets. King MARCUS jealous upon recollection, a coward and truant Knight, is more an object of deriſion and contempt than of compaſſion and concern, whenever we ſee that the miſchances he meets with turn to the glory of *Triſtan*. The great *Arthur* bears with a far better grace the unequivocal ſatisfaction which his conſort *Genievre* expreſſes at hearing the praiſe and noble deeds of the illuſtrious *Lancelot of the Lake*. But we ſhall anticipate no further on the reader's curioſity, which we flatter ourſelves, will be amply gratified by the peruſal of the following ſheets.

THE author of this romance, as well as that of the *holy greal*, goes back as far as the times of *Joſeph of Arimathea*, that pious man who is recorded in the New Teſtament to have entombed the body of Chriſt. According to a tradition, as abſurd as unſupported, *Joſeph* croſſed the ſeas, and came into this country, in order to inſtruct and convert the *Britons*. At his departure for this religious expedition, he committed to the care of his brother *Bron* the *holy greal*, which, as we have ſaid before, was the cup uſed in the Lord's laſt ſupper, and carefully preſerved as a valuable relic by *Joſeph of Arimathea*.

BRON had twelve children; the eldeſt claimed the keeping of the *holy greal*, and for that purpoſe carefully preſerved, as the author ſays, the flower of his chaſtity. Ten received wives, choſen amongſt the faireſt by *Joſeph* their uncle; but *Sadoc*, the youngeſt, declared that his intention was to travel, ſeek after adventures, and take a wife of his own chuſing. "Do as thou likeſt, ſaid

Joſeph

Joſeph, but I fear much that thou ſhalt be ſorry for it in the end."

SADOC paid but very little attention to his uncle's admonitions, and ſet out towards the ſea coaſt. At his arrival, he ſaw a wreck, and ſeveral perſons lying dead on ſhore. At a little diſtance at ſea, a woman richly clad, having laid hold of a plank, was endeavouring to eſcape from the fury of the raging billows. *Sadoc* gave her the neceſſary aſſiſtance, and, having got her ſafe, carried her to one of his brother's, who lived in the neighbourhood. This proved a lucky circumſtance; for the lady was not only ſurprizingly handſome, but daughter to the King of *Babylon*, who had betrothed her to the Emperor of *Perſia*, whither ſhe was bound; when the ſhip that carried her met with a dreadful hurricane, and ſhe alone ſurvived the whole crew. Her name was *Chelinda*; the beautiful and complaiſant Princeſs was a few days after married to *Sadoc*.

ONE of her brother's-in-law fell in love with her, and ſeizing the opportunity of his brother being gone on a hunting party, found means to decoy her into his own room; where, ſays the author, whether ſhe would conſent or not, he uſed her at his pleaſure. *Sadoc* returned in the evening, wounded by a wild boar, and *Chelinda* put on the deepeſt mourning, which her huſband miſtook for a proof of her love towards him, and the grief ſhe felt at the accident which had endangered his life: but *Chelinda*, drowned in tears by his bed-ſide, and thinking him faſt aſleep, began to vent her complaints aloud of the baſe uſage offered her by the treacherous *Nabuzzardan*. *Sadoc* overheard her moaning, ſtarted from his bed, and, taking up his arms, ran haſtily to his brother, killed him,

him, and with *Chelinda*, embarked on board a ſhip ready to ſet ſail.

The two paſſengers were not known to any of the mariners. After a fews days of a proſperous navigation, a violent tempeſt aroſe: the ſhip could hardly weather the ſtorm, and each ſurge ſeemed to threaten the whole crew with inevitable deſtruction. A venerable ſage roſe from among them, and ſaid to the mariners, that the Almighty's wrath was riſe againſt them on account of a grievous ſin committed by ſome one on board, whom he ſhould ſoon diſcover by his charms and potent incantations. He accordingly caſt lots, and it fell on *Sadoc*. Conſcious of being the murderer of his own brother, he had not a word to offer for himſelf. He recommended his wife to the care of the principal officers, and ſuffered himſelf to be caſt into the ſea. Suddenly the ſtorm abated, and in a few hours the ſhip arrived ſafe in the kingdom of *Cornwall*. *Thanor*, King of the country, came in perſon to ſearch the ſhip, where he found the beautiful mourner *Chelinda*, lamenting the death of *Sadoc*. She was big with child, a circumſtance which gave no offence to the King of *Cornwall*; but he learnt that ſhe was a chriſtian, at which he was much diſpleaſed. In hopes, however, of perſuading her to the worſhip of his idols, he marries *Chelinda on the very ſpot*. The Queen was a few days after brought to bed of a chopping boy, whom the King cheriſhed as if it had been his own. But *Thanor dreamed* an ugly *dream*, and called all the philoſophers of his kingdom to give their opinion. The learned men were great interpreters of dreams and nightly viſions. They all declared that the ſon whom he brought up ſo kindly, would one day take away his life, if not diſpatched in time. *Thanor* would not imbrue his hands

in the blood of the charming babe, but ordered one of his truſty ſervants to take and abandon it in the midſt of a foreſt. A lady in her morning walk found the child, was moved by his innocent careſſes, and took him home. She had no occaſion to repent; for, as the boy grew up to man's eſtate, he became as remarkable for the comelineſs of his perſon, as for the accompliſhments of his mind; and, in time, under the name of *Apollo the venturesome*, was accounted a noble and worthy Knight.

THE author, who by no means intended that *Sadoc* ſhould be drowned, conveys him ſafe on a rock; where a good hermit with whom he lived or rather faſted for three years, made him do penance for his paſt offences, and diſpoſed his mind to bear againſt that ſea of trouble which it is the lot of mankind to wade through.

MEANWHILE *Chelinda* loſes not her time. She continues to profeſs the chriſtian religion, and patiently ſubmits to her union with *Thanor*, to whom ſhe gave a ſon and heir. But, alas! it was decreed that *Chelinda* ſhould be celebrated for her matrimonial adventures. An unforeſeen accident brought *Pelias* of *Leonois* to the court of *Thanor*. He ſaw and fell in love with *Chelinda*, in whoſe bed-chamber he found means to conceal himſelf. The King ſoon after entered the apartment with his Chamberlain, a man of wit and raillery, with whom the *Corniſh* King uſed to converſe the beſt part of the night. Whilſt the Monarch was undreſſing, the Chamberlain retired to a window to enjoy the freſh air; but the miſchievous *Pelias* creeping ſlowly behind him, and lifting up his legs, threw him out of the window into a river that bathed the palace-wall. *Thanor*, hearing an uncommon noiſe, ran to the window, and was ſerved

the

the ſame trick by *Pelias*, who took *Chelinda* to wife, and carried her into his own kingdom.

THANOR was taken up alive by a fiſherman; but the Knights of *Pelias*'s train laid hold of him, and confined the *Corniſh* Monarch in a dungeon. Meanwhile *Pellades*, *Thanor*'s brother, had conſulted with his ſoothſayer. The latter adviſed him to ſend for a man who dwelt on the top of a rock, ſurrounded on all ſides by the ſea. This man our readers will eaſily gueſs was *Sadoc*, very much emaciated, no leſs penitent; but above all wearied of the tireſome life which he led with the old anchoret. He was brought before *Pellades*, who perſuaded him to impeach King *Pelias* of high treaſon before King *Maroveus*, the paramount of the kingdoms of *Leonois* and *Cornwall*, and to whom the two Monarchs paid a yearly tribute of an hundred youths of both ſex, and as many Knights. This *Maroveus*, we may ſuppoſe, was the firſt King of *France* of the *Merovigian* race.

Sadoc threw down his gauntlet, and *Pelias* accepted the challenge. They fought a long time with equal courage and obſtinacy; till, being both grievouſly wounded, they were obliged to leave off. They entered into a parley, and *Pelias*, conſcious that he had done ſome *trifling* wrongs to *Thanor*; ſuch as attempting to drown him, and debauching his wife, offered to make up the breach, by ſuffering *Chelinda* to return to her lord, who received her with the higheſt tranſports. He took her back to *Cornwall*, together with her firſt huſband *Sadoc*: but the latter was ſo altered for the worſe, by his long faſting, that the Princeſs of *Babylon* could not recollect him. The King, however, grew ſuſpicious, and his philoſophers having increaſed his jealouſy, *Sadoc*

was ordered to depart the kingdom. The huſband and no huſband was once more obliged to wander from place to place, miſfortune following cloſe at his heels. He was taken up for a ſuppoſed murder, and only waiting for his execution, till the hangman had diſpatched a few other malefactors; when he was delivered very a propos by King *Pelias*. This Prince ſpoke to him confidently of the love he bore to *Chelinda*, and his uneaſineſs at being parted from ſo lovely a bride. *Sadoc*, by an uncommon effort of gratitude, promiſed to ſerve the amours of a Prince who had ſaved his life. In company with two other Knights, he ſet out for *Cornwall*, way-laid *Thanor*, knocked him off his horſe, and wounded him; then eloped with his own wife, and faithfully brought back to *Pelias* the innocent adultereſs.

THE peaceable huſband of the Princeſs *Chelinda*, bethought himſelf at laſt that ſhe was his wedded bride, and all his former love was inſtantly re-kindled. He followed her ſo cloſe, watched her ſo narrowly, gave her ſo many ſignificant looks, that ſhe was pleaſed in the end to recollect that ſhe had once given her hand to ſuch a man; in fine, they knew each other, and rejoiced mightily at the diſcovery. How to get her out of the hands of her preſent owner puzzled *Sadoc* for ſome time, till he applied to the King and craved a boon; the Monarch, little aware of the conſequence, anſwered, that he could refuſe him nothing.—"Then ſaid *Sadoc*, give me back the beautiful *Chelinda*." *Pelias* wiſhed it had been in his power to recall his plighted word, but the laws of chivalry forbad it, and he ſuffered *Sadoc* to take away *Chelinda*, and leave his dominions.

THEY

THEY had not gone far on their journey before they met with a cruel and felon giant, who threatened our two travellers with immediate death, unleſs *Sadoc* could unfold the riddle which he was about to propound; but it was couched in ſuch terms that the reſpect we ſhall ever pay to decency forbids us to repeat it: ſuffice it to ſay, that the meaning of it was, as *Sadoc* found it out, that the monſter had been guilty both of inceſt and murder. The giant grinned applauſe, and, according to his cuſtom, retained the two travellers with him till he could meet with a more clever genious, if any could be found; meanwhile *Chelinda* and her huſband were treated with every mark of diſtinction. Some days after King *Pelias* arrived, the heart oppreſſed with grief at not being permitted to be, even by interim, the huſband of *Chelinda*. On the other hand, *Sadoc* trembled leſt the King ſhould attempt to take her away. But he was ſoon rid of his apprehenſion, for the giant having propoſed to *Pelias* two riddles as indecent as the former, they were ſo readily ſolved, and fully explained, that the giant ſent away *Sadoc* and *Chelinda*, retaining the Monarch in his train.

MEANWHILE *Apollo the ventureſome*, the firſt and legitimate offſpring of *Sadoc* and *Chelinda*, was ripe for knightly deeds and atchievements, and kept the hundred-mouthed goddeſs in full employment. He was juſt returning from a glorious expedition, the particulars of which, however, are not mentioned by the author; when his way leading him thro' the manor of the riddle-mad giant, he explained the enigma propoſed to him, and then, without giving time to the giant to prepare himſelf, gave him inſtantly a riddle to unfold. The monſter was much diſconcerted, ſtared fooliſhly, and could

give no anſwer, and by virtue of the ancient charter, which he himſelf had made, of reſigning his life and eſtate to any one that could beat him in his own way, he was ſlain by *Apollo*, who ſet *Pelias* at liberty.

The latter being returned to his own kingdom, reſolved to declare war againſt the *Corniſh* King; *Chilperic*, Monarch of the *Gauls*, whoſe liegemen the two Princes were, interpoſed his mediation; but to no purpoſe, and the wilful *Pelias* loſt in one day by his obſtinacy, a pitched battle and his life. He was interred with the utmoſt magnificence, and his tomb became a monument of ſo great note, that travellers flocked from every part to viſit it. *Sadoc* came there, with other Knights, and having obſerved King *Thador*, attacked and wounded him. After this exploit he went his way, but looking back he ſaw a Knight bearing the ſame eſſchutcheon as the *Corniſh* King. *Sadoc* took him for *Thador*, and aſſailed him with great violence; but, Oh! fatal miſtake! *Sadoc*, the murderer of his brother, fell by the hands of his own ſon: for this was no other than *Apollo*, who having been brought up in *Cornwall*, where he was born, bore the arms of *Thador*, his ſuppoſed father. *Lucas*, ſon to King *Pelias*, arrived on the ſpot, and, ſeeing *Sadoc* weltering in his blood, he ſhuddered at the ſight, and charged *Apollo* with the parricide; which the unfortunate Knight lamented as bitterly as if he had not been innocent of the guilt. As they were converſing together on the outrages of angry fortune, King *Thanor* happened to paſs by: *Lucas* ran at him with couched lance, but received a mortal wound, and in his laſt ſpeech proclaimed *Apollo* his ſucceſſor to the kingdom of *Leonois*. The latter, enraged

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at the various miſchances of the day, fell on *Thanor*, and, after an obſtinate fight which laſted ſeveral hours, gave him his death-wound, and thus made good the prediction of the ſoothſayer.

APOLLO took poſſeſſion of his dying friend's bequeſt. He reigned over the kingdom of *Leonois*, in a manner that endeared him to all his ſubjects, who, in order that they might have a ſucceſſor who ſhould follow the bright example given him by ſo noble a father, intreated their king to choſe himſelf a wife. *Apollo*, unable to withſtand the humble petitions of his loving ſubjects, called together at a certain day, all the beauties which his kingdom could boaſt of that he might be enabled to make a choice equally good and prudent; nor would he have the widows to be excluded from the liſt of competitors. But here, where he leaſt expected it, adverſe fortune completed the meaſures of his woes, for that very *Chelinda*, his own mother, the afflicted widow of ſo many huſbands, was by far the handſomeſt of all thoſe who courted the King's ſmile. Nature remained ſilent, and *Apollo* choſe her for his conſort.

"THE nuptials, ſays the author, were celebrated, and *they lived day and night in great familiarity together:* but ſuch a crime was ſoon followed by an adequate puniſhment. There came into the kingdom an old, grave, and pious man; who, having been charged with murder, was brought before the King and Queen, who aſked his name. The venerable Sire, having croſſed himſelf, ſaid, that he had name *Auguſtine*, and declared that he was ſadly frightened at ſeeing himſelf placed between the he and ſhe wolf. Being deſired to explain his meaning:—"I am ſays he, *Auguſtine*, the apoſtle of

England, come to open your eyes O King! on the inceſt which you have committed. Behold, in your royal conſort, behold your mother!" The blood of our modern *Oreſtes* froze as he heard the charge; but the Queen refuſed to give him credit, and the flatterers, for that peſt infeſted the court then, as they do at preſent, ſaid, that the old man was an impoſtor, a treacherous and falſe man, who deſerved to be burnt alive. This would have proved the Saints death warrant, had not Providence interpoſed. A pile of wood is erected, fire ſet to it, and *Auguſtine* bound to the ſtake, is going to fall a ſacrifice to the miſrepreſentations of court-ſycophants: when, all on a ſudden, a ſhower falls from heaven, and puts out the fire which began to reach this holy man: whilſt the Queen, ſtruck by lightning, is reduced to a heap of aſhes. This incident, and *Auguſtine*'s expoſtulations, bring *Apollo* and his courtiers to conſent to be baptized, together with the beſt part of his ſubjects, who embraced the Chriſtian religion.

THE King of *Cornwall*, a graceleſs ſlave to the worſhip of idols, makes war upon the King of *Leonois*. But a compleat defeat, brings him to his ſenſes. He is baptized, and to ſtrengthen the friendſhip which he vows to *Apollo*, they each marry a daughter of one of the *Corniſh* Barons. And, obſerve, ſays the author, that at this very time that *Cornwall* was converted to the faith of Chriſt by friar *Auſtin*, the ſame was done in *Ireland*, by *Joſeph of Arimathea*, whom the Lord ſeemed to have ſent over there, in order to people the land with good and religious men.

THE two ſiſters mentioned above were equally handſome; but differed eſſentially in their natural diſpoſi-

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tions. The Queen of *Cornwall*, whoſe name was GWYN had a natural propenſity to miſchief, which was aſſiſted by ſome knowledge in necromancy; whilſt GLORIANDA, *Apollo*'s conſort, was all meekneſs and truth. When *Gwin* had attained her fifth luſtre, ſhe fell in love with one of her houſhould Knights. The *Corniſh* King perceived it; but, as his love for his Queen was exceſſive, he took no other revenge than to ſhut her up in a tower, and ſpent every night with her. *Gwin* ſoon grew tired of ſo recluſe a life, and expoſtulated with the monarch in theſe words: "Truly, my Lord, your behaviour is enough to inſpire me with thoughts which I perhaps never had. Have you then never heard that it is in vain to attempt the controuling of a woman's will? Let me tell you, Sir, that, had I a mind to it, you would find it is out of your power to keep me within bounds; ſpite of your guards, bolts, and iron bars." This obſervation, however true and flowing from the very nature of womankind, had no effect on the King of *Cornwall* who continued to keep his ſlippery conſort under lock and key.

IT is no doubt obvious to every intelligent reader that theſe obſtacles only ſerved to ſharpen *Gwin*'s inventive genius, in order to overcome them, and that at laſt ſhe found the cap to fit her huſband's head. One night he ſaw her coming down from her window, by means of a rope faſtened to an iron ſtaple, and was ſo imprudent as to call all his courtiers together to witneſs his own diſgrace. Yet ſuch was the power of her beauty, that he could not find it in his heart to put her upon her trial, as, according to the laws of the land, ſhe muſt die a violent death. Another time, having

ſurpriſed

ſurpriſed her at the very inſtant that ſhe had prepared her rope-ladder, he threatened her with inſtant death, unleſs ſhe conſented to betray the adulterer. *Gwiu* ſeemingly complied, and perſuaded him to put on her clothes, and in that diſguiſe to go down the ladder, as he would then infallibly ſurprize the ſpark at the appointed rendezvous. The *Corniſh* King liked the propoſal; but he had hardly reached one third of his way down, when *Gwin*, looſening the rope, the credulous monarch fell and broke his neck: whilſt ſhe inſtantly eloped with her gallant.

THIS adventure alarmed *Apollo*. He dreaded leſt *Glorianda* ſhould ſerve him ſome ſimilar trick. *Clovis*, reſolved to be baptized, ſent for the King of *Leonois* to be preſent at the ceremony. To make ſure of his wife's fidelity, as much as it is in the power of mortal men to guard againſt the ficklenеſs of the ſex, he took her with him to court. But *Glorianda*'s behaviour was ſuch, that he had every moral certitude a huſband can wiſh for of her truth and fidelity: ſo that his love for her was increaſed, and he prepared for his return to his kingdom, perfectly cured of his ſuſpicions, on the regularity of *Glorianda*'s conduct.

UNFORTUNATELY however, *Childeric*, the ſon of *Clovis*, ſmitten with *Glorianda*'s beauty, reſolved to get her into his poſſeſſion. If love is a noble paſſion, luſt is the moſt degrading of all human affections. The *French* Prince, who had not hitherto been guilty of any crime, determined now on a deed which will hold him for ever to poſterity, as the baſeſt of all men. Knowing which way *Apollo* was to go, he ſet himſelf in ambuſcade, and with the aſſiſtance of a few hired ruffians, ſet upon and murdered

murdered the King of *Leonois*, then, ſeizing on his fair prize, carried her to a ſtrong caſtle, which he had in the neighbourhood, and would have been the *Tarquinius* of this modern *Lucretia*, who, rather than conſent to his brutality, killed herſelf, ſooner indeed than the *Roman* matron is recorded to have done. This crime of *Childeric* was therefore entirely uſeleſs, and nothing was left to him but the keen remorſe of having acted the villain to no purpoſe. He cauſed the unfortunate pair to be buried privately; but this horrid murder was diſcovered by means of a faithful greyhound who would not leave the place where the remains of his maſter had been depoſited. *Clovis* was ſoon acquainted with the whole tranſaction, and, having called his ſon on the very ſpot, rebuked him ſharply for his breach of hoſpitality, and for having thus feloniouſly attacked and treacherouſly murdered a King his ally, and then, by the advice of his Barons, ordered his guilty ſon to be burnt alive. *Clovis*, to make amends for his ſon's villainy, took upon himſelf the care of the young ſurviving Prince of *Leonois*, had him brought up at his court, and gave him his own daughter *Chriſilda* in marriage.

The poſterity of *Apollo* reigned glorious and happy over the inhabitants of *Leonois*, which is ſuppoſed to have been the country known formerly by the name of *Armorica*, and in latter days called *Lower Britanny*, where we find the city of *St. Paul de Leon*. It is many generations after the violent death of *Apollo*, that we hear of our hero's father, *Meliadus*, King of *Leonois*, married to *Iſabella* daughter to *Felix* King of *Cornwall*, and ſiſter of *Marcus*, who ſucceeded ſoon after to *Felix* his father.

MELIADUS lived happy with *Iſabella* his Queen, who, to his utter joy was, after a few year's marriage, declared pregnant. A fairy, who lived in the neighbourhood, fell in love with *Meliadus*, and, by charms and ſpells, got him into her power. The diſconſolate Queen ſet out in ſearch of her royal conſort, taking no body with her but one of her ladies of honour, and *Gouvernail* her own equerry. About midnight ſhe was taken in labour, in the midſt of a dark and diſmal foreſt, and brought forth a moſt beautiful boy. Finding that her ſtrength failed her, and that her diſſolution was at hand, ſhe lifted up the child in her arms, and, in the broken accents of grief and pain, ſhe addreſſed him in theſe words, "O ſon! long have I wiſhed for thee, and now do I behold the faireſt boy that ever gladdened a fond mother's heart. And yet, alas! thy beauty will avail me little; for lo, I die!—In *ſadneſs* I bore thee, *ſad* was the hour in which I brought thee forth, and *ſad* is the welcome thy wretched mother bids thee: then, ſince in *ſadneſs* thou art born, be thy name henceforth TRISTAN *," ſo ſaying ſhe kiſſed the lovely babe, and as ſhe kiſſed, expired.

GOUVERNAIL and the lady were nearly drove to deſpair by the fatal cataſtrophe. However, they reſolved to live, and bring up *Triſtan*, and were only em-

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* From the *French* word *triſte*, *ſad*, *triſtful*; the latter indeed not in uſe, but borrowed more immediately from the *French*, and employed by *Shakeſpear* in the following paſſage out of *Hamlet*,

"Heaven's face doth glow
With *triſtful* viſage."

barraſſed

barraſſed how to provide a nurſe for him; when *Merlin*, that good and potent enchanter, who never appeared but when any event took place likely to redound to the honour of his friend *Arthur* and the *Britiſh* worthies, made his appearance. He broke the ſpell that detained *Meliadus* a priſoner in the fairy's palace, and bad *Gouvernail* take a particular care of young *Triſtan*, as he would live to be the ornament and one of the three moſt celebrated Knights of the *Round-table*. *Meliadus* and *Gouvernail* thanked the great *Merlin*, and the equerry from this inſtant took care to train up his pupil in every ſcience that could make him both brave and virtuous.

TRISTAN was in his ſeventh year, when *Meliadus*, tired of a long widowhood, courted and obtained the hand of a young lady, daughter to King *Houel* of *Nantes* in *Lower Britanny*. She was a miracle of beauty; but her mind was a diſgrace to her outward charms. She ſoon manifeſted her wicked inclinations; for, having been brought to bed of a ſon, ſhe took ſuch an antipathy againſt *Triſtan*, that ſhe twice attempted his life; but was the victim of her own malice. For on her firſt trial, the envenomed bowl ſhe had prepared was drank off by her ſon: yet ſhe once more had recourſe to the ſame means in the very preſence of the King; but he having inſpected the bowl, and the liquor it contained, perceived that it was poiſoned, and, having called his Barons together, he, by their advice, condemned the cruel ſtep-mother to the ſtake. *Triſtan*, on the eve of her execution, requeſted a boon of his father, which was granted him—this was the Queen's life. According to the religious obſervance of thoſe happy times, every promiſe made was held ſacred, and *Meliadus* forgave his

Queen, but from that inſtant would never be reconciled to her.

About this time a dwarf, well ſkilled in caſting up nativities, foretold to *Marcus*, King of *Cornwall*, that by his nephew *Triſtan* he ſhould in time be brought to ſhame and diſgrace. This was enough for the weak and cowardly Monarch to ſeek the life of *Triſtan*. Two *Corniſh* Knights ſet out for *Leonois*, with an intention to deſtroy the young Prince. They concealed themſelves behind a buſh, near the ſpot where *Meliadus* and his ſon uſed to take the diverſion of hunting, and, as they found *Meliadus* unarmed, they ſoon diſpatched him; but, by the care of *Gouvernail*, the life of *Triſtan* was preſerved. *Meliadus* being no more, the Queen took upon herſelf the regency of the ſtate. Her rooted hatred againſt *Triſtan*, determined *Gouvernail* to ſet him beyond the reach of her malice, and carried his pupil to the court of *Pharamond*, who was then King of the *Gauls* *.

Tristan ſoon became the ornament of the *French* court: he was, ſays his hiſtorian, the handſomeſt and moſt vigorous *varlet* ‡ of his age. So comely a youth could not but attract the particular notice of the ladies.

Belinda, daughter to *Pharamond*, was not proof againſt the many perfections of body and mind which ſo highly diſtinguiſhed our hero from the reſt of his ſex; but, leſt her rank ſhould awe the baſhful youth, ſhe threw off all reſtraint, and rather than pine away in fruitleſs expectation, boldly ſtept forth, and made an open decla-

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* A moſt palpable anachroniſm; but no ways ſurpriſing in a romance of the twelfth century.

‡ See the note to this word, No. 4. p. 144.

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ration of her paſſion. The Princeſs was young and handſome; *Triſtan*, in that hey-day of life when the love of pleaſure ſilences every other conſideration, was moved; nay tempted, and might perhaps have improved this firſt opportunity of beginning his love campaigns, had not the ſenſible *Gouvernail* expoſtulated with his pupil on the ingratitude he would be guilty of, were he thus to bring ſhame and diſgrace upon the family of a great Monarch who had ſhewed him ſo much friendſhip and hoſpitality. This remonſtrance had the deſired effect. *Triſtan* was rouſed to a juſt ſenſe of honour and duty; but *Belinda* was deaf to both. She watched *Triſtan*, and meeting him alone in a thickſet grove, ſhe flew to his arms. The chaſte Knight gently puſhed her from him, and, ſome courtiers happening to paſs that way, *Belinda* ſcreamed, and had *Triſtan* taken up as having dared to attempt her honour. The innocent culprit was brought before *Pharamond*, who read in *Belinda*'s countenance that *Triſtan* was not the criminal. In order to clear the matter, he ordered a ſword to be put into her hands, and bade the Princeſs ſtrike her raviſher. *Belinda* ſtood, confeſſed, and, dropping on her knees, begged her royal father to puniſh his guilty daughter, for having preſumed to diſpoſe of her heart without his conſent, and beſtowed it on a man who diſdained it. The indulgent parent bade the Princeſs riſe, kiſſed and ſoothed her; gave the deſerved praiſe to the continent Knight, yet, as his birth was not publicly known, would not give him *Belinda*'s hand, but on the contrary ordered him to leave the kingdom.

GOUVERNAIL who, during the ſtay of *Triſtan* at the *French* court, had effected a reconciliation between him

and his royal kinſman *Marcus*, ſet out with his pupil for *Cornwall*, where his uncle welcomed him; having been told that the dwarf was a meddling ignorant fellow, and knew not what he ſaid; and, upon his being aſſured by *Gouvernail*, that he had nothing to fear from his nephew, he gave him leave to remain at his court.

BELINDA, conſcious of the double crime which proclaimed her wanton and treacherous to her love, could not long ſurvive the hopes of being happy in the arms of *Triſtan*. A ſad melancholy preyed upon her ſpirits, and her mental diſeaſe being paſt all cure, ſhe fell into a fit of deſpair, and reſolved to put a ſpeedy end to a life, which ſhame and remorſe rendered daily more inſupportable. In order to effect her deſperate purpoſe, ſhe concealed in her bed-chamber that very ſword which *Pharamond* had commanded her to ſtain with the blood of *Triſtan*; but before ſhe turned it againſt herſelf, ſhe wrote the following letter; which, as it gives an idea of the ſtyle of love epiſtles in thoſe days, we ſhall tranſlate as literally as the difference of the two idioms will admit:

" Deareſt *Triſtan*,

" Beloved with ſincerity of heart, and without guile; may heaven aſſiſt you, providence befriend you, and be your fame increaſed. Where-ever you go, may joy, health, felicity, and good luck attend you; may glory and victory crown your knightly exploits, and may your renown fill every corner of the earth! Live in peace, plenty and happineſs; and be it your fate to leave all other Knights far behind you, and to be accounted the braveſt of them all. God, who reigneth for ever, will, I truſt, grant you a better end, nor ſo ſad as mine: for my firſt love ſhall I terminate in blood. The only comfort

fort left me, ſweeteſt friend, is that I ſhall fall on that very ſword which my father put into my hands to ſlay you. I pray to God you may not die before you are by this informed of love's tyranny over thoſe unfortunate wretches whoſe paſſion meets with no return. Oh, my love! it is for thee I die; and, as thou art too far to cloſe my eyes, I ſend thee this letter, and my favourite dog which thou ſhalt keep for my ſake; he is one of the beſt ſetters, and becauſe he is the beſt do I give it thee, my love!"

The blood of *Belinda* had blotted out the other parts of her letter: enough however could be read to make the tendereſt impreſſion on *Triſtan*'s gentle heart. He lamented, with tears of pity, the wretched end of ſo lovely a Princeſs, kept her dying letter for ever cloſe to his heart, and by his careſſes welcomed the faithful creature recommended to his care and notice by *Belinda*'s laſt requeſt.

MEANWHILE *Triſtan* improved daily in the manly exerciſes which the youths of thoſe days preferred to the idle pleaſures of a paſſive life. He was at the court of his uncle *Marcus*, the theme of every body's praiſe, and no leſs beloved for his gentleneſs of temper, than admired by all for his ſurpriſing ſtrength and beauty. It was about this time that *Morhoult*, brother to the Queen of *Ireland*, came with a numerous train of Knights and Eſquires to demand the tribute, which the *Corniſh* King paid annually to the Sovereign of *Ireland*. No way was left to ſhake off the galling yoke, but by finding a Knight who would dare to break a lance with *Morhoult*, one of the moſt valiant companions of the *Round-table*. *Marcus* applied in vain to ſeveral of his courtiers; they to a man declined under various pretences, but all found-

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ed on motives equally baſe and diſgraceful. Young *Triſtan*, after having craved the advice of his tutor *Gouvernail*, went to his uncle, and beſought him on his knees to confer upon him the honour of knighthood, if he thought him worthy of ſo eminent a diſtinction. "Yes truly, handſome youth, anſwered *Marcus*, well haſt thou deſerved it; though it grieveth me to the heart to think that it cannot be done with that joy and ſplendour which the occaſion requires; owing to the diſagreeable circumſtance of the *Iriſh* coming over to levy the tribute: but, ſince it is thy deſire, tomorrow be ready to attend us."

ACCORDING to his promiſe *Marcus*, on the next day, ſurrounded by his courtiers, and all the foreigners of diſtinction that were then at the *Corniſh* court, knighted his nephew *Triſtan*. The latter had hardly gone thro' the ceremony when he begged leave to fight *Morhoult*, in order to free the kingdom of *Cornwall* from the ſervile tribute. This, with great reluctance was granted, and the ſame made known to the *Iriſh* Knights. "And who is that preſumptuous man, enquired one of them, who dares to defy to ſingle combat our great and powerful Prince?" "I am that man, replied *Triſtan*, as great as *Morhoult* by birth, being the ſon and heir of King *Meliadus* and nephew to *Marcus*." *Morhoult* accepted of the challenge, and it was agreed that they ſhould meet on *Sanſon*'s iſland, where the two Knights ſhould be left by themſelves.

WE ſhall not follow our author in his minute deſcription of this famous encounter, the firſt and one of the moſt glorious atchievements of the brave *Triſtan*. Suffice it to ſay, that tho' he received ſeveral wounds, he

laſt cleaved *Morhoult*'s head, who had juſt life enough left to be carried to his ſhips, and from thence conveyed to *Ireland*, where he ſoon after died; whilſt the kingdom of *Cornwall* was liberated from its yearly ſhame. Meanwhile *Triſtan* laid weltering in his blood; his grateful uncle ſent to his aſſiſtance, his wounds were dreſſed, and ſome cloſed in a few days. But *Morhoult*'s lance was poiſoned, and *Triſtan*'s principal wound, far from healing grew worſe every day, and greatly alarmed his uncle and the whole court. At laſt a young lady adviſed him to go to *England*, where ſhe did not doubt but he would find the neceſſary aſſiſtance. He embarked for that purpoſe, and, after having been for a whole fortnight the ſport of the winds and ſeas, his ſhip was caſt on the coaſt of *Ireland*. The King of that country and his daughter *Yſeult*, were at a window looking towards the ſea, and obſerving that the Knight who had eſcaped from the wreck was wounded, the King had him brought to his palace, and ſtrongly recommended him to *Yſeult*, the moſt beautiful of all her ſex, and well ſkilled in the cure of the moſt dangerous wound*. The fair Princeſs obeyed her father's commands, with that good will and alacrity which then graced every act of benevolence and hoſpitality, and in the which ſhe had the more merit, as *Triſtan* did not chuſe to make himſelf known. From this very inſtant, ſays our author, *Triſtan* and *Yſeult* be-

* It was the received cuſtom amongſt the ladies, at that brilliant æra of ancient chivalry, to ſtudy ſurgery; that by their ſkill they might be uſeful to their fathers, huſbands, relations, and friends, who were in daily danger of being wounded in ſingle or other combats, tournaments, &c.

gan to admire each other, and the wound grew better every day. Several companions of the *Round-table* and other Knights, held at that time a tournament. A *Saracen* Prince by name *Palamedes*, had all the advantage the firſt day, and was brought to court where a ſplendid entertainment was prepared for him, at which *Triſtan*, who was much recovered, begged to be preſent. *Yſeult* appeared, and *Palamedes* was ſtruck with wonder, and without recollecting where he was, ventured at this very firſt viſit to declare his paſſion; but fate had marked him out for the victim of ill-requited love. *Triſtan* took notice of the preſumption of *Palamedes*, and the jealouſy which he felt at the diſcovery convinced him that *Yſeult* reigned ſovereign over his conquered heart.

The tournament was to be renewed the next day. *Triſtan*, during the preceding night, put on his armour, and, leaving the palace, concealed himſelf in a foreſt. As ſoon as the Knights had entered the liſt, he made his appearance, overcame every opponent, and unhorſed *Palamedes*; then, falling on him ſword in hand, forced him to ſue for his life. But ſo violent an exerciſe, opened his wound afreſh, and he was carried off to the palace, where *Yſeult* attended him with a concern which daily grew more ſerious. The Princeſs diſcovered that a ſubtle and corroſive poiſon prevented the wound from being healed, and having made a poltice of ſeveral antivenemous plants effected a perfect cure. *Triſtan* made an open avowal of his love to his fair phyſician, without acquainting her with his real name and quality, and *Yſeult* thought that he ſpoke better and more feelingly than *Palamedes*.

ONE day a *gentle maid* ||, belonging to the Queen's houſhold, got into the cloſet where *Triſtan* kept his arms. She examined every piece one by one, and took particular notice of his ſword, which was remarkable by a very deep notch. She ſuſpected it to be the very ſame that gave *Morhoult* his death wound, and informed the Queen of her ſuſpicion. The latter had preſerved the piece of the ſword which had been extracted out of her brother's ſcull, ſhe compared it with the notch, and found that it fitted it exactly. Thus was *Triſtan* known for having killed *Morhoult*. His royal ſiſter complained loudly to the King, who called *Triſtan* before him. The Knight confeſſed that he had fought with *Morhoult*, concerning the *Corniſh* tribute, and that victory had declared in his favour. The Queen earneſtly begged that the blood of her brother might be atoned for by the death of his murderer. The King wavered, *Yſeult* turned pale with horror; whilſt the courtiers around murmured their diſcontent at the Queen's bloody requeſt. At laſt reſentment giving way to the wonted generoſity of his ſoul, the King addreſſed himſelf to *Triſtan* in the following words: "Sir Knight, much hurt and diſgrace have you cauſed me by ſlaying my Queen's brother, the braveſt champion of my realm; yet fouler would be my ſhame were I to take away your life. I ſhall therefore ſpare it for two reaſons; firſt, becauſe you are a valiant Knight, and next, becauſe you have been my

|| This appellation, equally honourable, and at that time *ſignificant*, was given to the young ladies of quality before they were married.

gueſt, and after having helped and aſſiſted you it would be baſe and treacherous in me to ſeek that life which I have taken care to preſerve. But you muſt inſtantly leave the kingdom, and it behoves me further to declare, that if you are ſeen again within my dominions your doom is fixed." "Sire, ſaid *Triſtan*, I thank your Majeſty." Then caſting the tendereſt glance on *Yſeult*, he heaved a deep fetched ſigh, and mounting the horſe that was prepared for him, departed. *Brangien*, maid of honour to *Yſeult*, tho' young, knew the inmoſt thoughts of her royal miſtreſs. She ſecretly diſpatched her two brothers after *Triſtan*, with orders to wait on him as his eſquires, and the Knight with a ſound body and a wounded mind, both which he owed to the fair Princeſs, arrived at the *Corniſh* court.

King *Marcus* requeſted his nephew to give him a particular account of what had befallen him ſince his departure from *Cornwall*. *Triſtan* complied, and in his recital, painted *Yſeult* with all that energy of colouring which *Cupid* mixes for the uſe of lovers. The King was fired at the deſcription; but diſſembled till having found an opportunity, he begged a boon of his nephew. *Triſtan*, unawares, and far from gueſſing his uncle's real intentions, promiſed to grant it, and ſwore on the hallowed ſhrines to perform whatever might be required of him. Having thus bound his kinſman with a moſt ſacred oath, *Marcus* commanded him to go back to *Ireland*, and bring the beauteous *Yſeult* to be Queen of *Cornwall*.

TRISTAN knew the fate that awaited him, and that an ignominious death muſt be the conſequence of his daring to appear in *Ireland*. Yet ſuch were the ſtrange notions which our anceſtors entertained, by thinking that

a promiſe once given muſt be performed; that we, more polite and refined, look upon them as a ſet of religious ideots. *Triſtan* was one of them; he had plighted his faith; no danger, no fear, not even the certitude of loſing his life could ſtay him. He ſailed with a favourable wind; but a few days after his departure was by ſtreſs of weather obliged to take ſhelter in a ſea-port on the coaſt of *England*. King *Arthur* kept his court at *Lramalot*, where his Knights companions amuſed their leiſure by exerciſing themſelves in jouſts and tournaments, wherein, no leſs civil than brave, they granted the moſt diſtinguiſhed rank to foreign Knights.

TRISTAN arrived at *Lramalot*, and without diſcovering who he was, entered the liſts with other Knights, and completely carried the day. One morning as he was ſauntering by the ſea ſhore, he ſaw coming out of a ſhip juſt arrived, *Argius* King of *Ireland*, father to his adored *Yſeult*. The tributary Prince, accuſed before his paramount *Arthur* with a murder committed at his court, was come to clear himſelf of ſo foul a charge by ſingle combat; but he was ſtricken in years, and *Blaaner* his accuſer, beſides being in the full vigour of his youth, was reputed one of the moſt valiant Knights who graced the *Round-table*. Now it was a law amongſt the companions of that moſt noble order, never to engage againſt each other except upon a perſonal quarrel. So that *Argius* had little hopes of finding a champion who would take his part. At laſt he was told of the proweſs of the unknown Knight; he therefore applied to him. *Triſtan* who, to avoid the fate that threatened him in *Ireland*, had only taken the precaution of changing his armour, knew *Argius* inſtantly, tho' the latter did not recollect

him. The King of *Ireland* ſwore by every thing that was then held ſacred, that he was no ways guilty of the crime laid to his charge, and begged he would eſpouſe his cauſe. "Aye, that I will, anſwered *Triſtan*, it is but juſtice that I ſhould ſtand the champion of a Prince who had it in his power, and would not take away my life." He then told him who he was, and *Argius* full of admiration, engaged himſelf by oath to grant him whatever boon he might crave at his hands after the combat.

TRISTAN, having ſignified his intention of vindicating the impeached honour of *Argius*, championed *Galaer* to utterance *. The latter, after a long and obſtinate engagement, full of wounds and unable to ſupport himſelf, called to his opponent to make uſe of his right and take the forfeit of his life. But *Triſtan* was too generous an enemy to take ſuch an advantage, beſides he was ſenſible that *Galaer* ſpoke in that manner only out of diſappointment and rage at a defeat which his hardy courage would not ſuffer him to ſurvive. "Heaven forbid, ſays *Triſtan*, that I ſhould ſtrike off the head of ſo renowned a Knight as thou art! I would

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* This word, though obſolete, is the beſt equivalent we have in our language for the *French combattre à outrance* (to the laſt extremity). *Shakeſpear* uſes it in that ſenſe, in the following lines taken from *Macbeth:*

——"Come fate into the liſt,
And champion me to th'*utterance.*

And alſo in his tragedy of *Cymbeline*,

——"Of him I gathered honour;
Which to ſeek of me again per force
Behoves me keep at *utterance.*

not

not commit ſuch a deed for the beſt city King *Arthur* may have in his gift." He then called upon the judges for their verdict. They gave it in favour of the King of *Ireland*, who was thus honourably acquitted. This ſentence being notified in form to the aſſembled multitude; *Triſtan* ran to *Galaer*, took him up in his arms, and committed the wounded Knight to the care of his friends and relations, who were allied to the celebrated *Lancelot of the Lake*, with whom *Triſtan* ardently wiſhed to be acquainted, and bound in the ties of friendſhip. All *Arthur*'s worthies ſurrounded the conqueror, and carried him in triumph to his tent; where *Argius* embraced him with the greateſt cordiality, and begged he would accompany him to *Ireland*. *Triſtan* landed ſafe with *Argius* and the Queen, forgetful of her former hatred, cheriſhed in our hero, the preſerver of her Lord's life and honour.

LET our readers figure to themſelves the joy that filled the boſom of *Yſeult*, who knew that *Triſtan* had been promiſed a boon, and judged from her own heart what her dear Knight ſhould require. On the other hand, how great the conflict in *Triſtan*'s breaſt, between deſpotic love, but more imperious honour. For the latter over-ruled his deareſt concerns, and, true to his word, he aſked and obtained the hand of *Yſeult*, for his uncle *Marcus*. The lovely and faithful *Brangien* was given to the princeſs as a companion. On the eve of *Yſeult*'s departure, the Queen, who had obſerved her daughter's growing inclination for *Triſtan*, and willing to prevent its direful effects, delivered to *Brangien* a philter, or amorous potion, the precious gift of a ſkillful fairy; with orders to divide it into two equal draughts,

and

and adminiſter it to *Yſeult* and King *Marcus* on their wedding night.

WHO can controul the mighty power of fortune? What will even prudence and conſummate wiſdom avail againſt the caprices of the blind Sorcereſs? *Yſeult* and *Triſtan* embarked, and the wind ſeemed to promiſe them a quick and pleaſant paſſage: the heat was intenſe; they both were tormented with a parching thirſt. The Princeſs was the firſt to complain, and *Triſtan*, ſpying the phial which *Brangien* had neglected to put out of the way; he took it up eagerly, tendered it to his fair miſtreſs, and with her ſhared the fatal beverage. For alas! this was the love draught deſtined by the Queen for a far different purpoſe. It produced a ſuddden and wonderful effect. Honour was ſilent. Love alone ſpoke, and ſpoke in the moſt forcible language. Let every reader fancy to himſelf the ſituation of our two lovers, who, left to ſtruggle with nature and inclination, might have perhaps withſtood the alluring temptation; but alas, they were not proof againſt the powerful ſpell!

MEANWHILE, a mighty ſtorm ariſes, the affrighted pilot deſerts his ſtation, and abandons to the mercy of the waves, the ſhip he has no further hope to preſerve. *Yſeult* and *Triſtan* think of nothing but their mutual happineſs and tranſports. At laſt, they are drove by the force of the wind and tide into an unknown harbour. Here they landed ſafe, and upon their making ſome enquiries concerning the place and its inhabitants, were anſwered by an elderly man, who, ſurpriſed at the beauty, youth, and good mein of our travellers, dropt a tear of pity, and with a ſignificant ſhrug of his ſhoul-

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ders, "Unfortunate ſtrangers, ſaid he, I am alarmed at the dangers that threaten you both. You are within ſight of the caſtle of *Plours*, belonging to the ſteel-hearted and felonious *Brunor*, who will deſtroy you: unleſs, Sir Knight, you can overcome him in ſingle combat, and the young lady proves handſomer than that of *Brunor*." The ſequel is eaſily foreſeen by the intelligent reader. *Triſtan*, no leſs valiant than amorous, kills the barbarous Knight, and half a ſcore of ſaucy giants who had taken the traitor's part, and *Yſeult*'s triumph is equally complete. Having ſeized on the caſtle, *Triſtan* and *Yſeult* ſeemed in no hurry to leave it; they ſtaid there three months: but at laſt neceſſity compelled them to embark in their way to *Cornwall*, where they ſoon after arrived in perfect ſafety. King *Marcus* was very thankful, admired much *Yſeult*, and teſtified ſo great an impatience to make her his bride, that he could hardly be perſuaded to wait 'till the next day, when the nuptials were ſolemnized in the moſt ſplendid manner.

THIS ſight was death to our lovers, and, whilſt every countenance glowed with mirth and ſatisfaction at the King's approved choice, *Yſeult* and *Triſtan* were a prey to uneaſineſs and anxiety. The former feared leſt *Marcus* ſhould perceive what had been the conſequence of the magic draft, and of a three months ſtay at *Plours* Caſtle, when ſhe had no other companion than Love and *Triſtan*. Some expedient muſt be thought on to remove the King's ſuſpicions, and prevent a fatal diſcovery. *Yſeult*, her lover, *Brangien* and *Gouvernail* met together in council. *Brangien*, though handſome and not averſe to love, had not, like her miſtreſs, ſwallowed

a magic potion; and, ſwayed by honour and virtue, ſhe had preſerved untainted that innocence, which might have been the pride of *Yſeult*, had ſhe never taſted the fatal liquor. She loved her miſtreſs, and determined to ſave her if poſſible from diſgrace. Accordingly, when night came on, ſhe decked herſelf in the regal night-dreſs, perfumed herſelf, ſaid her prayers; and, in the bridal bed, waited the arrival of King *Marcus*, who ſoon made his appearance. He ſtaid the whole night with her, and according to his cuſtom, roſe the next morning an hour before the ſun. His good humour, and unuſual chearfulneſs, ſpoke the ſtate of his mind, and the ſucceſs of the ſtratagem that had been deviſed to give him a good opinion of his royal conſort, who, appriſed by *Brangien* of her Lord's abſence, took that place which ſhe could now fill with more propriety. The King, who was all raptures and extaſy, and perfectly doated on his Queen, rewarded *Triſtan* by creating him Lord Chamberlain; an office which gave him the liberty of entering every appartment in the palace, that of the Queen not excepted.

NEVER is a biographer ſo diſagreeably circumſtanced, as when truth obliges him to record ſome particular fact to the diſparagement of his principal perſonage; eſpecially when he has endeavoured to prejudice the reader in his favour: this unfortunately is the caſe with us. That paragon of beauty and gentleneſs, *Yſeult*, becomes at once ungrateful and barbarous. *Brangien*, who had ſacrificed to friendſhip, that which her tender and delicate ſex is fearful to grant to the moſt preſſing lover, is ſuſpected by the Queen, ſhe is looked upon as a dangerous witneſs, which muſt be removed at all events;

events, leſt ſhe ſhould betray the important ſecret. This ill-grounded fear operated ſo ſtrongly on *Yſeult*, that, forgetting her former ſervices, and loſt even to the feelings of humanity, ſhe gave ſecret orders for *Brangien* to be conveyed into the thickeſt part of *Morois* foreſt, and there murthered. We ſhudder at the thought; and *Yſeult*'s repentance, though lively and ſincere, can hardly atone for having planned in cool blood a ſcheme ſo cruel and inhuman.

BRANGIEN, as we have had occaſion to obſerve before, wanted neither for youth nor beauty, two powerful advocates even amongſt ſavages. The two officers had undertaken to obey the Queen's peremptory command; but, when they looked up at their victim, their heart relented, and one of them aſking her what ſhe could have done againſt her Sovereign, that ſhould deſerve ſuch puniſhment? Alas! anſwered *Brangien*, "I am not conſcious of having done any wrong to her Majeſty; nor do I know what ſhe can lay to my charge. All I can ſay is, that, when Madam *Yſeult* left *Ireland*, ſhe brought along with her as a preſent to King *Marcus*, a moſt precious lily of the valey, notwithſtanding all her care, it faded and was loſt in the paſſage. A damſel of her retinue who had one alſo, but in high preſervation, offered it to the Queen by my hands. If this deſerves death, my Lord, I am reſigned; but I do not recollect that I ever injured my royal miſtreſs, unleſs what I have related be called an offence."

THE two officers underſtood nothing of this enigma, and rather took her ſpeech for the ravings of a diſtempered brain. They could not however bring themſelves to ſlay ſo gentle a creature; but bound her to a tree,

and returned to court, telling the Queen that *Brangien* was dead, and relating what ſhe had ſaid to them. *Yſeult* felt now the moſt torturing remorſe, and the tormenting recollection of her ingratitude drove her almoſt to deſpair. Luckily for *Brangien*, *Palamedes*, happening to paſs by, heard her cries, knew her again, and having unbound carried her to a neighbouring nunnery. When this was done, he returned to the foreſt, and ſet himſelf down under a ſhady tree. Our readers have not forgot that this *Palamedes* was the *Saracen* Prince, who, being in *Ireland*, had publickly avowed his love for *Yſeult*: let them therefore judge of his ſurprize and diſmay, when, caſting his eyes around, he ſaw her at a little diſtance from him tearing her diſhevelled hair, and then, pulling out a poniard from under her cloaths, he heard her exclaim in all the agony of grief.—"No deareſt *Brangien*, my moſt valuable friend and preſerver! I will not ſurvive thee. This poniard, guided by my own hand, ſhall puniſh my barbarous heart for its black ingratitude." *Palamedes* ran up to her, and falling at her feet, bade her be comforted, and he would bring back to her the friend whoſe loſs ſhe ſo much lamented. He ſoon performed his promiſe, and was preſent at the moſt melting ſcene. *Yſeult* would have embraced the knees of her dear *Brangien*, but the latter prevented it: ſhe claſped her in her arms, they mingled their tears, and the Queen, as a reward for ſo rich a gift, engaged to grant to *Palamedes* the firſt boon he might require. King *Marcus* arrived on the ſpot, and was given to underſtand that *Brangien* had been carried off by ſome ruffians, and reſcued by *Palamedes*. The King confirmed the promiſe of granting him a boon; but the former made

a bad

a bad uſe of the condeſcenſion, and required that *Yſeult* ſhould follow him. The promiſe even in ſuch caſe was binding, and *Palamedes* went off with *Yſeult*. *Triſtan* alone could have attempted her reſcue, but *Triſtan* was abſent.

A WORTHY Knight named *Lambergues*, who had been ſome time at the *Corniſh* court, and was under the care of *Yſeult* for ſeveral dangerous wounds which he had received in one of thoſe encounters ſo common to the profeſſors of knight-errantry, no ſooner heard that his fair phyſician was carried away by *Palamedes*, than he mounted his horſe, galloped after, and coming up with him, they began a fight, which, though fatal in the end to *Lambergues*, whoſe blood guſhing out of his wounds obliged him to ſue for his life, which was granted; yet ſo far ſucceeded, that *Yſeult* found means to make her eſcape, and having met with another Knight, he took her behind him, and ſwimming acroſs the river, carried her ſafe on the oppoſite ſhore, where ſhe had but juſt time to ſhut herſelf up in a tower that ſtood a few paces from the river, before *Palamedes* overtook the Knight, who attempting to ſtop him was killed on the ſpot; whilſt the Prince unable to bear the thoughts of *Yſeult* being out of his power, laid him down by the tower-wall, where he fell, as if by magic charm into a profound revery.

TRISTAN, at his return, hearing what had paſſed, loſt no time; but, taking *Gouvernail* along with him, ſet off in purſuit of *Palamedes*, and, having reached the tower, found the Knight in that kind of lethargical trance from which all the noiſe they made could not awake him; till at laſt *Gouvernail*, laying hold of his helmet, ſhook

him ſo effectually, that *Palamedes*, looking up to him, "Thou felon Eſquire, ſaid he, why ſhouldſt thou attempt to rouſe me from my deep cogitations?" "*Palamedes*, replied *Gouvernail*, this is no time for thinking; behold here! *Triſtan* is come to challenge you." "Ah, *Triſtan*, exclaimed *Palamedes*, was it not enough for thee to have rivalled and over-reached me in *Ireland*? Wouldſt thou now deprive me once more of my beloved *Yſeult*, when ſhe is my lawful prize?"

THE two Knights were too brave, and too incenſed againſt each other, to ſpend their time in idle expoſtulations. They inſtantly came to blows, and *Yſeult* ſaw from the window the fierceſt combat between the two moſt valiant Knights that ever broke a lance. She did not wait for the iſſue, leſt it ſhould have proved fatal to her dear *Triſtan*; but ruſhing out between the two combatants, ſhe ſtaid their fury; whilſt ſhe addreſſed *Palamedes* in theſe words, "You who pretend to ſo much love for me, ſure cannot refuſe to do what I ſhall deſire." "Oh ſpeak, faireſt of all your ſex! your commands I ſhall implicitly obey." "Hear then the boon I crave; quit the field inſtantly, and hie thee to the court of King *Arthur*. Commend me to his Queen, and tell her, there are but two Knights and two ladies worth notice, ſhe and I, her lover, and my *Triſtan*. I charge you further never to appear where I may be, except it is in *England*." *Palamades*, with tears in his eyes,—"Oh lady, ſays he, you ſhall be obeyed, I have ſworn it; though by your requeſt you have deceived and caſt me off; do not, I beſeech you, turn your heart entirely from me!" "*Palamedes*, anſwered the Queen, hear me! may I never reſt in peace, or taſte the ſweets of mortal joy if ever I am falſe to my love for *Triſtan*."

PALA-

PALAMEDES with a heavy heart departed, whilſt *Yſeult* re-entered the tower, where *Triſtan* followed her: being weary he unarmed. They were by themſelves; the ſpell-fraught potion had loſt nothing of its virtue . . . . . So taken up was *Triſtan* with the thoughts of his happineſs that he was tempted to elope with *Yſeult*: but a long night, ſound ſleep, and, above all, honour recalled him on the morrow to a better way of thinking, and more worthy of a true and loyal Knight. He returned with *Yſeult* to *Cornwall*.

MARCUS pretended a great deal of gratitude for the ſervices done him by his nephew; but his heart was cankered with all the venom of "green eyed" jealouſy. Prudence and love ſeldom meet together. One day *Yſeult* and *Triſtan* were tête-à-tête in the King's apartments; *Andret*, a wicked and cowardly Knight, peeping through the key-hole, ſaw them ſitting together near a table with a cheſs-board; which, ſays the hiſtorian, was of no ſervice to the two lovers. *Andret* loſt no time, but running to *Marcus*—"You are, ſaid he, the moſt vilified of all Kings, and the moſt contemptible wittol if you ſuffer him to remain in your kingdom who eſtranges from you your wife."—"And who is the traitor?"—"Why, your very kinſman *Triſtan*; it is long ſince I ſuſpected him, and would have informed you before; but was in hopes that he would mend. This very inſtant, if you ſtep to your own chamber, there you will find them dallying together." The King waited for no further information; but haſtening to his apartment, he broke the door open with ſuch a force that he wrenched it from its very hinges. *Triſtan* ſtarted from his ſeat, and endeavoured to effect his retreat, but

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in vain! *Marcus* was now in the room, and running sword in hand to his nephew, exclaimed in a furious tone: "*Vassal**, thou hast brought me to disgrace, and seduced my Queen, † DRAW, CAITIFF, DRAW! I CHALLENGE THEE! *Tristan*, wrapping up his arm in his mantle, seized a sword that happened to hang in the room, and was soon able to drive before him his uncle, who called lustily to his *Cornish* Knights for assistance; but they all loved or feared *Tristan* too much to obey their Sovereign's summons. *Marcus* took to his heels; but his nephew overtaking him, struck him to the ground with the flat of his sword. Then returned to *Yseult*, who had fainted during the affray, and remained still motionless. Her trance, however, could not withstand the reviving caresses of *Tristan*, who, fearing lest this quarrel with his uncle should be attended with some bad consequence, by the advice of the Queen and his faithful *Gouvernail*, assembled his friends, and with them retired to *Morois* forest without the gates of *Cintageul*, where *Marcus* held his court. The hopes of seeing his dear *Yseult*, made him tarry there a long time, nor did he lose the least opportunity of vexing his uncle, who dared not to shew himself without the city walls.

THE high Barons of *Cornwall* recalling to their minds that *Tristan* had delivered them from the disgraceful

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* The word *Vassal*, was used as a word of contempt by those Knights who were stiled Lords; and it was accounted a real disgrace for a gentleman to be called *Vassal* by a person who was not in reality his Lord Paramount.

† See the Plate.

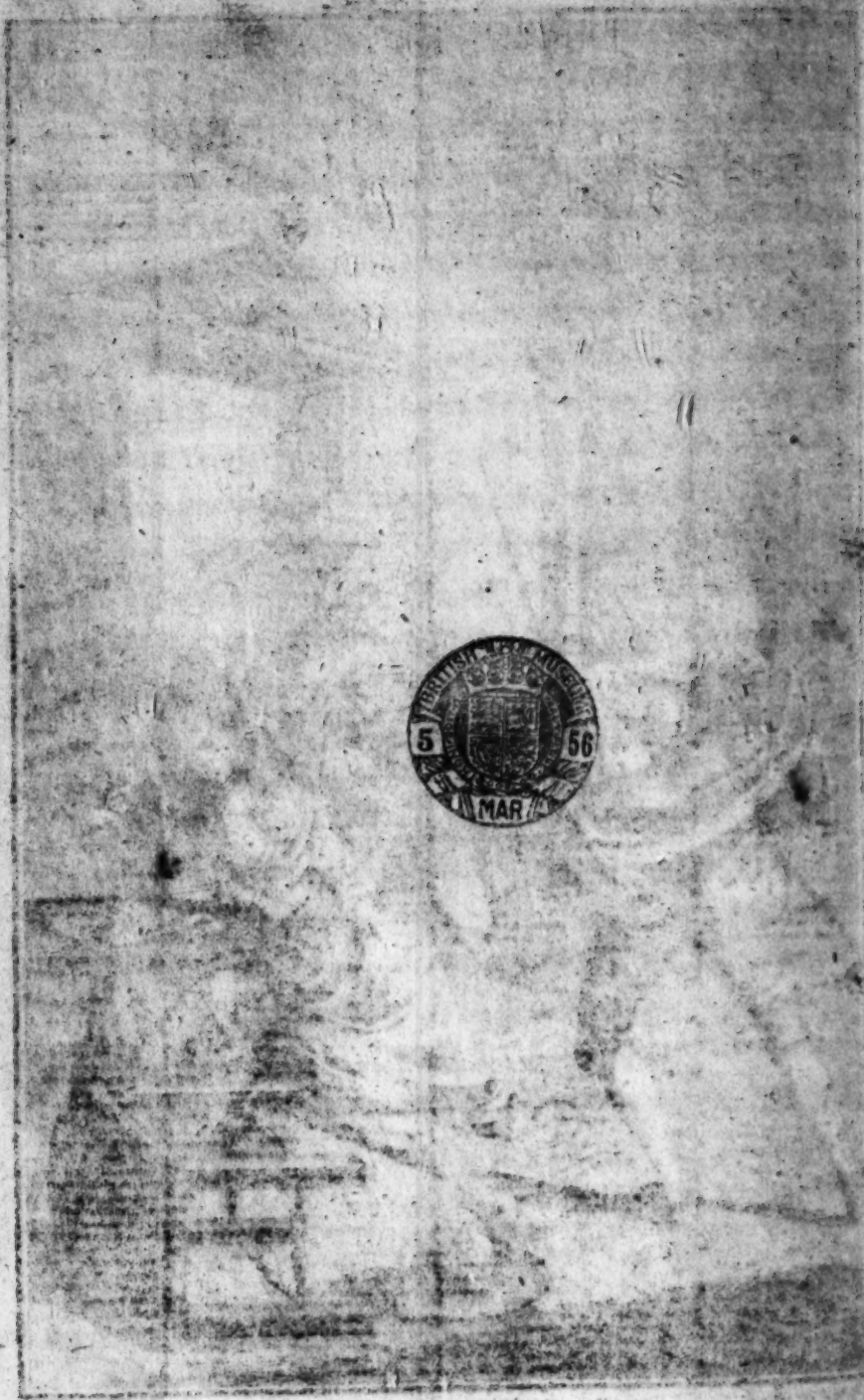
tribute



Dighton del.ᵗ W. Wells sc.ᵗ

Draw Caitiff, Draw,
I Challenge Thee.

Published as the Act directs May 20.th 1780.


BRITISH MUSEUM
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MAR

tribute which they uſed to pay to the King of *Ireland*, inſiſted, with *Marcus*, upon his ſending for him to court. *Yſeult* ſent him word by *Brangien* to return, but to be upon his guard leſt he ſhould experience ſome new treachery from the King. *Marcus*, who was all deceit and hypocriſy, diſſembled with his nephew, and welcomed him in a manner as little expected as it was inſincere.

TRISTAN, by his valour and proweſs in chivalry had made himſelf ſome enemies; but the moſt inveterate of them all was a baſe *Corniſh* Knight, whoſe brother our hero had killed in a tournament. Not daring to reſent it like a man, he was reſolved to make more ſure of his revenge by wounding *Triſtan* in the tendereſt part. This unworthy Knight brought to court a young damſel, who pretended to have an enchanted horn made of ivory. She applied to the King, and ſaid to him: "My liege, this horn I hold is moſt wonderful, and will help to find out ſuch ladies as have infringed the marriage vow, and been faithleſs to their Lords. I beg your Majeſty will order the trial in the following manner: let the horn be filled with wine and given to the ladies to drink. The true and loyal wife will not loſe a drop; but the adultereſs will ſpill the whole contents on her cloaths."†——The fair *Yſeult*, who had ſome reaſon to think that ſhe was not miſtreſs of ſufficient *dexterity* to

† It is evident that *Arioſto* borrowed from this paſſage the epiſode of the enchanted cup. He, as well as *Boccacio*, has made free with ſeveral other incidents of this romance, which was compoſed 200 years before the time of thoſe *Italian* authors.

drink the wine *clean off*, was much alarmed, and *Triſtan*, who knew how far her fears were well grounded, not chuſing to be preſent at the dangerous trial, retired from *Cintaguel*, recommending *Yſeult* to the care of his friends, in caſe the Queen ſhould not prove a *clean drinker*, and thus be expoſed to the King's reſentment.

THE next day *Marcus* called together all the married ladies of his court, with the Queen at the head of them. The noble dames talked loud of their virtue, complained much of injurious jealouſies and ſuſpicions; in ſhort, ſtarted every objection that might now be urged by the modeſt women in this refined age, were they in the ſame caſe, in order to avoid taking the hazardous teſt. They were right: for all the ladies were aukward, and every one of them ſlabbered more or leſs. The *Corniſh* Lords, whether from policy or pride, affected the moſt ſtubborn incredulity, and all to a man roſe againſt the King, ſaying to him!—"Your royal conſort you may put to death if you will or can, but our wives we ſhall not harm for ſo trifling a cauſe."—"How, replied the King, do you not ſee clearly that they have brought diſgrace upon ye?"——"It is more than we either know or believe. The horn is the contrivance of ſome wicked necromancer; and once more we ſay it, puniſh your conſort if you dare; your conduct ſhall be no rule for us. The King, who tenderly loved *Yſeult*, and encouraged by the paſſiveneſs of his Barons: "well, my good Lords of *Cornwall*, ſaid he to them, ſince you excuſe your ladies, I freely acquit mine; and look on this horn-trial as deluſive and fallacious."

TRISTAN,

TRISTAN being appriſed by his friends, that peace and tranquillity was reſtored at court, returned to *Citanguel*: but the perfidious *Andret*, ever on the watch to do ſome miſchief to the noble Knight, rightly foreſeeing that he would not fail to renew his private converſations with *Yſeult*, laid a ſnare to entrap *Triſtan*, and fixed it by *Yſeult*'s bedſide, as the moſt likely place to anſwer his treacherous purpoſe. There it was that he artfully concealed ſeveral ſword blades, ſo diſpoſed as to maim the legs of the bold adventurer who would dare to approach the bed. *Triſtan* cut his leg in a very dangerous manner; but one ſmall evil is often unheeded, when a greater bliſs engroſſes our ſenſations. It was ſome time before he perceived his wound, which the beautiful *Yſeult* inſtantly dreſſed, and nearly healed with a balmy kiſs. As the day approached, *Triſtan* took leave. The Queen roſe to ſhut the door after him; when, lo! ſhe ſhared the ſame fate with her lover, and the ſharp edge of the concealed weapons tore off the ſkin of the alabaſter pillars that ſupported nature's moſt beauteous edifice; *Brangien* alarmed, ran to the aſſiſtance of her royal miſtreſs, ſtopped the blood, and put the Queen to bed. Neither *Yſeult* nor *Triſtan* dared to complain of this accident: but *Andret*, who eaſily perceived that his infernal plot had ſucceeded, took care to inform the King, whoſe jealouſy was now wounded up to a pitch of madneſs. He ſet ſo many ſpies to watch the two lovers, that *Baſyle*, kinſman to *Andret*, ſoon found an opportunity of ſurpriſing them together, in a ſituation that made it impoſſible for *Triſtan* to eſcape, ſo that they were both ſeized. The Queen was ſhut up in a tower, and *Triſtan* confined to a diſmal dungeon.

The King directed *Triſtan* to be tried by the *Corniſh* Barons, who paſſed ſentence of death upon him. The day was fixed, as well as the place for execution; which was to be on a riſing ground that ſtood about a mile from town. *Gouvernail* had called his friends together, and was prepared for a reſcue; but *Triſtan* needed no foreign aſſiſtance. He had hardly walked out of his cell into the open air, than, collecting all his ſtrength, with a mighty jerk, broke his chains, knocked down two of his keepers, and, wreſting the ſword from a third, retreated to a church: *Andret* purſued him at the head of the guards, who attacked him altogether. *Triſtan* would have diſperſed, by his undaunted courage, the cowardly crew, but unfortunately his ſword broke, and he was obliged to retire in great haſte to the top of a belfry which ſtood cloſe to the ſea, and there commending himſelf to the fair lady of his thoughts, he caſt himſelf head foremoſt into the waves, and then, ſwiming with all his force, reached the foot, and ſoon, by climbing up, the top of a rock.

On the other hand, *Yſeult* was in a ſituation little ſhort from deſpair. She was already conſigned to the barbarous wretches, whoſe office it was to put her to an ignominious death. One of her maids of honour found means to eſcape, and, knowing the place where *Gouvernail* and his friends laid in ambuſh, ſhe gave them the alarm. They all flew to the Queen's aſſiſtance, and having ſlain her guards, carried her off in triumph; firſt to the church, and then to the tower, where they were told that *Triſtan* had ſucceſſively retired. They ſearched it all over in vain. But how clear ſighted is love? *Yſeult*, notwithſtanding the diſtance, ſaw him

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lying on the rock. She pointed him out to her deliverers, and ſome of them taking to a boat, went after *Triſtan*, and brought him ſafe, to the inexpreſſible joy of *Yſeult* and his friends. —" Lady, ſaid *Triſtan*, I rejoice much at ſeeing you in perfect ſafety, and ſince Providence has united us once more, let us henceforth, never part."—" I wiſh for nothing more, replied the Queen, for I had rather ſtarve with you, than live in abundance and plenty with any other man."

THE lovely pair were too ſenſible of the unavoidable fate that awaited them at *Cintagnel*, for them not to look out for a ſafe aſylum. They found what they wiſhed for, in the moſt remote and unfrequented part of *Morois* foreſt. Here they ſpent a few months undiſturbed: but King *Marcus* ſet a price on their heads, and promiſed ſo large a reward, that, though they were much beloved, yet ſome mercenary wretches beſtired themſelves ſo effectually, that our lovers were at laſt diſcovered. The King was one day informed by his ſpies, that *Triſtan* was gone a hunting with *Gouvernail*. Upon receiving this intelligence, he put himſelf at the head of a ſtrong party, and, having found *Yſeult* alone and defenceleſs, he had her conveyed back to her former priſon. It ſeems that the Queen's frequent converſations with *Triſtan*, only ſerved to heighten her charms; for her royal conſort felt all his wrath forſake him at the ſight of her, and inſtead of thoſe bitter reproaches ſhe had ſome right to expect, *Yſeult* heard him talk of nothing but love; and ſhe found in him not a furious and brow-beating huſband, but a ſubmiſſive lover, who loaded her with careſſes; which however we may ſuppoſe were more unexpected than welcome.

MEANWHILE the ill-fated *Triſtan*, after having chaced a kid for ſeveral hours, without being able to come up with it, had laid himſelf down, and worn out with fatigue, fell into a profound ſleep. The ſon of one of the guards, whom the Knight had killed the day that had been fixed for his execution, had conſtantly watched ever ſince an opportunity of avenging his father's death. Finding him in this place, he let fly a poiſoned arrow, which wounded *Triſtan* in the left arm. The hero awaked with the pain, ran at his murderer, ſeized him, and daſhed his brains againſt a tree. Then taking out the arrow, diſcovered the danger he was in from the venom. But the knowledge and experience he had of *Yſeult*'s ſkill, diſpelled his fears: Alas! he hoped in vain. At his return to the place where he had left the Queen, a young damſel, drowned in tears, acquainted him with what had happened during his abſence. Theſe heavy tidings made him deſperate. He would have attempted his life; but love ſtopped his guilty hand. Yet death ſeemed to him unavoidable. The pain occaſioned by his wound grew inſupportable, and the poiſon made a quick and alarming progreſs. *Gouvernail* found means to procure an interview with *Brangien*, who adviſed him, ſince it was impoſſible to call in the Queen's aſſiſtance, to go to *Lower Britanny*, where he would find another *Yſeult*, daughter to King *Houel*, and diſtinguiſhed from the former by the ſurname of *Lily-handed*, and no leſs ſkilled in ſurgery, than her name-ſake the Queen of *Cornwall*. *Triſtan* followed this advice, and was received with great cordiality by the King, who, pleaſed with his good mien, and princely appearance, entruſted him to his daughter's

ter's care; but mighty love recommended him ſtill more powerfully to her notice.

THE beautiful hands, which had begot *Yſeult* her ſurname, were highly buſy in dreſſing *Triſtan*'s arm; an office they performed with a very meaning ſlowneſs, which *Triſtan* underſtood, and was pleaſed to obſerve. The very touch of her finger was delightful to him, and a ſalutary heat, thrilling through his veins, diſpelled the deadly chill occaſioned by the envenomed dart, and gave him reaſon to think that his cure would be the work of *lily-handed Yſeult*. He was not deceived, for a few days reſtored him to his health and vigour. About this time, a powerful Lord, who waged war againſt *Houel*, routed the royal army, and laid ſiege to the capital. The King, who could get no aſſiſtance from his Barons, fell into a ſtate of deſpondency; from which he was roufed by *Gouvernail*, who without mentioning his maſter's name, told the King that he had, in the perſon of the ſtranger, the braveſt Knight the world could produce. *Triſtan* was then buſy in teſtifying his gratitude to his fair preſerver; but he no ſooner heard of the King's requeſt, than he called for his horſe and armour, and, at the head of a ſmall party, ſallied out, defeated the enemy, killed their leader, and re-entered triumphant into the capital. The King, mindful of ſo important a ſervice, and knowing by *Pheredin*, his ſon, that his deliverer was the renowned *Triſtan*, offered him his daughter in marriage. This honourable, but unexpected propoſal, threw our hero into the greateſt perplexity. The firſt *Yſeult* was ſtill uppermoſt in his heart; but, to the fair and beautiful hands of the ſecond, he owed his life. He recalled to his mind the pleaſures he had enjoyed with the former, the

great

great and many proofs he had of her love, and the very recollection tortured him with remorſe, at the injuries he had done to his royal uncle. The principles of honour and probity, which he had imbibed from his youth, were not eraſed from his mind, but, only huſhed for awhile by the enchanted draught. He wiſhed to bid an eternal farewell to his illicit amours, and reſolved to ſeek, in an union, ſanctified by all the laws of God and men, for that happineſs, for which an honeſt man is the more calculated, as he can beſt feel the ſatisfaction of conſcious innocence. This laſt conſideration acted ſo forcibly upon our hero, that he readily conſented to give his hand to *Yſeult*, and led her to the temple of Hymen. Love, diſpleaſed at this infidelity, took on him a ſevere revenge. They entered the nuptial bed; but the image of the Queen of *Cornwall*, acting on *Triſtan* as a powerful ægis, deprived him of his faculties; ſo that he could hardly find ſtrength enough to apply a cool *brotherly* kiſs on *Yſeult*'s coral lips, before he ſunk into a profound ſleep. Yet, ſuch was the innocence of virgins in thoſe halcyon days, that ſhe roſe the next day a maiden-bride, without knowing that her charms had been wronged.

TRISTAN, as our readers may well imagine, kept his miſadventure a profound ſecret, and of *Yſeult* it may be ſaid, that ſhe, not knowing what ſhe had loſt, "was not robbed at all;" and therefore had no ground to complain. *Gouvernail*, who was ignorant of the accident, pleaſed himſelf with the hopes, that a handſome wife would make his maſter forget a miſtreſs, who, though more beautiful, was abſent, and married to another. *Triſtan* remained a whole twelvemonth with his father-in-law; *Yſeult* continued

tinued in her ignorance, and all the ſubſequent nights were as harmleſs as the firſt.

LET us now return to the court of *Cornwall*, where the news of *Triſtan*'s marriage was received with the greateſt joy by *Marcus*, whilſt they plunged a dagger into the boſom of *Yſeult*. She could not diſſemble her grief, and, ſhutting herſelf up with her faithful *Brangien*, ſhe gave a looſe to her tears and complaints. Alas! cried ſhe, how couldſt thou, *Triſtan*, find in thy heart to betray her who loved thee better than life? Woe is me for my miſhap! Whilſt others enjoy their bliſsful loves, I am deprived of mine. Thus forſaken, alas! 'twould be kind for death to take me to herſelf. Then recollecting the friendſhip which Queen *Genievre* had ever ſhewn for her, ſhe reſolved to make her acquainted with her misfortunes. This Queen of *England* was in love with *Lancelot of the Lake*, and the great King *Arthur*, who ruled over ſo many Kingdoms; that renowned Knight, the worthy Chief of the *Round-table*, ſhared the fate of the petty, inſignificant King of *Cornwall*. *Yſeult* knew it, and it is a received opinion, that women think to eaſe their love-ſick minds, by talking confidently of their woes to each other. She therefore wrote a letter to *Genievre*, to inform her Majeſty with the exceſſive love ſhe bore to *Triſtan*; how ill ſhe was requited, her forlorn condition, and concluded by aſking her advice.

QUEEN *Genievre* imparted to *Lancelot of the Lake*, the news ſhe had received of *Triſtan*'s *knightleſs* * behaviour.

* This word, though obſolete, is very expreſſive; it refers to any action unworthy of a Knight, witneſs the following paſſage from *Spencer*'s *Fairy Queen*:

—"Ariſe

Lancelot took fire, and laid a plan to puniſh the traitor for ſo baſe a conduct; but wrath and indignation gave way to ſympathiſing pity, when, by the report of a Knight of *Lower Britanny*, he underſtood that *Triſtan* had left *Houel*'s court, a prey to melancholy and deep rooted ſorrow, and forſaken *Lily-handed Yſeult*, to run in ſearch of new adventures: a circumſtance which convinced him that *Triſtan* was ſorry for what he had done. The fact was, that the King of *Leonois*, more than ever enamoured with *Yſeult the fair*, (this is the *Corniſh* Queen, diſtinguiſhed from *Houel*'s daughter) had ordered a fiſhing boat to be built, on which he meant to embark in his way to *Cornwall*.

One day, as he was on board with his wife and her brother *Pheredin*, on a fiſhing party, a violent wind aroſe, which forced the boat into the open ſea. For three days they continued to be the ſport of that treacherous element; 'till, at laſt, they were driven on an unknown ſhore. They landed, and having penetrated a little way up the country, they met with a Knight, on foot, and unarmed, who begged them, as they tendered their lives and freedom, not to proceed further, as they were in the dominions of *Narbon the black*, whom he repreſented to them as the moſt wicked and formidable of all men; adding with all, that, having preſumed to encounter him in ſingle combat, he was become his bondſman, and had no hopes of recovering his liberty. *Triſtan* ſwore to ſet him at liberty, and upon a nearer

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——" Ariſe thou curs'd miſcreant,
That haſt with *knightleſs* guile and treacherous train
Fair knighthood foully ſhamed."

inſpection,

inſpection, knew him again for a Knight, whoſe wife had been very free of her favours to *Marcus* and himſelf. *Segurades*, for ſo was he called, recollected *Triſtan* inſtantly, and ſaid to him: Sir Knight, of all men I ſhould hate you moſt; but I forgive you, and wiſh for no greater revenge than your having dared to come within the pale of *Narbon*'s Lordſhip. Thou art right, replied *Triſtan*, ſuch baſe revenge well becomes a *Corniſh* Knight:—Yet, I dare engage, that the ſame man who relieved thy daſtardly countrymen from the *Iriſh* tribute, will be able to ſet thee free.

SEGURADES was endowed with a good heart, and, forgetful of the trifling injury he had received from *Triſtan*, ſincerely admired his undaunted ſpirit, begged our hero's pardon, offered to be his guide, and conducted him and his company, for that night, to a lady widow who lived in the neighbourhood. They were received with peculiar diſtinction, and treated in a very ſplendid manner. The lady ſhewed her gueſts into a chapel, where ſtood a beautiful monument: alas, ſaid ſhe, this tomb enfolds the remains of a relation of mine, *Menion* by name, a junior companion of the *Round-table*, who fell a victim to *Narbon*'s treachery. Here lies he buried in complete armour, according to the cuſtom of the *Engliſh*, with a wreath of pearls over his head, as being a younger Knight.

On the morning, *Triſtan* was awakened by the ſound of the horn. It was to notify an entertainment which the giant *Narbon* was to give that day; and, that it might be carried on with more eclat, all his vaſſals were ſummoned to be preſent under pain of death. *Triſtan* had neither horſe nor arms. He ſet off on foot with his

conſort *Yſeult*, *Segurades*, *Pheredin*, and their hoſpitable hoſteſs. They ſoon came to a plain, where the giant, who thought himſelf an over-match for any man at cudgelling, had divided his captive Knights into two different bodies. The one compoſed of the Knights of *Nargales*, (*North-Wales*) the other of thoſe of *Logres* (*England*). A Prince of the latter country joined this troop, his name was the *Amoral of Wales*, a companion of the *Round-table*. "Well, ſaid the unwieldy monſter, this is one ſlave more added to the reſt." The *Amoral*, armed with a ſhield and a quarter-ſtaff, as all the other champions were, challenged, and overcame all the Knights of *Nargales*. The Giant thought he was an opponent worthy of his notice, attacked, and ſoon put it out of his power to reſiſt. *Narbon* loudly complained, with inſulting pride, that he could not meet with his match. *Triſtan*, who had hitherto remained a quiet ſpectator, whiſpered to *Segurades*, "Now is my time to appear, and I am in hopes to kill that proud, conceited Giant. As ſoon as you ſee him fall down, let the words be, RESCUE and LIBERTY."

TRISTAN advancing toward the ſpot that had witneſſed the *Amoral*'s overthrow, took up his quarter-ſtaff, and dared the giant who aimed ſeveral precipitated blows at him. Our hero paried them all off with great dexterity, but never offered to act offenſively. They fought for a full hour, and *Narbon*, ſurpriſed at his adverſary's adroitneſs, contraſted by his ſeeming timidity, ſaid to him:——"And who art thou that art ſo dextrous in avoiding, and ſo backward in returning blows!" —"I am *Triſtan* of *Leonois*, ſon to *Meliadus*, and ne-

phew to the King of *Cornwall*,"——"So much the better; for I have ever bore deadly hatred to thy race, and ſince we are met, be death alone the end of our combat,"——This was what *Triſtan* wiſhed for. He accepted of the challenge, and ſtood for ſome moments longer on the defenſive; but at laſt he preſſed his enemy, and at laſt with a blow falling full on his head, he laid the giant dead at his feet. He then wreſted a ſword from one of *Narbon*'s guards, and, together with *Segurades*, thundered out the given word: RESCUE and LIBERTY. The priſoners who formed the two parties united together, and gratefully kiſſed the hands of their deliverer. The liegemen of *Narbon*, free from his iron yoke, profeſſed themſelves ready to ſwear allegiance to the conquering Knight. *Triſtan* declined their proffered ſubmiſſion, and, full of admiration for the *Amoral of Wales*, recommended him to their choice: but he alſo refuſed the ſovereignty. *Triſtan* thought this a good opportunity of making amends to *Segurades* for former injuries, and ſeeing on a ſtool, covered with crimſon velvet, the Count's coronet, he ordered it to be brought to him, and placed it on the head of the *Corniſh* Knight, who, falling on his knees, ſwore allegiance, and did homage to his worthy benefactor.

TRISTAN and his beauteous conſort croſſed the ſea once more, and returned to *Lower Britanny*, where they remained ſome time. Full of his love for the fair *Yſeult*, of *Cornwall*, and unable to withſtand the pleaſure of ſpeaking his amours; our hero unboſomed himſelf to his brother-in-law *Pheredin:* acknowledging that he was ſo irreſiſtibly ſwayed by his attachment to *Yſeult the fair*, and by the force of the magic draught, that

that he was inſenſible to the charms and accompliſhments of *Pheredin's* lovely ſiſter. He then gave his brother-in-law ſo exquiſite a deſcription of the Queen of *Cornwall*, that the young Prince longed for an opportunity of ſeeing that paragon of beauty and perfection.

ABOUT this time, a young lady came to *Houel's* court, She was wrapt up in a veil, and for ſome days watched *Triſtan*, 'till finding him alone, ſhe whiſpered to him theſe few words:—"Heaven protect you, Sir Knight." He ſoon knew her by her voice, to be the faithful *Brangien*, and, removing her veil, embraced her with all the warmth of friendſhip. Upon his enquiring how her fair miſtreſs did—"Alas! anſwered *Brangien*, very ill does ſhe fare, ever ſince ſhe has heard of your marriage; nor will ſhe ever be comforted, 'till ſhe ſees you again, and here is a letter which ſhe ſends by me." *Triſtan* took it up eagerly, kiſſed it, and read the few lines that follow, written in all the energy of love and grief.

"SWEET and moſt beloved!——Oh! haſten to thy *Yſeult*, loſe no time; or be aſſured that death muſt ſoon be the potion of her, who loves thee too well for her quiet and peace of mind. Reſtore me my *Triſtan*, O love! or let me die quickly!"

TRISTAN had no ſooner peruſed this ſhort but pathetic note, than he reſolved upon his departure. He told King *Houel* that a lady had brought him news from *Leonois*, which required his preſence in that kingdom, and begged *Phercdin* might be permitted to accompany him. This was readily granted, and *Brangien* having been preſented by *Triſtan*, was graciouſly received.

She

She ſoon endeared herſelf to *Yſeult*, who opened to her all the ſecrets of her heart. *Brangien* found by her innocence and ſincerity in anſwering ſome *matrimonial* queſtions put to her, that *Triſtan* had not fully completed the meaſure of his guilt. *Brangien*, *Pheredin* and *Triſtan*, took their leave, embarked and ſailed for ſome time before the wind: but a violent ſtorm ariſing, they were driven and wrecked on the coaſt of *England*, happily no lives were loſt. At ſome diſtance from the ſhore, our travellers entered a large foreſt, and, by the ſound of a bell at a diſtance, they were guided to an hermit's cell; who informed them that they were now in the foreſt of *Arnautes*, where the *Lady of the Lake*, requiting with the baſeſt ingratitude, the love of *Merlin*, who had taught her all his ſecrets, had ſeized the ſage in his ſleep, enchanted and confined him in a tomb, impervious to thoſe who might have attempted his reſcue,, leaving him only the freedom of ſpeech. This lady having fallen in love afterwards with King *Arthur*, had inveigled him to the foreſt, and now kept him in her palace, ſpell-bound, and by a magic potion, deprived of his memory. The *Anchoret* added, that all the Knights of the *Round-table* were out in ſearch of their Sovereign, and that no country or ſpot in the world was ſo famous for great and ſurprizing adventures as *Arnautes* foreſt. This latter part of the hermit's intelligence was muſic to the ear of the brave *Triſtan*, who ever rejoiced at the opportunity of increaſing his fame. They left the cell, and continued their way in the foreſt. The firſt encounter of *Triſtan* was with the *Amoral of Wales*; not knowing each other at firſt, they fought furiouſly for ſome time; 'till the *Amoral* retreating

treating to take breath, lifted up his beaver, and our heroes ran into each other's arms. They journeyed on together, and paſſed by a ſmall rivulet, ſhaded by a lofty ſiccamore tree. There they ſaw a ſurprizing monſter. Its feet reſembled thoſe of the deer, the tail was that of the lion, with the body of a leopard, and the head of a ſerpent: from the latter iſſued a kind of barking, but ſo loud and ſhrill, that the yelping noiſe of twenty curs was not equal to it. *Palamedes*, the *Sarracen* Prince, ſeemed by enchantment bound to give it chace. *Triſtan* and the *Amoral* ſtopped him; but he unhorſed them both, and continued in purſuit of the monſter.

THE *Amoral* and *Triſtan* parted company, and the former met with the brave *Meleagant*. The *Amoral*, who was in love with the Queen of *Orcania*, began to extol her beauty, proclaiming her the faireſt of her ſex, without exception. *Meleagant*, the ill-favoured lover of Queen *Genievre*, but no leſs jealous of her honour, offered to diſpute for her the palm of beauty. The two Knights were engaged in a bloody combat, when *Lancelot of the Lake*, the favourite of Queen *Genievre*, claimed from *Meleagant* the honour of fighting for her. He inſtantly attacked the *Amoral*, who kept retreating, and at laſt made himſelf known as a Knight companion of the *Round-table*. We have before obſerved, that theſe worthies were not permitted to aſſail each other, but upon ſome perſonal quarrel. The two companions embraced and complimented each other on this happy meeting. The *Amoral* informed *Lancelot*, that *Triſtan*, was in the foreſt, a piece of intelligence which was the more welcome to *Lancelot*, that he had particular

orders

orders from his royal miſtreſs to ſeek out for that brave Knight.

TRISTAN, who had now reached the thickeſt part of the foreſt, was overtaken by *Treu*, King *Arthur*'s Seneſchal, who aſked him what countryman he was; upon his anſwering that he was from *Cornwall*, *Treu* did not let paſs this opportunity of ſhewing his wit, and jeering *Triſtan*; the *Corniſhmen* being held at that time in very little eſteem. *Triſtan* humoured the joke, and in order to confirm *Treu* in his error, refuſed to make head againſt ſeveral Knights whom they met with in the way, but agreed to accompany and ſpend the night with them at a neighbouring monaſtery, where the good *Triſtan* ſubmitted to be their ſport, and put up with their railleries. On the morrow, the Seneſchal gave inſtructions to his friends to go and lay in wait for *Triſtan* in a bye road, at a little diſtance, promiſing himſelf great ſport from the pannick terror which would work upon him, when called upon to tilt with them. *Triſtan* finding that his companions were gone, put on his armour, and mounted his horſe, he had not gone far, before he met the Seneſchal in company with three more Knights of *Arthur*'s houſehold. They offered him combat, but with apparent timidity he declined for ſometime, 'till ſeeming to be rouſed by the ſarcaſms of the Seneſchal, he graſped his lance, and taking his career, beat them down one after the other, and leaving them to riſe as they could, begged them to remember the daſtardly Knight of *Cornwall*.

AT about half an hour's ride from the ſpot where the four witlings had been ſo roughly handled, our hero met with a young damſel wringing her hands, and cry-

ing to him, O Sir Knight, follow me with all ſpeed, if you would prevent, as by your order you are bound to do, foul murther and moſt cruel treachery. *Triſtan* heſitated not a moment, but the lady judging by his armour that he was a *Corniſh* Knight, expreſſed in the moſt provoking language, how little confidence ſhe placed in his bravery. As they approached a tower, they ſaw a Knight lying on the ground, whilſt three blood-thirſty villains were endeavouring to tear his helmet, in order to cut off his head. *Triſtan*, at the firſt onſet, killed one of the ruffians, and the proſtrate Knight being now diſengaged, diſpatched the ſecond, whilſt *Triſtan* completed the victory by ſlaying the third. The Knight, thus reſcued from his murtherers, took off his helmet. His hoary beard and majeſtic mien made *Triſtan* ſuſpect that this was King *Arthur*. He was not miſtaken, and would have fallen at the monarch's feet, but *Arthur* took him up in his arms, and by a cloſe embrace, endeavoured to teſtify his gratitude, but could not prevail on *Triſtan* to make himſelf known. At this very inſtant, the lady who had brought *Triſtan*, ran up to *Arthur*, took off his ring, and arming herſelf with a ſword, ran up to another damſel who was endeavouring to retreat after the diſcomfiture of the three aſſaſſins, overtook her, and at one blow ſtruck off her head. This was the end of King *Arthur*'s enchantment, who now recovered his ſenſe and memory. He begged his unknown deliverer to follow him to court; where he promiſed to reward, in the beſt manner, ſo important a ſervice. This *Triſtan* declined, and only engaged to accompany the venerable Prince 'till he could commit him to the care of ſome other Knight. An op-

portunity

portunity ſoon offered; for *Arthur* ſeeing *Hector Des Mares*, brother to *Lancelot of the Lake*, coming towards him, the King told *Triſtan* that this was the ſtouteſt and moſt dexterous tilter of all his houſehold. Our hero, deſirous to try his ſkill againſt ſo powerful an opponent, ran towards him, and at the firſt onſet brought him to the ground. Whilſt the diſmounted Knight was riſing; "Sire, ſaid *Triſtan* to *Arthur*, I leave your Majeſty in the hands of a good and brave champion, and bid you both farewell." *Arthur* and *Hector Des Mares* were loſt in amazement at the unknown Knight's ſurpriſing ſtrength and courage. They ſpoke of him at court, where they arrived that very day, in the higheſt ſtrain of praiſe and admiration. Meanwhile, *Triſtan* returned to his companions, and, meeting in the way with the *Amoral*, deſired him not to diſcover who he was, at the court of King *Arthur*, to any one but *Lancelot*, whoſe friendſhip and eſteem *Triſtan* was ambitious to deſerve and obtain.

Our hero, with *Brangien* and *Pheredin*, embarked a ſecond time, and, in a few days, were landed ſafe in *Cornwall*. *Yſeult*'s truſty confident carried *Triſtan* to a ſtrong caſtle belonging to *Dinas*, Seneſchal of *Cornwall*, who received him with the moſt ſincere demonſtrations of joy; promiſing not only to conceal him from every eye, but to ſtand by him to the laſt, in caſe any violence ſhould be offered to him. The author adds, that he even whiſpered to him the promiſe of procuring him an interview with *Yſeult*. *Pheredin*, who was not known in *Cornwall*, had a free acceſs at court. This proved, alas! to him a fatal privilege. *Yſeult*, to be adored, needed but to be ſeen. *Pheredin* could

not reſiſt her all-ſubduing charms. Honour, friendſhip, and love, roſe ſuch a conflict in his tortured breaſt, that he fell dangerouſly ill, and, thinking his recovery impoſſible, he could not refuſe to himſelf, the ſad comfort of informing *Yſeult*, that he died the martyr of his love for her. The Queen, naturally compaſſionate, and, in hopes of preſerving the life of ſo promiſing a youth, made him an anſwer couched in terms ſo gentle and mild, that it revived the expiring Knight, and ſoon reſtored him to his wonted health and vigour. Unluckily, by the careleſſneſs of *Pheredin*, *Yſeult*'s anſwer fell into the hands of *Triſtan*. Fired with jealouſy, he would have puniſhed his preſumptuous rival with inſtant death, had not *Pheredin* eſcaped by a timely flight. Diſappointed in his revenge, *Triſtan* mounted his horſe, and, after having wandered about *Murois* foreſt, he at laſt laid himſelf down by the ſide of a fountain, and there remained for ſeveral days without touching any food: his face tanned with the ſcorching heat of the ſun, and greatly disfigured, whilſt his over-burthened mind was a prey to deſponding melancholy. Unable to ſtruggle againſt a world of woes, *Triſtan* was nearly expiring; when a young damſel happening to paſs by, was moved with ſimpathiſing pity at his diſtreſsful ſituation. She pulled him repeatedly by the arm, and at laſt awaked him from his reverie; but only to complain in heart-rending accents of her importunity. "Ah damſel, ſays he, how cruel it is in you to diſturb me! retire, and let me die in peace!" The lady, ſeeing that all her perſuaſions would avail nothing, and recollecting that *Triſtan* was very fond of muſic, ran for her harp, and began to play ſo ſweetly, that our deſpond-

deſponding Knight recovered by degrees from his trance. A flood of tears eaſed his oppreſſed heart: He breathed more freely, and, ſtretching his hands out to her; "Moſt excellent damſel, cried he, who comeſt to comfort a wretch who hath no wiſh but for inſtant death, didſt thou ever hear the ſolemn dying dirge?"—"Never, Sir Knight."——"Well, reach me thy harp, and thou ſhalt hear the mournful lamentation." Then taking the inſtrument, he tuned it, and ſung the following ditty, a thouſand times interrupted by his ſighs and groans.

TRISTAN'S LAMENTATION.

"Of ſongs when young an ample ſtore
I made, while love inſpir'd the lay;
But now each joyful ſtrain is o'er,
My ſoul in ſorrow melts away.

O Love! thou ſweet deluſive boy!
Whoſe high beheſts I ſtill obey'd;
O thou! the ſource of life and joy,
A victim ſee by thee betray'd.

So once, the pitying ſimple ſwain
A ſerpent foſter'd next his heart:
But lo! reſtor'd to life again
It made him feel its deadly dart.

Yſeult, thou ſweet tormentor, hear!
Whilſt at my parting hour I cry,
Yſeult to *Triſtan* ever dear,
Forget me not——For thee I die!

And

And when at length my ſpirit's flown,
O let ſome monumental ſtone,
To every paſſing pilgrim tell:
"*Triſtan* is dead—who lov'd ſo well!"

Of Knights thou noble paragon!
Gentle as brave, of high renown,
Oh courteous *Lancelot* fulfill
Thy friends laſt words and dying will.

My lance and trappings all complete,
Be thine, ſo brave in beauty's cauſe;
My friend, in every martial feat,
Make all revere fair *Yſeult*'s laws.

O Lord! whoſe pity here I crave,
From purging fires my ſpirit ſave;
Nor other flames but thoſe of love,
May I, ſweet Saviour, never prove."

THUS ended *Triſtan*'s ſolemn dirge. He wrote the words down, and gave them to the lady, entreating her to preſent them to *Yſeult*, and ſhew the ditty to no one elſe except *Lancelot of the Lake*.

YSEULT, meanwhile, gave herſelf up to ſorrow and deſpair for the abſence of her beloved *Triſtan*. She ſoon was informed, that her unguarded anſwer had occaſioned his flight. Grieved to the heart at the dreadful effect, produced by ſo innocent a cauſe, the Queen thought to remedy the evil by ſending a ſecond letter to *Pheredin*, by which ſhe forbade his ever coming into her preſence. *Yſeult*'s tender heart ſoon repented of this raſh and uſeleſs ſeverity; for it availed nothing in regard to her loſt *Triſtan*, and proved the death-warrant

for the unfortunate *Pheredin*, who retired to an hermitage, where he languiſhed ſome time and died.

BRANGIEN was diſpatched in ſearch of *Triſtan*, but ſhe ſought for him in vain. His body was now emaciated, and his ſenſes impaired to ſuch a degree, that he enjoyed only ſome lucid intervals; during which the charitable damſel, who would not leave him, perſuaded him to take ſome nouriſhment. Her harp's tuneful ſtrains never failed to attract *Triſtan*'s attention, and ſuſpend the agonies of his mind. Sometimes he would take up the inſtrument, and alternately praiſe and curſe love, as the cauſe of all his woes. He compared that god to a roſe, which, though entrenched within a thorny fence, had charms enough to make us overlook the danger, and mind nothing but the pleaſure of culling the odorous flower: or to a beautiful morn, whoſe benign and chearing influence lays open the treaſures of Flora, and invites the feathered choirs to warble their loves in notes moſt harmonious; but often ends in a dreary ſtorm. Such was the change, alas! the heart of *Yſeult* had experienced, and the thoughts of her ſuppoſed inconſtancy, made *Triſtan* relapſe into his former melancholy.

WHILST *Brangien* was in queſt of our deſponding Knight, *Yſeult* vented alſo the moſt tender complaints; no leſs ſkilled than *Triſtan*, in the art of playing upon the harp, and equally ſwayed by the tendereſt paſſion, ſhe would often tune her melodious voice to the moving ſounds of that inſtrument. One day *Marcus* ſtole ſoftly into her apartments; ſhe was then ſinging ſome verſes which ſhe had juſt compoſed and ſet to muſic. Full of her love, and only intent on her favourite theme, ſhe

did

did not perceive that the King was in the ſame room, and thus began her tender lay.

"My voice once ſweet, in grief is drown'd,
My harp returns a languid ſound;
O god of love! thy joyful ſtrains
Are only made for happy ſwains!

Near thee, what raptures fill'd my breaſt,
When oft' I told love's tender tale;
What melting airs my harp expreſt,
What chearful ſongs awak'd the vale.

While far from thee ſo hard I fare,
Canſt thou in peace or pleaſure dwell?
Say, do'ſt thou feel no tender care,
Abſent from her, who loves ſo well?

HITHERTO the King could not determine with any certainty, who might be the object of her moving complaints; he only ſurmiſed that they were addreſſed to *Triſtan*, but his name had not been mentioned; his ſuſpicions were ſoon confirmed, when *Yſeult*, after having wiped off the ſtarting tear, concluded her ſong as follows:

Ye moſſybanks, and ſhady bow'rs,
Oft' witneſs to my bliſsful hours;
When TRISTAN only charm'd my heart,
Ah, witneſs now its bitter ſmart!—

MARCUS could not contain himſelf any longer; but, advancing towards the Queen, he caſt on her a moſt menacing glance. *Yſeult*, who, by dint of ſufferings, was grown callous to misfortune, no ways diſmayed at

his

his furious approach.—" Thou haſt overheard me, ſaid ſhe to him, be then convinced of my hatred for thee, and love for him.—Yes, tyrant! yes, I adore *Triſtan*. Alas! he perhaps is no more! but I will not ſurvive ſo true a Knight. This hand, this feeble hand ſhall ſtrike the wiſhed-for blow, and ſave thee the trouble of being the executioner." The King, who ſincerely loved *Yſeult*, trembled leſt ſhe ſhould put her threats into execution; he called to his aſſiſtance *Dinas*, his Seneſchal, whom he knew to ſtand high in the Queen's eſteem, reccommended her to his care, bidding him to watch her narrowly.

Being left alone with *Dinas*, *Triſtan*'s beſt friend and truſty counſellor; *Yſeult* gave a looſe to her complaints:—" Alas! *Dinas*, ſaid ſhe, my *Triſtan* is no more! Why wouldſt thou force me to live?"——" But, gracious Queen, what certitude have you of *Triſtan*'s death; if he ſhould ſtill exiſt, and be informed that upon a bare ſurmiſe you have fallen a voluntary victim to love and deſpair, does your Majeſty ſuppoſe that ſo true and ardent a lover will be able to ſurvive the loſs of all that he holds dear?"——This conſideration alone could ſuſpend the dreadful effects of *Yſeult*'s melancholy. But ſome days after a report prevailing that *Triſtan* was dead, the Queen ſtealing away unperceived by *Dinas* and *Brangien*, ran to her cloſet, and taking up a ſword which *Triſtan* had there concealed, ſhe unſheathed the deadly weapon, and diſcovering her ſnowy boſom, would have at one blow put an end to her misfortunes, had not King *Marcus*, whoſe love for *Yſeult* daily increaſed, though ever ſo ill requited, ruſhed from behind the area, where he had

hid himſelf in order to enjoy the pleaſure of hearing her voice, and took her up in his arms, before ſhe could fulfil her deſperate purpoſe. He then left her once more to the care of *Brangien* and *Dinas*, charging them to keep a better watch, and not leave the Queen one inſtant to herſelf. Yet all the diligence and attention of thoſe two truſty ſervants would have availed little, had not chance brought to court a Knight, who gave *Yſeult* the moſt poſitive aſſurances that *Triſtan* was ſtill amongſt the living. This, indeed, revived her broken ſpirits; but at the ſame time that this welcome news reached the Queen, ſome buſy meddling impoſtor gave *Triſtan* to underſtand that *Yſeult* was more inconſtant than ever. The ſhock was too much for him; he maddened at the thought, and in his rage, tore up the trees by the root, and meeting with ſome ſhepherds, ſeized by force on their proviſions, and knocked on the head whoever dared to oppoſe him in his wild phrenſy. He alſo fought, and ſtifled in his naked arms, a monſtrous bear. Yet he had ſome lucid intervals which he improved to give his aſſiſtance to the oppreſſed, and redreſs their grievances. The ſhepherds took compaſſion upon *Triſtan*, built him a hut, and treated him with the greateſt kindneſs. They ſoon had occaſion to congratulate themſelves for having ſhewn him ſo much humanity.

One day, *Taullas*, a huge and barbarous Giant, who lived on the confines of the kingdom of *Cornwall*, came "ſtriding valleys wide" into *Marois* foreſt, and drove before him the affrighted ſhepherds, who cried out for aſſiſtance as they fled. *Triſtan* ruſhes from his hut, breaks a young pine tree, attacks the Giant, and, having

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put by ſeveral tremendous blows, ſtruck the monſter with all his might acroſs the legs, and brought him to the ground; then ſeizing on the Giant's well-tempered ſabre, cut off his head, and gave it to the ſhepherds, who carried it in all haſte to *Citangeul*, in order to be preſented to the King. *Marcus* was ſtruck with wonder at ſo brave an exploit; for *Taullas* was accounted the moſt formidable Giant that ever infeſted the kingdom of *England*: but his ſurprize was increaſed at hearing that a madman had done the mighty deed. He ſet out with all his train in ſearch of our hero, who was ſo altered and disfigured, that neither his uncle nor any of his courtiers knew him again. He conſented however to go to *Citangeul*, the King engaging that the greateſt care ſhould be taken to bring about his recovery, if it was in the power of medicine to effect it. *Triſtan*, from the palace-gate, ſaw *Yſeult*; he ſcreamed, and covered his face with his hands. The Queen knew him inſtantly, and could not refrain from teſtifying her joy at ſo unexpected an event. As for *Marcus*, ſeeing that it was his nephew, he conſidered nothing but his piteous condition, and was the firſt to recommend him to the care and ſkill of his royal conſort.

The preſence of his beloved *Yſeult*, and the certitude he now had of her conſtancy, more than all the art of phyſic, reſtored him to his priſtine ſtate, and *Marcus* relapſed into his jealous fit. *Andret* was ever on the watch, yet the author tells us, that our lovers were lucky enough to meet where he was not. *Dinas*, the Seneſchal, favoured their loves; and, under various diſguiſe, introduced *Triſtan* in *Yſeult*'s department. But their happineſs was ſoon diſturbed by the jealous King, who

baniſhed the Prince out of his dominions, forcing from him an oath never more to appear in *Cornwall* without leave. In vain did all the *Corniſh* Barons unite in their requeſt in favour of a hero who had done ſo much for them. *Marcus* was deaf to all their entreaties, and *Triſtan* the next day went on board the ſhip that was to convey him to *England*.

A PROSPEROUS gale ſwelling the ſails, *Triſtan*, after a few hours paſſage, landed in *Arthur*'s kingdom. In his way to that Prince's court, he met and fought with *Dinadam*, a worthy Knight, whom he unhorſed, and made his friend and companion, by declaring to him who he was. They travelled in company, and came to a bridge guarded by two *Britiſh* Knights. *Dinadam* made up to them, ſaying, "that another Knight beſides himſelf wiſhed to tilt with them."—"One indeed I ſee, anſwered one of the *Britiſh* worthies, but the man in your company is unworthy of that name, ſince he bears on his helmet the diſgraceful creſt of *Cornwall*." *Dinadam* took his career, and was thrown from his horſe by his opponent. *Triſtan* advanced in order to revenge the cauſe of his friend; but the two *Britiſh* Knights turned their backs upon him, and, ſeeing that he perſiſted, they gallopped away, crying to him—"Good *Corniſh* Knight, do not force us to ſuch diſgrace: it would be a foul one indeed were our armours to receive a ſingle touch of thy lance." *Triſtan* could not help ſmiling at the miſtake, and went in purſuit of them, knowing that they were two of the ſtouteſt Knights of the *Round-table*, *Hector Deſmares* and the renowned *Boort*: in the interim, *Driam* and *Bliomberis*, *Hector*'s companions, happened to paſs by, *Triſtan* inſtantly ran at them, unhorſed them both, and ſet off with

with *Dinadam*; leaving the four Knights to wonder how a daſtardly ſon of *Cornwall* could have diſcomfited two of them. However, they were near gueſſing at the truth, for they ſaid to each other, that had they not known that *Triſtan* was love-bound at *Cintangeul*, they would have looked for him in the ſtrange Knight. It would prove an endleſs taſk were we to follow *Triſtan*, and recount his numberleſs exploits. The good *Dinadam* often wounded in his company, began to repent himſelf of having aſſociated with ſo ventureſome a Knight, and very jocoſely complained of the danger there was in following ſo raſh a leader; not that *Dinadam* wanted courage, but his bodily ſtrength did not keep pace with his native bravery: ſo that, tired at laſt with daily overthrows, he parted from our hero; who, hearing that the perfidious *Lady of the Lake* had placed thirty Knights in ambuſh, in order to ſurpriſe and ſlay the great and worthy *Lancelot*, attacked and defeated them all; killing moſt of them, and forcing the reſt to an ignominious flight. Some days after, meeting with *Palamedes*, they fought until night parted them. *Lancelot*, being informed of the wonderful atchievements of the ſuppoſed *Corniſh* Knight, concluded that he could be no other than *Triſtan of Leonois*, and from that inſtant reſolved to go in queſt of him.

Let us now return to the court of King *Marcus*, where the fair *Yſeult* was a prey to grief and melancholy on account of the abſence of her beloved *Triſtan*. A young, but diſcreet damſel, niece to *Brangien*, was diſpatched to *England* with a packet for our hero: but ſhe long ſought for him in vain, till one day *Triſtan*, fatigued with a long and uſeleſs purſuit after a Knight whoſe name was *Breus the Mercileſs*, alighted near a foun-

fountain and fell aſleep. The young lady coming that way, ſaw the vigorous *Paſſabreul*, his faithful ſteed, and inſtantly deſcried the Knight, who was ſo lean and altered that ſhe hardly knew him again. She awoke *Triſtan*, and gave him *Yſeult*'s letter, which he took with a lover's eagerneſs, kiſſed the ſeal, and claſping it to his heart, exclaimed, THIS IS COMFORT INDEED †! He then begged the lady to defer her departure till after the magnificent tournament which King *Arthur* had ordered for the next day, and conducted the welcome meſſenger to *Perſides*, a brave and hoſpitable Knight. On the morning they all ſet off together for *Lramalot*. In their way thither *Perſides* challenged a Knight, by whom he was unhorſed, as well as *Triſtan*, who not being upon his guard was eaſily conquered. *Dinadam*, who joined them ſoon after, though a great admirer of *Triſtan*, could not help rallying him on the occaſion, and told him that that expert tilter was his rival *Palamedes*. Our hero, who eſteemed *Palamedes* as a man, but hated him for his preſumptuous love for *Yſeult*, promiſed himſelf to take an ample revenge at the firſt meeting. He had an opportunity that very day at the tournament; where, after having overcome all his opponents, he twice unhorſed him, but could not proceed further againſt him, the laws of tournament not permitting the Knights to fight it out to the laſt. King *Arthur*, charmed with the unknown warrior's courage and dexterity, came down from his balcony, in order to embrace and reward ſo much bravery: but our modeſt hero, content with having ſo well acquitted himſelf in the preſence of *Yſeult*'s fair

† See the plate.

meſſenger,



Dighton del.t Wells sc.t

This is comfort Indeed.

Publisſhed as the Act directs May 27.th 1780.


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56
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meſſenger, ſtole away with her unperceived and returned to his tent. He had juſt entered it, when an Eſquire informed him that a Knight, whom he knew not, was at a little diſtance, rending the air with the moſt pitiful moans. *Triſtan* ran to his aſſiſtance, and did all in his power to comfort him; and though he knew him to be *Palamedes*, he had him carried to his own quarters, where they ſupped together and went to bed.

SUCH was the noble manner in which thoſe brave Knights of yore treated each other, and ſuch the leſſons of generoſity which the worthy author of this romance gave to the people of quality of his time. The hiſtory of *Triſtan* of *Leonois* ſeems particularly calculated to elevate the mind to that ſuperiority of ſentiments which alone is the criterion of true nobility.

The jouſt was renewed the next day. *Triſtan* appeared in an armour different from that which he had on the preceding day, in order not to be known; but he ſhould have alſo fought in a different manner, for, by ſeeing him exert himſelf with his uſual bravery, the King and Queen were eaſily convinced that this was the ſame Knight, who, the day before, had deſerved the prize. *Arthur*, who after *Lancelot of the Lake* and *Galeard*, paſſed for the beſt Knight of the *Round-table*, having ſecretly armed himſelf, came into the liſt and fought with *Triſtan*, who had no little trouble to get the better of ſo valiant an opponent. The King, then calling to *Lancelot*, deſired him to defend the honour of the *Round-table*. *Triſtan*'s lance was broke; but the rule was, that a Knight, in ſuch caſe, ſhould fight with his ſword, oppoſing only his ſhield to the lance of his adverſary. *Lancelot* made ſo deſperate a puſh at *Triſtan*,

that his ſpear went to pieces, and the point entered deep into the arm of our hero; who, in his turn, gave *Lancelot* ſo violent a blow on the head, that he cleaved his helmet and wounded him. *Triſtan* judging by the blood that guſhed from the wound that the Knight could not continue the fight, left the liſts, and retired as ſecretly as he had done the day before.

DINADAM, who was known to have been the whole night with the brave ſtranger, being aſked by *Arthur* who he was, made no difficulty to tell his name. The King, who wiſhed to reward ſo much merit, and knowing that *Marcus* had baniſhed him from *Cornwall*, reſolved to fix him at his court. All his Knights declared unanimouſly, that a more noble companion they could never have, and ſwore to *Arthur*, to ſpend a whole year in queſt of him, and not to return 'till they had found and ſeen him inſtalled a Knight of the *Round-table*. A meſſenger was diſpatched by Queen *Genievre* to *Triſtan*'s tent, where they found only the lady in tears; for *Triſtan*, leſt he ſhould be known, had left her and diſappeared.

The lady was brought to court, and owned to the Queen, that the Knight who had gained the double victory was *Triſtan*. *Genievre*, ſuſpecting that ſhe had been ſent by *Yſeult*, made ſeveral enquiries concerning her, and praiſing the Queen of *Cornwall* for her conſtant attachment to *Triſtan*. Alas! ſaid the Lady, "Your Majeſty lives in all comfort and happineſs, whilſt my noble miſtreſs is wretched and forſaken." As ſhe ſpoke theſe words ſhe caſt a ſignificant glance on *Genievre* and *Lancelot*. The Queen ſmiled;—"never ſhall I reſt contented, ſaid ſhe, till I bring together the two moſt conſtant

ſtant couple (meaning herſelf and *Lancelot*, *Triſtan* and *Yſeult*) that ever were celebrated in the annals of love. You may now return to *Cornwall*, my good damſel, and tell your royal miſtreſs that *Genievre* preſerves for her the moſt ſincere friendſhip.

Some of the Knights of the *Round-table* who were in queſt of *Triſtan*, not knowing that he had been baniſhed by his uncle, thought that the kingdom of *Cornwall* was the beſt place to ſeek for him. *Yvain*, *Gabereit*, and *Treu*, the Seneſchal, ſet out for *Cintageul*. Their arrival ſtruck terror into the daſtardly minds of the *Corniſh* Knights. Thoſe of the *Round-table* diſcovering their miſtake, and ſeeing that their ſearch would be fruitleſs, ſtaid only a few days to plague *Marcus*; and, as they heard that he was obliged to go to *Sanſon*'s iſland to celebrate the anniverſary of *Triſtan*'s victory over *Morehoult*, they followed and challenged him there. In vain did *Marcus* endeavour to rouſe the courage of his Knights, by putting himſelf at their head; they were all thrown from their horſes at the firſt onſet.

Dinas, Seneſchal of *Cornwall*, the good and complaiſant friend of *Triſtan* and *Yſeult*, was ſo delighted to hear the foreign Knights ſo loud in *Triſtan*'s praiſe, that he gave them every day the moſt ſplendid entertainments. The good Seneſchal, who was ſo ready to promote the pleaſures of his friends, did not neglect his own. He had a moſt magnificent country ſeat inhabited by one of the handſomeſt women that any country could boaſt of. *Dinas* thought her as true to him as ſhe was beautiful; but the Knights of *Cornwall* were not by fate decreed to enjoy ſuch happineſs.

One morning, going to the houſe, he found all the gates and doors opened, and no-body there but an old ſervant, who told him that his lady had eloped with a ſtranger, and carried away with her his two favourite pointers. *Dinas* being informed which way they were gone, ſet off after them, full ſpeed, and, having overtaken them on the plain, aſſailed his rival, and was about to ſacrifice him to his jealouſy, when the Knight repreſented to him, that it was folly in them to expoſe their lives in a quarrel, the deciſion of which ſhould be left to the lady, whoſe conſtancy or fickleneſs muſt determine the matter. *Dinas* thought there was no danger in ſubmitting to her choice, but he had too good an opinion of her and himſelf, for ſhe no ſooner was left to her option, than ſhe took the other Knight by the hand, and bid *Dinas* farewell. Meanwhile the pointers knowing their maſter, ſtaid by him, and the lady miſſing them, obliged her new lover to go back and demand them in her name. The Seneſchal was ſurprized at her impudence, but only reſented it by ſhewing the greateſt contempt for her and her paramour. "Thou mayeſt have them, ſaid he coolly, if they are not more faithful than the wretch who ſends thee; call the pointers, if they follow they are thine." The Knight called them in vain; they wagged their tails at their maſter, and ſnarled at the other *.

THE three Knights having no further buſineſs in *Cornwall* returned to *England*, and by the way called

* This agreeable tale has been ſince copied by ſeveral writers, ſuch as *Bocacio*, the Queen of *Navarre*, *Bonaventure Des Perriers*, and other authors, who are all, by ſeveral centuries, poſterior to the *Engliſh* Knight, Sir *Lucius du Gua*, the hiſtorian of our hero.

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on an old acquaintance of theirs, the Lord of *Aras*. He acknowledged to them that *Dinadam*, *Palamedes*, and *Triſtan* were his priſoners; the latter was very ill, and had no hopes of ever being ſet at liberty by the Lord of *Aras*, two of whoſe ſons he had killed in the laſt tournament. But generoſity was ever the badge of ancient chivalry; the Lord of *Aras* went to *Triſtan*'s bed-ſide, and ſaid to him;—"You have embittered my old age by depriving me of my two eldeſt ſons, but your crime, if it may be ſo called, was involuntary, and I will no longer detain, in an inglorious confinement, one of the beſt Knights the world ever produced; and who will, perhaps, condeſcend to be the protector of the only ſon I now have: from this moment you are free, my Lord, go where glory and conqueſt await you"

TRISTAN was moved at this extraordinary inſtance of magnanimity, and mingling his tears with thoſe of his noble hoſt, he promiſed to cheriſh young *d'Aras* as if he were his own ſon; then, taking to his horſe, he left the caſtle that very night, and thus gave the ſlip to the three companions of the *Round-table*. He took his way towards *North-Wales*, and opportunely came to the reſcue of *Palamedes*, who was ſet upon by ten ruffians. *Triſtan*, as ſoon as he had releaſed his rival, challenged him to deadly combat. "God and honour forbid, ſaid the *Saracen* Prince, that I ſhould accept of ſuch challenge on the very inſtant that you have expoſed your life to preſerve mine; yet I feel, but too well, that our quarrels can never end but by the death of either of us; therefore, name the day and ſpot where we may meet with our ſeconds." *Triſtan* agreed, and the rendezvous was given for that day ſeven-night, near *Mer-*

lin's cave. Our hero failed not to be the firſt at the appointed place, where ſeeing a Knight in complete armour coming towards him, concluded that it was *Palamedes*; with couched lance he made up to him, and was received with equal vigour and bravery. They ſtruck each other with ſuch force, that they fell both to the ground as well as their horſes. *Triſtan*, in the full perſuaſion that this was *Palamedes*, took to his ſword and renewed the combat on foot. It was bloody and obſtinate, and after a full hour's engagement they retreated a few paces in order to take breath, and wipe off the blood that flew in purple ſtreams from their numerous wounds. Before they engaged for the ſecond time, *Triſtan* found out his miſtake; for the other addreſſing him in theſe words, "Sir Knight, you are the braveſt champion I ever met with; but ſince you ſeem determined to fight it out to the laſt, I think we ſhould know each others name, that the conqueror, whoever he be, may loſe no part of the glory that awaits him." Our hero knew by the ſound of the Knights voice that it was not *Palamedes*: "Sir, ſays he to him, the courage you have ſhewn makes me alter the reſolution I had taken of keeping my name a ſecret; I am ready to tell it you, provided you oblige me with yours." "You perhaps may have heard, anſwered the other, of one *Lancelot of the Lake*, he ſtands before you." "Ah! Sir *Lancelot*, exclaimed *Triſtan*, I ſhould have known you by your proweſs and intrepidity; you are the very man whoſe friendſhip and eſteem I moſt deſire: I am *Triſtan* of *Leonois*, and here I give you up a ſword which never will be drawn but in your ſervice." *Lancelot*, at theſe words, preſented his own by the hilt; they both fell

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on their knees, then raiſing each other they embraced, and maintained for ſome time the generous ſtriſe who ſhould yield to the other; till *Lancelot* inſiſted upon *Triſtan*'s exchanging ſwords with him. They ſat down, and began to converſe about their loves; but with that diſcretion which *formerly* was accounted honourable and praiſeworthy. Alas! Sir *Lancelot*, ſaid *Triſtan*, well may you boaſt of love's kindneſs to you, ſince the favourable god has ſtrewed your way with myrtle and the choiceſt flowers, whilſt I am outrageous Fortune's wretched ſport, far from her I adore." It ſeems that men could bluſh in that golden age, for *Lancelot*, ſenſible that his friend alluded to Queen *Genievre*'s avowed penchant for the *Lord* of the *Lake*, crimſoned at the thought, and leſt *Triſtan* ſhould farther wound his delicacy, ſaid to him, " Ah, worthy friend; the roſe for its being encompaſſed with thorns loſes nothing of its bloom and perfume; the thorn you now feel. May love grant that you ſoon gather the roſe:"—then changing diſcourſe, *Lancelot* acquainted *Triſtan* with the deſire of *Arthur* and his royal conſort to have him at their court, and the oath that bound the Knights of the *Round-table* to employ a whole year in queſt of him. Our hero's modeſty would have made him ſtand out, but his friendſhip for *Lancelot* determined him to ſet out in his company for *Lramalot*; they met in their way with ſeveral Knights of the *Round-table*, who, religious obſervers of their oath, would not enter the city, not having completed the time of their voluntary baniſhment. Theſe were amazed to ſee the other two travelling in ſeeming harmony whilſt their armour was died all over with blood, but they had ſoon the beſt reaſon to rejoice, for *Lancelot* diſcovering himſelf, told them, " Good Sirs, the queſt

is over, behold *Triſtan* of *Leonois*." They paid him their reſpects, and went on together to court; where *Lancelot* taking off his helmet, ſaid to the King, who advanced to embrace him; (for Kings in thoſe days knew the value of a brave ſoldier) "My Liege, here is *Triſtan*, who comes to releaſe our companions from the oath they had taken:" at theſe words the preſence chamber echoed with repeated applauſe. Queen *Genievre* entering, *Triſtan* would have proſtrated himſelf at her feet, but *Arthur* prevented it by claſping him in his arms.

All the Knights companions ſurrounded them, and *Arthur* required a boon of *Triſtan*; the latter heſitated, as he dreaded every ſort of engagement leſt it ſhould protract his ſeparation from his adored *Yſeult*. But at laſt, unable to withſtand the preſſing ſolicitations of the fair *Genievre* and of his friend *Lancelot*, he granted the King his requeſt; which was, to remain at the *Britiſh* court as one of the houſehold, and a companion of the *Round-table*, which *Triſtan* promiſed to do. Great was the joy of all the *Britiſh* worthies. The three noble brothers, *Gauvain*, *Yvain* and *Gaheret*, nephews to King *Arthur*, were foremoſt in teſtifying their ſatisfaction; and loudly exclaimed, that *Arthur* could now boaſt of having the two worthieſt and moſt renowned Knights that ever graced the royal board. The King ordered the holy relicks to be brought, and on them *Triſtan* was ſworn a Knight of the *Round-table*, and conducted by his companions to the place where it ſtood.

The great and ſkilfull *Merlin* had exhauſted all the ſecrets of his art in the conſtructing of that table. Thirteen ſeats were placed round it in honour of the thirteen apoſtles. Twelve only of theſe could be filled up, and only by the braveſt and trueſt Knights. The thir-

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teenth repreſented that of the execrable traitor *Judas*. It was called the perilous chair, ever ſince a raſh and preſumptuous *Saracen* had dared to ſet himſelf on it; when, on a ſudden, the floor gave way, and the miſcreant was ſwallowed up and conſumed by devouring flames.

By means of the ſpell, an inviſible hand traced on the back of the ſeat, the name of the candidate who deſerved to fill it, and who muſt have proved himſelf ſuperior, in every reſpect, to the companion whom he was to ſucceed; otherwiſe, whoever preſented himſelf was inſtantly repelled by an unknown force. This was the trial thoſe brave champions underwent whenever an election was become neceſſary by the deceaſe of any of the worthies.

Of the twelve honourable ſeats, that of *Morehoult* of *Ireland* had remained vacant ever ſince his death; which had happened ten years before in the manner it has been already related: nor had his name been eraſed from the time of his being overcome by *Triſtan*. *Arthur*, taking the latter by the hand, led him to the empty ſeat. A celeſtial harmony was heard as he advanced, and the ambient air ſweetened by the moſt fragrant perfumes. The name of *Morehoult* diſappeared, and that of *Triſtan* was ſeen moſt reſplendent and conſpicuous. Now it was that our hero's modeſty was put to a hard trial; being obliged, when once ſeated, to give a detail of all his atchievements, which as uſual was taken down by the clerks.

Whilst *Triſtan* filled up ſo gloriouſly his brilliant deſtiny at the court of King *Arthur*, the *Corniſh* monarch was torn by all the furies of torturing jealouſy at *Citangeul*. He could not look on his Queen without recollecting

lecting that *Triſtan* alone was the object of her love. This thought drove him to madneſs; he meditated the blackeſt revenge: and as a villain never puts any great interval between the plan and the execution of a crime, *Marcus* reſolved to go in diſguiſe to *England*. Having aſſembled his Barons, he told them that he had vowed a pilgrimage which would laſt ſome months, and made them ſwear allegiance to the treacherous *Andret*, a friend and counſellor after his own heart. Not willing, however, to leave *Yſeult* behind, he appointed two young ladies and *Brangien* to wait on the Queen, and with her ſet off upon his expedition, having only retained in his train two Knights of his houſehold. On his arrival in *England*, he entruſted one of the latter, named *Perthelay*, with his intentions, which he declared were to watch an opportunity of way-laying *Triſtan*, in order to ſurprize him unawares, and murder him; requeſting the Knight to bind himſelf, by an oath, to give him what aſſiſtance he might require to effect the bloody purpoſe. *Perthelay*, not only rejected the propoſal with becoming indignation, but loaded the King with the bittereſt reproaches, for having laid down a plan big with ſo much complicated villainy. *Marcus*, dreading leſt *Perthelay* ſhould expoſe him, and thus defeat his deſigns, drew his ſword, and killed the virtuous Knight on the ſpot. *Amans*, brother to the deceaſed, furiouſly aſſailed the murderer; but *Yſeult*, with her ladies, arriving at this juncture, parted the combatants. *Amans* charging the King with foul treachery, ſummoned him to appear and anſwer for the ſame before *Arthur*, his Lord Paramount. *Marcus*, rather than run the riſk of being diſcovered, promiſed to meet *Amans* at *Lramalot* within ſix days, provided he would

would engage not to make him known at court; to this the Knight conſented, and inſtantly left the King; who having this diſagreeable buſineſs upon his hands, left *Yſeult* and *Brangien* in a nunnery, recommending them to the care of the Lady Abbeſs, and went off alone; making in his way ſeveral enquiries concerning *Triſtan*.

MARCUS had hardly loſt ſight of the abbey, when he met with a Knight, and knowing that the cuſtom was in *England* for Knights to tilt wherever they met, prepared himſelf to receive the other; but *Dinadam*, (for this was no other than that bantering Knight of the *Round-table*) though always ready to take a challenge, never gave one: this *Marcus* conſtrued into a proof of puſillanimity, and *Dinadam*, ſeeing him dreſſed after the manner of the *Corniſh* Knights, took ſtill a worſe opinion of him. As they were travelling the ſame way, they bowed to each other, and joined company. The *Britiſh* worthy gave the King an account of the brilliant reception of *Triſtan* among the noble companions of the *Round-table*, and by praiſing his friend, wounded the envious *Marcus* to the quick. *Dinadam* aſked him ſome queſtions in his turn; "On my word, Sir Knight, ſays he, long had I given up all hopes of ſeeing a *Corniſh* Knight come to this kingdom; it is not a fit place for them, unleſs they are bleſſed with ſufficient patience to put up with being the butt of every one's taunts and raillery: you ſeem to me well qualified for the purpoſe; and pray, brave Sir, could you tell me any news concerning the moſt contemptible and daſtardly monarch; how fares the cowardly King *Marcus*? No doubt he lives in better cheer ſince the baniſhment of his nephew *Triſtan*."

The *Corniſh* monarch, who was no leſs paſſive than cautious, did not ſeem to pay much attention to the Knights ſudden attack; prudence ſuggeſted to him, that, by reſenting the abuſe, he muſt either fight, or make himſelf known; two things which he dreaded equally: he reſolved, therefore, to put up calmly with the affront, and *Dinadam*, ſeeing that he was ſo reſigned, ſpared him not. One morning as they came to a retired part of the foreſt, *Dinadam* ſaw at a little diſtance a few tents and armours ſuſpended to a tree; theſe he knew inſtantly to belong to ſix of his Knight-companions of the *Round-table*.—"Ah, Sir Knight! exclaimed he, addreſſing himſelf to *Marcus*, woe is me, if you do not aſſiſt a wretch who is now expoſed to all the furies of his bittereſt foes! The arms that you ſee hanging on yon tree, belong to ſix of the moſt valiant Knights, my ſworn enemies; but I ſo firmly rely on your approved valour and courteſy, that I am reſolved to attack them without loſs of time.—Heaven forbid you ſhould be ſo raſh, Sir! conſider the danger that awaits us if we dare to challenge ſuch champions—I have ſaid it before, and I know them to be as brave as any of the *Britiſh* Knights; but I repeat it, with ſuch a ſecond as you, I bid them all defiance." So ſaying, he galloped towards the tree, and with his lance, beat down ſome of the ſhields: the noiſe it occaſioned brought out the ſix Knights, and *Marcus*, ſeeing that the match was by no means equal, put ſpurs to his horſe, who, as if partaking of his maſter's fear, ſoon carried him out of ſight. *Dinadam* made himſelf known to the ſix champions, and told them his adventure with the

Corniſh

Corniſh Knight, and they all promiſed themſelves great ſport with the puſillanimous wretch.

DINADAM ſet out with them, and, as chance would have it, took the ſame road through which *Marcus* had ſcoured away in his fright. Towards the evening, they ſaw coming towards them, a page of King *Arthur*'s and *Daguenet*, who, though a Knight, was looked upon only as the King's jeſter. They learnt from the page, that he had juſt met a foreign Knight, who propoſed to lie at a neighbouring monaſtery; and by the deſcription, *Dinadam* concluded it could be no other than the *Corniſh* worthy, and deſired *Daguenet* to ſlip on the armour of *Bliomberis*, one of the ſix Knights mentioned above, who being wounded, was forced to travel on unarmed. *Daguenet*, though weak of body, was bold and courageous: he remembered with exultation, that he had once led to the feet of King *Arthur* two *Corniſh* Knights, whom he had overcome in ſingle combat, and ſcorned to decline the propoſed encounter. *Dinadam*, after having given his companions their cue, and deſired them to wait in a croſs road which he pointed out, galloped full ſpeed after *Marcus*, whom he overtook, juſt as the King was entering the Abbey gates. The monarch was rather vexed and diſconcerted at the re-appearance of *Dinadam*: the more ſo, as he was in hopes that the ſix Knights had rid him for ever of ſo troubleſome a companion: and was very inquiſitive to know how he had been able to eſcape from his enemies. *Dinadam* anſwered, that, deceived by the armours, he had miſtaken the owners, who proved to be his moſt intimate friends and acquaintances: but that he had taken ſo great a liking to him and his company, that he had

left the other gentlemen abruptly to follow after him. Being maſter of a moſt impenetrable diſſimulation, *Marcus* received this compliment with ſeeming gratitude. They ſupped together and went to bed. The next morning, the King of *Cornwall* would have ſet out alone for *Lramalot:* but not knowing his way, he was obliged, very much againſt his inclination, to accept of *Dinadam*'s company, who offered to put him in the right road.

Our readers will eaſily gueſs, that the malicious Knight took care to lead his victim to the ſpot where his friends were in waiting, to have their ſhare of the ſport. As *Dinadam* went along, he reviled his companion for his want of courage, in the adventure of the preceding day. *Marcus*, ſtung to the very heart with the cutting railleries, plucked up ſpirits enough to challenge *Dinadam*, who poſitively refuſed to engage a *Corniſh* Knight who had betrayed ſo much cowardice. As he ſaid theſe words, *Daguenet* made his appearance in an offenſive poſture, challenging the Knights to ſingle combat. *Marcus* ſhewed great good manners and civility, by inſiſting that *Dinadam* ſhould break the firſt lance. But he declined it on the ſame principle, alledging, that *Marcus* being a ſtranger, had a right to claim the honour, adding that it was the more deſirable, as he knew by the armour, that this was the renowned and formidable *Lancelot of the Lake*. The very name ſounded like the dead warrant to the ear of the affrighted King, who, ſeeing *Daguenet* making towards him, and crying out to him and *Dinadam*, cowardly Knights to the jouſt! to the jouſt! Strongly influenced by the principle of ſelf-preſervation, galloped away as faſt as

his horſe could carry him. Meanwhile, the ſix Knights and their 'Squires made their appearance, hiſſing and hooting after the run-away Knight, calling out to him, O vile coward, wretched, daſtardly *Corniſh* fool!

MARCUS running from one danger fell into another; for the *Amoral of Wales* meeting him as he fled with his lance couched, thought he was prepared to tilt with him, and received the woeful King ſo warmly, that he flung him at ſeveral yards from his horſe, and continuing his way, returned to his companions, who made very merry on the *Corniſh* Knight's diſcomfiture. Unfortunately, the ſtory had reached the capital, and *Marcus*, at his entering *Lramalot* was ſaluted with the hiſſes, groans, and hooting of the populace.

AMANS arrived the ſame day, and true to his promiſe, he accuſed the *Corniſh* Knight, without diſcloſing his name, of wilful murther. He was ſupported in the charge by two ladies his relations. *Arthur* ordered the duel for the next day. According to the uſual cuſtom of thoſe kind of trials, *Amans* ſwore to the truth of his accuſation: but *Marcus* refuſed to take any oath, and had the good fortune to kill his accuſer. The two ladies, as practiſed on ſuch occaſions, muſt have been burnt alive: but one of the judges, recollecting that the conqueror had refuſed to take his oath, the deciſion of the matter was referred to the great and wiſe King *Arthur*. *Marcus* and the two ladies were carried before him. The former, conſcious of his guilt, and awed by the preſence of his Sovereign, confeſſed that he really had committed the murther that had been laid to his charge. *Arthur* could not contain his indignation: yet, conſidering that *Marcus* was a King, he contented himſelf

ſelf with confining him to the palace, ordering that *Amans* ſhould be interred with great pomp, and the two ladies retained in the train of Queen *Genievre*, as maids of honour.

We cannot help pauſing here a while, before we ſpeak of *Yſeult*, in order to obſerve how careful our author is in bringing about incidents to excuſe the weakneſs of the fair Queen, which otherwiſe might caſt an odium on his heroine. He not only repreſents her as being under the irreſiſtible influence of the magic draught, a circumſtance that muſt plead ſtrongly in her favour with the moſt rigid cenſors: but he deſcribes the King her conſort, as a cruel, perfidious, and cowardly Knight, and above all very ridiculous, ſo that all who wiſh well to *Triſtan* and *Yſeult*, may, if not approve, at leaſt be reconciled to the latter's revenge.

The beauteous Queen continued in the nunnery with her faithful *Brangien*, waiting for her ſavage Lord's commands, and wiſhing ſtill more to hear from *Triſtan*. Her favourite occupation was to walk out in the foreſt, and there, ſeated by a cool cryſtalline ſtream, to accompany herſelf upon the harp. As love inſpired the lay, *Triſtan* was the burthen of each ſong. One day, as ſhe was thus entertaining herſelf, ſhe was overheard by *Breus the Mercileſs*, whoſe name we have already had occaſion to mention. This was one of thoſe Knights, a diſgrace to their order, and to human nature: as his abandoned morals and wickedneſs fully juſtified the ſurname of *Mercileſs*: being equally formidable to his own ſex, by his ſuperior ſtrength of body, and to the fair by his incontinent brutality. He heard the melting accents, hid himſelf, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed the two

ladies

ladies. At ſuch a ſight his flinted heart was moved, not to ſoft deſire; he was not calculated to enjoy that bliſs. It was a blood-thirſty vulture viewing a gentle dove, on which he hopes to prey. *Yſeult* ſoon took up the monſter's whole attention, who meditated on the means of getting her into his power, whilſt the Queen ſung the following couplets.

" Whate'er I hear, I think or view,
Recalls my *Triſtan* to my mind:
And nature, to my wiſhes true,
Each moment with attention kind
Portrays, in colours gay and bright,
The image of my faithful Knight.—
Thou lovely man!*
My dear *Triſtan!*

Like a mild lamb, the ſhepherd's care,
Near me he throbs with gentle fears:
But when honour bids to warfare,
Fierce as a lion he appears.
What hardy Knight, or haughty fair,
Could ſtand his bold or winning air?

Now, like ſome timid dove he lies;
And mildly bears the lovers chain.
Now, like the bird of Jove he flies,
To ſnatch the laurel from the bloody plain.
Let love or glory lead the way,
Triſtan, thou'rt ſure to get the day!

* Theſe two ſhort lines are the burthen of the ſtanza.

As,

As, with ſpring's genial influence fraught,
The beauteous lilies deck the plain:
So in my heart, as yet untaught,
Of love he rais'd the pleaſing pain:
On me then joy and pleaſure ſmil'd,
When firſt his looks my ſoul beguil'd.

The burning heat of ſummer ſkies,
Portrays in fight his glowing breaſt;
Yet one ſoft glance from beauty's eyes
Can calm the ſtorm and peace impart.
Oh may'ſt thou ſtill unconquer'd prove,
In war triumphant as in love."

BREUS was on horſeback; but, fired with luſtful tranſports, quick as the darting kite, he alighted to fall on his prey. *Yſeult* and *Brangien* took themſelves to flight: but the former was the chief of his purſuit, he ſeized and dragged her along, and, as ſhe fainted, carried her off in his arms towards the place where he had left his horſe: but the poor animal frightened at their noiſe had run away. A Knight, covered with a very plain armour, paſſed by, while *Brangien* was rending the air with moſt piteous ſcreams. In vain did the inquiſitive Knight endeavour to get ſome information through her means, ſhe was too full of her grief to find the power of utterance. Yet the ſtranger ſeeing a woman lying motionleſs at a ſmall diſtance, compaſſion filled his breaſt, and he ran to the ſpot, in order to ſee whether he could give her any aſſiſtance. This was *Yſeult*; for *Breus* having dropped his precious burthen, had gone in queſt of his horſe whom he had overtaken, and now was returning in full confidence. *Brangien* renewed

renewed her ſhrieks at his approach; and the ſtranger, out of mere humanity, flew to the fair damſel's reſcue. *Breus*, who ſaw him coming towards him in a threatening poſture, conceited that this would ſoon fall a victim to his own imprudence. Fortune however forſook him, and he was beat from his horſe at the firſt onſet. For fear of worſe conſequence, he feigned to be dead, and, whilſt the Knight with *Brangien* were endeavouring to raiſe *Yſeult* from the ground, *Breus* got up again, and taking to his ſteed diſappeared in an inſtant.

MEANWHILE, *Yſeult's* deliverer gently raiſed her head, and put by the looſe hair that hung about her face. He ſtared at her for ſome time, ſcreamed, and fell ſenſeleſs by her ſide. *Brangien*, who returned at this inſtant, gave her firſt care to her miſtreſs, whom ſhe, after much trouble, recalled to life again. The firſt object that ſtruck *Yſeult's* wondering eyes, was the Knight in complete armour lying by her. She was told by *Brangien*, that this was her deliverer. Thinking him dead and killed in her cauſe, ſhe gave a looſe to the tears of pity and gratitude. Upon a cloſer inſpection, they found that the ſtranger was ſtill alive: aſſiſted by her truſty companion ſhe unlaced the helmet. Readers! and ye who feel, or have felt the power of mighty love! ye alone, can judge of her ſituation, when ſhe diſcovered the well-known, the admired features of her adored *Triſtan*. Words would be too faint to deſcribe ſuch ſcenes.

THE received cuſtom of the *Round-table* was, for a younger companion to ſeek adventures during ten days after his reception. The other Knights had leave to follow him in diſguiſed armours, and provoke him to

the jouſt, but not to a ſerious combat. This law had prevented *Triſtan* from being preſent at his uncle's duel with *Amans*. Our hero had met with, and overcome the beſt champions of the *Round-table*. His friend *Lancelot of the Lake* went in queſt of him, armed with a light and brittle lance, in order to yield him out of compliment, an eaſy victory. *Lancelot* came on the very ſpot where the two lovers were felicitating each other on their recovery. Seeing *Triſtan* preſſing to his breaſt the hand of a ſtranger, he ſuſpected his fidelity to the Queen of *Cornwall*, and told him, half in joke and half in earneſt:—"So ſo, ſweet Knight, it ſeems you delight in ſoft encounters, and I heartily give you joy."—As *Lancelot* ſpoke in a feigned voice, *Triſtan* did not know him at firſt, and riſing haſtily from the ground, whilſt *Yſeult* and *Brangien* returned towards the nunnery.—"This interruption, Sir Knight, ſays he, is neither ſeaſonable nor courteous. We ſhall ſoon ſee who you are, and whether you are as brave as you would appear to be witty and ſmart." So ſaying, he graſped his lance, and mounted his horſe. *Lancelot* could very well diſguiſe his voice, but not his exquiſite ſhape, noble mien, and the manly graces with which he wielded a lance, and managed a horſe: ſo that at the firſt vaulting *Triſtan* found whom he had to cope with.

THE two Knights approached each other. Our hero ſeeing the lance of his adverſary broke at the firſt ſtroke in a thouſand pieces, inſtead of puſhing at him, lifted up his own.—"How, ſays *Lancelot*, do you deſpiſe me ſo far as not to puſh your lance againſt me."—"Deareſt Sir, replied *Triſtan*, the blow aimed at a friend recoils upon the giver. Now that you are unarmed,

armed, come with me, and pay your reſpects to Queen *Yſeult.*" *Lancelot* was doubly happy in that his friend knew him again, and was bleſſed with the company of the fair *Yſeult.* The two heroes alighted and flew into each other's arms. *Triſtan* led him to the Queen, whoſe hand *Lancelot* offered to kiſs on his knees, but ſhe raiſed and embraced him as *Triſtan*'s moſt valuable friend.

THEY went on together to the nunnery, where our author hints that they paſſed the evening very chearfully, relating their reſpective adventures, and talking of the beautiful *Genievre.* On the morrow, *Lancelot* took leave of *Yſeult*, who deſired much to be remembered to *Arthur*'s fair conſort, and tell her how much ſhe longed to viſit her at *Lramalot.* *Triſtan* had three days more to ſpend in his ſearch; but can one think of ſeeking for any thing more, after what he had found? And is there a reader who will not abſolve our hero for giving to love and *Yſeult* three days, which could add very little to the glory he had already acquired? Yet, how ſwift the hours when ſpent in ſuch a company! *Yſeult* and *Triſtan* had only valued the three days at a few minutes; but *Brangien* who had not the ſame reaſon to forget how the time went, prudently admoniſhed *Triſtan*, that the ten days being out, he muſt go to give an account of his exploits, and that, in order to avoid ſuſpicion, it would be proper to wait on *Marcus*, who was then a priſoner at large at *Lramalot.* Our hero could ſtart no reaſonable objection. *Yſeult* embraced him tenderly, gave him his ſword, ſtooped even to buckle on his ſpurs, and, had it not been for the remonſtrances of *Brangien*, would have been obliged to do the ſame over again.

TRISTAN, towards the duſk of the evening, reached the capital, and ſaw no one that night but *Arthur* and *Lancelot*. The Knight gave an account of what had happened to him, not forgetting his encounter with *Lancelot*; and the latter gave him a malicious and ſignificant ſmile at hearing him talk of no other exploits than thoſe of chivalry. Early the next morning, the King having concealed *Triſtan* in his cloſet, had *Marcus* brought before him: "King of *Cornwall*, ſaid he, I will not upbraid you with your crime; let that be the work of your own conſcience: but here, in the preſence of theſe noble Knights, I requeſt a boon." What could *Marcus* refuſe to his paramount who forgave him ſo generouſly his doubly forfeited life; both as a murtherer, and as having infringed all the laws of honour and chivalry by fighting againſt *Amans*, and refuſing to take the uſual oath? He readily granted the requeſt; "Then, ſays *Arthur*, I require you to bury in oblivion all your animoſity againſt your nephew, *Triſtan* of *Leonois*; and to hold him henceforth for a deſerving kinſman, and the beſt Knight in Chriſtendom." This he ſolemnly promiſed, and *Arthur*, having cauſed the grand relicks to be brought in, had him ſworn upon them: then calling *Triſtan* out of the cloſet, preſented him to *Marcus:* they embraced; but our hero, ſays the author, did not renounce from his heart to deſerve a little more of his uncle's ill humour; and the latter was even with him, by not giving up the thoughts of being revenged on him in a manner equally conſonant with his cowardice and jealouſy.

ALL the Knights of the *Round-table*, who were acquainted with the character of *Marcus*, trembled at the conſequence

conſequence of ſo haſty a reconciliation; an ominous foreboding gave *Lancelot* the moſt alarming anxiety. He took the King of *Cornwall* apart; and, with that ſuperiority which virtue and courage give over a groveling wretch, denounced the moſt exemplary vengeance againſt him, if he ever offered to deprive his noble friend of life or liberty. The fair *Genievre* had a conference with *Triſtan*, in which ſhe gave him to underſtand, that his love for *Yſeult* was no ſecret to her, and ſhe made none of her attachment to *Lancelot*. She at the ſame time put a letter into his hands for the Queen of *Cornwall*, by which ſhe deſired her to repair to *Lyonnaiſe*, in caſe *Marcus* ſhould attempt to renew his perſecutions. On the other hand, King *Arthur* ſaid to our hero; "My dear *Triſtan*, you are now of my houſehold, and one of the companions of the *Round-table*; your uncle is ſo unworthy of having you at his court, that it really grieves me to ſee you leave my kingdom: but on the firſt complaint you have to exhibit againſt him, come back to your friends; and be aſſured, my brave and beloved Knight, that *Arthur* will ever glory in making one among them."

MARCUS and his brave kinſman ſet out the next morning early: the merit of the latter forced a tear from every eye. The horror which ſeized each generous mind at the bare mention of the former's name, and the love which *Triſtan* had ſo well deſerved, made the ladies of *Genievre*'s court wiſh ſecretly that the handſome Knight might long and with impunity continue to wrong his deteſted uncle. The two travellers arrived that very evening at the nunnery, where the tender and wretched *Yſeult* was forced to bely her ſentiments, by giving to the

the husband a reception which the lover alone could claim from her heart.

JEALOUSY, it is said, drives away sleep. *Marcus* had no rest, and was up before the sun. As he was sauntering about the dormitories, he met with an ancient nun, who had been rather too inquisitive about *Tristan*, during his first stay with *Yseult*. This Nun is represented in the true character of those female anchorets, very talkative and mischievous. Through motives of envy or malice, or perhaps both, she told the whole affair to the King of *Cornwall*, and was so particular, and dwelled so long on her story, that *Marcus* left her abruptly, to revolve, in his treacherous mind, some means of being effectually revenged; yet fear prevailed even upon his jealous rage: he dared not attempt any thing against his nephew whilst he remained in King *Arthur*'s dominions; but promised himself to give a free scope to his hatred when he had him once in his own kingdom. The very thought was ecstacy to him, and smoothed his contracted brow; so that he appeared before *Yseult* and *Tristan* with unruffled countenance, and carried dissimulation so far as to treat our hero, for some time after his arrival in *Cornwall*, with the greatest, and, to all appearance, most sincere friendship. Time and opportunity shewed him soon in his proper colours; for by means of *Andret* having surprized *Tristan*, he had him confined in a dungeon, loaded with heavy and disgraceful irons. In vain did all the *Cornish* Barons unite in one request to obtain his liberty: the perfidious King, for once, was resolute, as are all weak and despotic princes in a bad cause.

Gou-

GOUVERNAIL, that grave and faithful mentor of *Triſtan*, ſpoke, but to no purpoſe, in favour of his pupil; by repreſenting to the King how impious it was in him to infringe the ſolemn oath he had taken at *Lramalet*. Convinced that whatever he could urge would be in vain, he ſet off for *Leonois*, in order to inform *Triſtan*'s ſubjects of their King's captivity, and return at their head to his reſcue. A few days after his departure there arrived at *Cintageul*, a young Knight of the *Round-table*, named *Perceval*. He was no ſooner appriſed of the confinement of his noble companion, and heard of the oath taken by *Marcus* whilſt in *England*, than he forced his way into the preſence-chamber, and addreſſed himſelf to the Monarch: "Felon and forſworn Prince, ſays he, why haſt thou confined thy Queen, and put thy nephew in irons?" *Marcus* anſwered in a manner ſuitable to his haughtineſs and uſual brutality. The Knight, fired with reſentment, aſſailed the King; flung out of the window *Andret*, who attempted to take his maſter's part, and having brought *Marcus* to the ground, held him down till he had given up the keys of *Triſtan*'s dungeon; then running to the priſon ſet him free, and they together went to deliver *Yſeult* from the tower, where ſhe had been confined, and ſet her at liberty.

THE King, whom *Perceval* had locked up in his apartment, was not ſufficiently beloved by his ſubjects, nor were theſe brave enough to be induced either by the inſult offered to him, or the groans of *Andret*, who had been much hurt, to oppoſe the bold *Britiſh* Knight. The Barons of *Cornwall* were called together, and required to oblige their monarch to keep more religiouſly the oath by which he had bound himſelf in regard to *Triſtan*.

Perceval,

Perceval, after having obtained a ſolemn promiſe from the *Corniſh* Lords to ſupport the Queen and our hero againſt their own Sovereign, threatened them with the moſt exemplary vengeance from King *Arthur* and his worthies, if they ſhould fail in giving *Triſtan* all the ſupport he might want againſt his uncle's barbarity; he then kiſſed the hand of the fair *Yſeult*, ſwore an everlaſting friendſhip to her lover, and ſet out in queſt of thoſe adventures which have rendered his name ſo famous in the annals of the *Round-table*.

TRISTAN and *Yſeult* lived for ſome months unmoleſted in the greateſt harmony. They often took the diverſion of ſtag-hunting, and their halt was conſtantly at the pleaſant and commodious ſeat of *Dinas*. Meanwhile *Andret* had recovered from the bruiſes he had received by his fall, and this ſevere correction only ſerved to increaſe his animoſity againſt *Triſtan*; but the houſe of *Dinas* was ſo artfully contrived, that he long toiled in vain to ſurprize our lovers. One day, as he was reconnoitring the place with all the care and attention his malice and the hopes of being revenged could ſuggeſt, he ſaw a lofty pine-tree, from whoſe top he could command the whole proſpect of the gardens. Armed with a bow and arrows he climbed it up, in order to be there concealed, and watch his two victims, who he doubted not would come back after the hunt. Fortune ſeconded but too well his treacherous views. *Yſeult* and *Triſtan*, after a turn or two in the garden, retired to a delicious bower, which hid them from every eye but thoſe of their moſt inveterate foe. Without ſuſpecting the leaſt treachery, *Triſtan*, taking *Yſeult* round her lovely waiſt, was about to ſip the ambroſial perfume of her coral lips,

when

when *Andret* let fly an arrow with ſo true an aim, that the ſharp weapon pierced through *Triſtan*'s ſhoulder, and ſlightly wounded that of *Yſeult*. Our hero felt no pain but that which was occaſioned by the Queen's wound. Not doubting but that they were diſcovered, they retreated to a ſubterraneous paſſage which led to *Yſeult*'s apartments; and, as they retired, a ſecond arrow grazed our hero's throat. After this narrow eſcape he got ſafe to *Dinas*; who, being informed of the accident, removed his noble friend to the houſe of one of his tenants in the foreſt, on whoſe unſhaken fidelity he could ſafely depend.

ANDRET's malice was not fully ſatisfied by this cowardly attempt; his next care was to acquaint the King with the tranſaction. *Marcus*, as jealous as ever, but not daring to ſhew openly his reſentment againſt the Queen, contented himſelf with ſpeaking to her of her wound with all the bitterneſs of ſarcaſtic irony. Perhaps he would have done worſe againſt *Triſtan*, but all his enquiries proved fruitleſs; nor could he, by the moſt ſeducing offers of reward, diſcover the place of his retreat. He had ſoon after a far different cauſe for being vexed at his nephew's diſappearance. A powerful King, named *Helias*, having heard that *Triſtan* had been baniſhed the kingdom of *Cornwall*, and not knowing that he was ſince returned, thought this was a favourable opportunity to attack *Marcus*, whom he hated, and had long wiſhed to have in his power; and ſetting himſelf at the head of a numerous army, laid waſte the country, and fought his way as far as the capital, where the cowardly *Corniſh* men, whom he drove before him, ſoon gave the alarm. *Marcus* aſſembling together as many

of his ſubjects as were at hand, reſolved to make head againſt his enemy. *Dinas*, equally fit for the field of *Venus* and *Mars*, fought with the utmoſt bravery at the head of the van; but being ill ſupported was obliged to give way and ſhut himſelf up with the King in *Cintageul*, which was inſtantly beſieged by *Helias*.

THUS ſituated, *Marcus* and *Dinas* diſpoſed every thing for a vigorous defence; but the former, judging that his reſiſtance would avail him little, ſoon fell into a ſtate of deſpondency. *Dinas* recalled to the monarch's mind all the ſervices he had received from *Triſtan*, and what he might expect from his valiant nephew in this critical juncture. The King begged *Dinas*, if he knew where *Triſtan* was, to acquaint him with his ſituation, and entreat his aſſiſtance. This was all the Seneſchal wiſhed for; a truſty meſſenger was diſpatched, and eaſily prevailed on our hero to comply with the King's requeſt: but, as his wound was not entirely healed, and he could not bear his armour, he wrote to his uncle, deſiring him to hold out, and expect to ſee him within ſix days. Ten of the beſt warriors of *Cornwall*, who had refuſed to take part in the quarrel of their contemptible Sovereign, hearing that *Triſtan* intended to go to his aſſiſtance, joined him; and our hero, at the head of them, falling on the enemies rear, fought his way to *Helias*'s quarters, unhorſed him twice in the action, and after having ſlain all that oppoſed him, entered triumphant into *Cintageul*.

THE next day, *Triſtan* ſent a herald to *Helias*, to challenge him to ſingle combat. The condition was, that the latter, if conquered, ſhould evacuate the kingdom of *Cornwall* with his troops; and, if conqueror, the

the *Corniſh* King to become his tributary. *Helias* was too valiant a Knight to reject ſuch a propoſal; but he further required, that *Marcus*, together with *Yſeult* and the *Corniſh* Barons, ſhould be preſent on the ſpot where the duel was to be fought, to remain entirely at his direction, in caſe he ſhould overcome *Triſtan*. This being agreed to, the champions met at the appointed place of rendezvous on the next morning.

TRISTAN's natural bravery was increaſed by the conſideration of his fighting to prevent *Yſeult*'s captivity. After a long and obſtinate conteſt, fortune declared for our hero, who thus ſaved a ſecond time his uncle's dominions from ſubjection and diſgrace: but *Marcus* had a ſoul impervious to the feelings of friendſhip and gratitude. A few days after *Triſtan* had brought him triumpant into *Cintageul*, he was by him deprived of liberty, and his victorious hands felt once more the weight of the galling chain: fortunately, his deliverer was at hand. *Gouvernail* had eaſily perſuaded the people of *Leonois* to take up arms in defence of their King. The old warriors who had ſerved under his father *Meliadus*, were the firſt to ſummon their liegemen; and *Gouvernail* at their head, invaded the kingdom of *Cornwall*. *Dinas* refuſed to repair to the King's ſtandard. The Barons and the people roſe all in a body againſt a Prince, whoſe perfidious conduct had brought this new calamity upon his ſubjects. They ſurrounded the palace and ſeized on the King's perſon; whilſt a party of them flew to *Triſtan*'s priſon. Now was the time that Providence had marked for the puniſhment of the *Corniſh* King, and his prime miniſter *Andret*. The latter was torn in pieces by the enraged

populace, and the former caſt into the dungeon where he had confined his nephew; then entreating *Triſtan* and *Yſeult* to lead them, the Barons went to meet *Gouvernail* and his army, who greatly rejoiced at ſeeing their beloved King. Our hero thought it would be ungenerous in him to return to *Cintageul*, and having called the Barons together he begged them to entruſt *Dinas* with the government of the kingdom during his uncle's impriſonment, which was to laſt at their diſcretion; binding them by an oath not to attempt any thing againſt the life of *Marcus*.

Our author, before he proceeds further, takes care to repeat in this place the many apologies which *Yſeult* might urge in her defence; we ſhall only beg our readers to recollect them, and eſpecially the uncontroulable effect of the *enchanted draught*. The Queen followed *Triſtan* into his kingdom of *Leonois*, from whence they ſoon after ſet off for *England*, reſolved for the ſake of decency to live there very retired, and acquaint no one with their arrival, except their noble and truſty friend *Lancelot of the Lake*. Before he left *Leonois*, *Triſtan* amply rewarded the care and ſervices of *Gouvernail*. Our hero had long obſerved that ſomething more than mere friendſhip ſubſiſted between *Brangien* and *Gouvernail*. The loſs which the former had ſuſtained on *Yſeult*'s wedding night, ſeemed to be the only obſtacle that prevented their union; but *Gouvernail*, who had given the advice, and had even admired this heroic mark of her attachment to her miſtreſs, found it an eaſy matter to over-rule *Brangien*'s ſcruples, and ſet her above thoſe niceties. *Yſeult* and *Triſtan* called the two faithful ſervants, joined their hands, and aſſembling together his Barons, he made

made a pathetic ſpeech, in which he highly commended the birth, wiſdom, and courage of *Gouvernail*; dwelled on the perſonal ſervices he had received from him; and, as a reward, charged his Barons to ſwear allegiance to *Gouvernail*, and henceforth acknowledge him for their Sovereign. After having given this extraordinary proof of gratitude, *Triſtan* with the fair *Yſeult* embarked and landed ſafe in *England*.

THEY travelled on towards *Joyeuſe-Garde* caſtle, a ſeat belonging to their friend *Lancelot*. As their minds were at eaſe, their hearts content, and having no fear nor anxiety, they ſat down, and *Triſtan* ſung the following lines addreſſed to his fair companion:

I.

How happy muſt his moments prove,
Who travels on with thee and love;
How ſweetly glides the live-long day,
While love and *Yſeult* lead the way:
Devoted to thy charms divine,
With thee my days unclouded ſhine.

II.

Whene'er thy image I behold,
A painful pleaſure fills my breaſt,
And in my heart this truth's impreſt,
(By love in gentle whiſper told:)
'Twas thus that firſt, with looks benign,
Fair *Yſeult*'s eyes gave life to mine.

III.

Thou leftſt me with the morning light,
Doſt thou not long for ſleep's kind power?
Lo! theſe ſoft banks to joy invite,
(Thou leftſt me with the morning light;)
Wer't but t'enjoy ſleep's calm delight,
Oh, join me in yon ſhady bow'r.

As

As they entered the foreſt that led to *Lancelot*'s ſeat, *Triſtan* learnt, with ſome ſurprize, that King *Arthur* had ſtayed there a few days, and intended in his way back to *Lramalot* to entertain himſelf with the jouſting of his Knights. *Yſeult* would fain have perſuaded *Triſtan* to leave the foreſt; but it was too late, for they had been ſeen, and *Arthur* ſent *Treu*, his Seneſchal, to enquire who the two ſtrangers were. *Dinadam*, in hopes of having an opportunity of indulging his ſarcaſtic humour, followed the Seneſchal, and as he came near enough to be heard, ſaid to the ſtranger; "What ho! Sir Knight, are you frightened at a little tilting? But tilt you muſt, or give up your lady to a better Knight." *Triſtan* knew *Dinadam* at once, and could not help ſmiling under his helmet at the miſtake; but in order to humour the joke, he affected to appear intimidated; and to the Seneſchal's enquiries he anſwered, "That he was a poor Knight, bereft of all but his horſe and armour, and that the lady was his ſiſter, going, much againſt his will, to take the veil in the neighbouring nunnery." To this *Treu* replied, "Are you then ignorant of the laws of chivalry in this kingdom?—No ſtranger, if in armour, is ſuffered to paſs without being called to the jouſt; therefore prepare to meet me." *Dinadam* did not loſe this occaſion of bantering the ſtrange Knight by jocoſely inſiſting that he had a right to begin, as he had ſpoke firſt. *Triſtan* ſeemed very unwilling to engage; but at laſt he ſaid to them: "Knights of King *Arthur*, it would be very diſcourteous in you to force me to leave my ſiſter by herſelf; however, ſince you will inſiſt upon it, I ſhall conform with the laws, provided you ſolemnly engage to guard her courteouſly in caſe I ſhould come off con-

queror, and be obliged to encounter any more of your companions; for well I know, that *Engliſh* Knights are ever ready to joke, and noble maids to conquer." This requeſt being readily granted, they prepared for the jouſt.

THE better to carry on the farce, *Triſtan* handled his arms with all the awkwardneſs of a novice. When they engaged he received the lance of *Treu* on his buckler; it was thruſt with ſuch force, that the Seneſchal's lance went to pieces, and himſelf to the ground. *Triſtan* alighting took him by the hand, and preſenting him to *Yſeult*; "Fair and deareſt ſiſter, ſays he, behold! this conquered Knight ſhall watch over you." Then taking his career once more to encounter *Dinadam*, he received his lance as he had done with *Treu*, dropped his own, and, taking up *Dinadam* from the ſaddle, with his right arm laid him on his horſe's neck, and vaulting quickly, ſet him down by *Yſeult*, telling him: "Well, Sir Knight, what think you of this manner of tilting? Now be true to your word, and keep my ſiſter ſafe; for I ſee your companions making this way."

THIS jouſt proved an agreeable paſtime to King *Arthur* and his beauteous conſort, and they laughed heartily at the manner in which *Dinadam* had been taken up; but more ſo when they ſaw him with *Treu*, holding the reins of the lady's horſe. Several of the Knights had advanced to the ſpot, among them was the renowned tilter *Bliomberis*. "How comes it, Sir Knight, ſays he to *Triſtan*, that you have not attempted to ſtrike with your lance." "Sir, replied *Triſtan*, I foreſaw that I ſhould have greater occaſion for it, againſt ſo powerful an aſſailant as you are; ſtand on your defence for I chal-

lenge

lenge you." *Bliomberis* promiſed himſelf to make him ſoon repent of his raſhneſs; and, for that purpoſe, made a thruſt at him with a force that muſt have unhorſed any man but *Triſtan*. The latter returned the compliment to better purpoſe, for he brought him to the ground without breaking his lance. "Go you, Sir, ſays he, to guard my ſiſter; for ſuch is the condition of this jouſt." *Arthur*'s three nephews and ten other Knights met with the ſame fate, and the good King ſeeing that he was nearly left alone, entreated *Lancelot* to vindicate the honour of the *Round-table*. "My Liege, whiſpered *Lancelot* to the King, none but my worthy friend *Triſtan* is capable of theſe exploits; but this I ſhall ſoon know, for he loves me too well to offer to fight me in earneſt; therefore pleaſe to obſerve us well:" then, coming up to *Triſtan*, "Sir Knight, ſays he, I ſhall ſoon know who you are, it is *Lancelot* who calls to you; "So much the better, returned the other, I cannot provide a better guardian for my ſiſter." They took their career, and ran at each other. As they came cloſe they feigned to have miſſed the thruſt: but by chance *Lancelot*'s horſe ſtumbled over the broken ſpears that ſtrewed the place, fell under his rider, who, according to the laws of tournament, was by this accident obliged to yield. *Triſtan*, tendering his hand to *Lancelot*, whiſpered to him, "DEAR LANCELOT, 'TIS FOR YSEULT THY TRISTAN BIDS THEE YIELD;*" and then leading him to *Yſeult*: "Gentle Knights, ſays he to the reſt, you now are free, commend me to your King. This laſt gentleman, and the ſecond I have conquered, will do to go a day's journey with my ſiſter and me."

* See the plate.

DINADAM,



Dighton del. Mears sc

'Tis for Yseult, thy Tristan bids the Yield.—

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DINADAM, who was the Knight whom *Triſtan* had choſen to follow him along with *Lancelot*, grumbled about the laſt tilting, ſaying that it had not been fair; "Peace, ſaid *Lancelot*; I own myſelf fairly conquered by the ſtranger, and if thou dareſt deny it; know that he has ſtrength enough to run away with thee under his arm." *Dinadam* had not a word to ſay, but he entertained ſome doubts about this affair; knowing full-well that *Lancelot* would have aſked for the ſword, and not have given up the point ſo eaſily, without ſome cogent and ſecret reaſons for it.

TRISTAN and his company took their way to *Joyeuſeguarde* caſtle, where *Yſeult* and *Triſtan* made themſelves known to the great joy of *Dinadam*, who falling at *Yſeult*'s feet: "Fair Lady, ſays he, well may I be permitted to kiſs the hand of that ſiſter whom I have ſo well guarded." *Lancelot* tarried two days with his friend, and then ſet out with *Dinadam*, leaving the happy couple in full poſſeſſion of the houſe.

PALAMEDES having been informed that his rival had left *Leonois*, and ſet off for *England*, followed *Triſtan* there; and, having changed his armour ſo as not to be known, met him at laſt within a few yards of *Lancelot*'s ſeat. The moſt furious combat enſued; it laſted ſeveral hours, and was ſo obſtinately ſupported on both ſides, that the two rivals armours were covered with the blood that guſhed out of their reſpective wounds. *Yſeult* being appriſed of the danger her *Triſtan* was in, ran out to part them. They no ſooner ſaw her, than the two combatants retreated from each other; ran to lay their ſwords at her feet, and inſtantly fainted away; their blood ſtill continuing to flow. *Yſeult*'s firſt care was for

Triſtan, who recovering his ſenſes, refuſed to be attended if *Palamedes* was not ſo: *Yſeult* had them both carried to the caſtle where they ſoon recovered. The Queen of *Cornwall*, who had obtained from *Palamedes* a promiſe not to appear before her except in *England*, eaſily wrought upon that faithful and obedient lover to receive *Triſtan* into the number of his friends, and effected a ſincere reconciliation between the two generous rivals. The *Saracen* Prince ſpent a few days at the caſtle, but the trial was too hard, and he could not bear to be a daily witneſs of their happineſs, nor think of diſturbing of it, after he had ſworn everlaſting friendſhip to *Triſtan*. "Happy man, ſaid he to him one day, you juſtly deſerve the brilliant deſtiny you enjoy: May I ſoon end my wretched life, and may you and the fair *Yſeult* honour my memory with the tears of friendſhip:" having thus ſaid he took leave, and went in queſt of the moſt perilous adventures. Yet though he courted death with wiſhful eagerneſs, he lived long and ever conſtant to his firſt amours.

ARTHUR and Queen *Genievre* longed to enjoy the company of *Triſtan* and *Yſeult*, and reſolved to pay them a viſit at *Lancelot*'s ſeat. One evening *Dinadam*, who had often been rallied by the Queen, and wiſhed to be revenged, came running in haſtily and panting for breath to tell her, that two ſtrange Knights had ſurpriſed *Triſtan* unarmed, and ſeized him; that he muſt have ſhared the ſame fate, had he not fled with all ſpeed to appriſe her of the danger ſhe muſt think herſelf in now that *Triſtan* was far from her. This intelligence greatly alarmed the Queen, whoſe dread was increaſed by the appearance of two ſtrangers completely armed. *Dina-*

dam

dam ran haſtily, as if in a fright, and hid himſelf behind the Queen's chair; but what was her joy when the two Knights had taken off their helmets, to ſee in one of them King *Arthur*, and her *Triſtan*'s friend *Lancelot* in the other: Queen *Genievre* followed ſoon after, and theſe noble gueſts ſpent a few days at the caſtle in the greateſt feſtivity. The author gives ſome hints of private ſuppers between *Triſtan* and *Yſeult*, *Genievre* and *Lancelot*; but we ſhall paſs over this little piece of ſcandal, to talk of the pious and truly commendable undertaking which King *Arthur* had planned a long time before.

We have already ſaid that the *holy greal* was ſuppoſed to be the cup made uſe of by the Lord at his laſt Supper. *Joſeph* of *Arimathea* had brought it into *Europe*, together with the lance which *Longinus* had thruſt into our Saviour's ſide on the croſs. Theſe relicks, for many generations, had remained in the keeping of *Joſeph*'s deſcendants. Whoever was entruſted with them was obliged to live in a ſtate of continence and celibacy, and the leaſt treſpaſs againſt chaſtity would have expoſed the guilty to the moſt imminent danger. A King ſurnamed *Pêcheur*, lineally deſcended from *Joſeph*, was then in poſſeſſion of the precious and ſacred treaſure: but, having had one day the imprudence to look rather wiſhfully at a handſome woman who was come to proſtrate herſelf before the holy relicks; the lance fell on his arm, and occaſioned a wound which kept bleeding for the ſpace of fifty years without intermiſſion. *Merlin* had foretold this accident; adding that the King's wound was never to be healed; and that the virtues inherent to thoſe ſacred remains would become beneficial to all

chriſtians without exception, when there ſhould come a true and loyal Knight more ſtrictly chaſte than King *Pêcheur*, and who could approach the ſanctuary, and lay hold of the hallowed relicks, without being ſtruck dead at the very inſtant that he would attempt to carry them off. The deſcendant of *Joſeph* and the neighbouring princes were afraid of loſing the *holy greal*, and though it was a difficult matter, as it has ſince been, to find a Knight who could unite in his perſon the gift of unſpotted continence, and the renown of a brave warrior: yet ſuch a one might ſtart at laſt; in dread, therefore, of this phenomenon making its appearance, thoſe princes conſtantly kept on foot a formidable army for the defence of the holy relicks and the royal keeper.

Our valiant hero was very little calculated to atchieve this grand undertaking, he muſt have paid with his life for ſo raſh an attempt; but the enrolling himſelf under King *Arthur*'s banner, and fighting againſt the allies of King *Pêcheur* was one way of atoning for his ſins: he therefore partly reſolved within himſelf to engage in this religious enterpriſe, which *Arthur* had determined upon on account of the following adventure happening to him in *Darnantes* foreſt. Having ſtrayed a great way from his guards, he ſtopped at the place where *Merlin* was entombed, and whoſe voice nevertheleſs continued to deliver oracles: the good enchanter ſpoke to the King in theſe words.—"King *Arthur*, thou haſt been from thy childhood andſh alt ever be dear to me; the time is now come to go in queſt of the *holy greal*; King *Arthur* hear me! The man who will perform the mighty deed is born: nay, he has received from thy royal hands the order of knighthood."

The

The *Britiſh* King treaſured up in his mind the words of *Merlin*; but could not recollect who this extraordinary mortal might be: nevertheleſs, giving an implicit faith to the infallibility of the prophecy, he from that hour began to prepare for the grand expedition. *Triſtan*, in compliance to the King's requeſt, and conſidering the vow he had made of leading henceforth a life of repentance, put his hands between thoſe of *Arthur*, and took the uſual oath; but alas! the moſt diſaſtrous misfortunes, the recital of which muſt wound every compaſſionate reader, put it out of his power ever to perform the ſolemn vow. It is natural to ſuppoſe that the firſt ſtep to be taken was to break every connection with *Yſeult*; an effort which coſt many bitter tears to him and his fair miſtreſs: But as it was a duty incumbent upon him in conſequence of the oath which he had taken, *Triſtan* acted with his uſual honour and magnanimity. King *Arthur* diſpatched inſtantly a meſſenger to the court of *Cornwall*, with a letter to *Dinas*, requeſting *Marcus* to recall his Queen. This circumſtance leads the author to give an account of what had paſſed at *Cintageul* ſince the revolution that had taken place in the kingdom.

DINAS, the Seneſchal, who had never ſwerved from the duties of a true Knight and faithful ſubject, had accepted the regency in hopes that *Marcus*, humbled by his late misfortunes, would repent himſelf, and at laſt become worthy of the crown which he had diſgraced by his paſt conduct; judging that the wiſhed-for time was come, *Dinas* called the Barons together and requeſted them to grant him a boon; this they could not refuſe to a man who had won their hearts by his wiſdom and

affability: he was desired to name it, and the regent asked that the King might be set at liberty and restored to his pristine dignity. *Marcus*, who still preserved for *Yseult* the tendereſt affection, was easily prevailed upon to comply with this part of *Arthur*'s requeſt; but refuſed to ſee his nephew, giving the *Britiſh* King to underſtand that the preſence of *Triſtan* would only ſerve to renew that hatred and animoſity, which he wiſhed to bury in oblivion, and expoſe him once more to relapſe into his former errors. This was a reaſon of which *Yseult* and *Triſtan* felt the whole force as well as *Arthur*; who ordered a ſhip to be prepared, appointing *Dinadam* to go with the Queen to *Cornwall*. The parting of thoſe two faithful lovers was affecting beyond the power of words to expreſs. *Triſtan*, ſeeing that nothing at the court of *Arthur* could bring either comfort or peace to his diſtracted mind, and that the neceſſary preparations for the queſt of the *holy greal* went on but ſlowly; reſolved to leave *Lramalot* and embark for *Lower Briranny*, where, as our readers may remember, he had left the other *Yseult* his lawful and beauteous conſort. He arrived at the court of *Houel* his father-in-law, who then was ill of a diſorder which in a few days brought him to his grave. *Triſtan* was welcomed by *Yseult* with all the tenderneſs of conujgal affection; he received her careſſes and returned them with gratitude: he had for her the greateſt eſteem and moſt ſincere friendſhip, but his love was all for the fair Queen of *Cornwall*; and the *maiden-wife* roſe from *Triſtan*'s ſide as chaſte and innocent as ever. "Alas, exclaims the author, it was the other *Yseult* who had ſhared with *Triſtan* the fatal draught."

SOME

SOME hours before his death, King *Houel* called all his family together, and entreated *Triſtan* by the love which he at one time bore to *Pheredin* his eldeſt ſon, to take under his protection the young prince *Runalen* who was to ſucceed him. This was an uſeful precaution, for the old King had hardly cloſed his eyes for ever, when ſome of his vaſſals, and, at their head, *Urnois* Earl of *Nantes*, potent in arms but equally famous for his perfidy, refuſed to acknowledge *Runalen* for their lawful lord and ſovereign. The young King and his valiant brother-in-law aſſembled an army, and having routed that of *Urnois*, laid ſiege to his capital; where the Earl defended himſelf vigorouſly, but was at laſt killed by *Runalen*, and *Nantes* taken by ſtorm. A ſtrong and well fortified tower was the only place that held out againſt the King's victorious arms. *Triſtan*, who thought nothing could reſiſt a cool and deliberate intrepidity, attempted to ſcale the wall; but *Leſtoc*, the braveſt Knight of *Lower Britanny*, who commanded the garriſon in the tower, ſtanding on the battlement, hurled down a maſſy ſtone, which, falling on *Triſtan*'s head, wounded him deſperately, and felled our hero to the ground. *Runalen* arrived at that inſtant on the ſpot, and calling to *Leſtoc*: "*Urnois* is no more, ſaid he, wilt thou acknowledge me for thy King." *Leſtoc*, coming inſtantly down, preſented his ſword by the hilt, and ſwore allegiance to *Runalen*. The latter knowing the value of the worthy Knight, gave him the command of his army and flew to the aſſiſtance of *Triſtan*.

THE wound which he had received was deep, and had occaſioned a great effuſion of blood; but *Yſeult*'s ſkill in ſurgery made *Runalen* hope that the life of his friend

friend might be ſaved. His fair conſort would let no one approach her dear *Triſtan*. The latter was all gratitude for the care ſhe took of him, and began to feel for *Yſeult* of *Britanny* thoſe tender emotions which he had never experienced before but in the company of the fair Queen of *Cornwall*. One day as ſhe was reflecting with inward ſatisfaction on the progreſs ſhe had made in the cure of *Triſtan*, ſhe leaned her head over his, and kiſſed the wound on his cheek; a balmy heat thrilled through his veins and reached his heart. This inſtant completed the triumph of *Yſeult* of *Britanny*, but was fatal to her Lord: the wound feſtered and threatened to baffle the ſkill of his deſponding conſort. In this alarming condition, *Triſtan* was reminded by an old ſervant that *Yſeult* of *Cornwall* had cured him in *Ireland* when his caſe was ſtill more deſperate. *Triſtan* called his lady to him and informed her of the firſt cure effected by *Yſeult* at a time when he was intirely given over; adding that with her Permiſſion he would ſend for her, not doubting but ſhe would come to his aſſiſtance: ſhe readily conſented, and *Triſtan* ſending for a celebrated navigator whoſe name was *Geſnes* gave him his ring.—"My friend, ſaid he, ſhew this ring to the Queen of *Cornwall*; tell her how I am ſituated, and that I humbly requeſt her aſſiſtance: if thou can'ſt prevail on her to come, let thy ſails be made of ſnowy canvas; if *Yſeult* ſhould refuſe, let them be black, for then *Triſtan* muſt die."

THE author tells us that *Yſeult* of *Cornwall* had, during the interval, liſtened to the advice of a pious perſonage, and was no more the ſlave to that over-ruling paſſion which had conſumed her breaſt. We are alſo informed that *Triſtan*, being at the point of death, had confeſſed his

his ſins, repented for his youthful errors, and was become a perfect convert; ſo that what they now felt for each other was a moſt tender friendſhip, whoſe ſweets are equal if not ſuperior to the deluſive pleaſures of love, and will often produce ſimilar effects. This was here the caſe, for *Marcus* being abſent when ſhe received *Triſtan*'s meſſage, ſhe inſtantly embarked with *Geſnes* for *Lower Britanny*.

MEANWHILE *Triſtan*'s wound grew worſe every day, and as he could not be carried to the ſea ſhore, as he had been for ſome days after the departure of his meſſenger, he deſired a young lady, god-daughter to *Yſeult* of *Britanny*, who had been brought up under his care, to go every morning on the mole, look towards the coaſt of *Cornwall*, take notice of the firſt ſhip bound from that place, and let him know the colour of her ſails. But alas! what an alteration a little knowledge made in the diſpoſition of *Yſeult* of *Britanny*; ſhe thought it was now her intereſt not to ſuffer her Lord to lie under any freſh obligation to the Queen of *Cornwall*, by whom ſhe had been ſo materially injured: ſhe therefore directed the young lady to tell *Triſtan* that ſhe had ſeen one with black ſails.

A FAVOURABLE gale brought at laſt in ſight the ſhip from *Cornwall*, and although the whiteneſs of her ſails dazzled the eyes of *Yſeult*'s god-daughter; yet, cruelly obedient to her commands, ſhe reported to *Triſtan* that they were black. The heavy tidings went to his very heart:—"Ah ſweet Lady of *Cornwall*, exclaimed he in all the agony of grief, to God I commend me; never more ſhall we meet: Heaven protect you—adieu," he ſaid, ſmote his breaſt, and died.

It was a received cuſtom at the death of a Knight to have it inſtantly proclaimed by a herald in all the principal ſtreets. The Queen of *Cornwall* was juſt landed when ſhe heard theſe grating ſounds: *The brave, the moſt illuſtrious Knight and flower of chivalry, the mighty Lord* TRISTAN *is no more!* Unable to ſupport herſelf, ſhe deſired to be carried to his apartments; but how ſorry the ſight! His lifeleſs corpſe laid out on planks was the firſt object that ſtruck her affrighted eye. She falls on the cold remains of her beloved Knight: ſhe claſps her hand to his breaſt, and wiſhes to feel the palpitation of that faithful heart that never beat but for *Yſeult* the fair; but ſhe wiſhes in vain! His noble ſpirit is for ever fled. *Yſeult*, at this fatal diſcovery, imprints a tender parting kiſs on his pale lips, and ſighs her ſoul away. "Oh ye whoſe bleſſed fate it is to love and be loved, with wreaths of flowers deck their tomb: As for ye who are ſtrangers to the bliſsful pain that lovers feel: ye who may be ſaid to have but half the exiſtence that is enjoyed at full by the feeling part of mankind, avaunt! Your cool and unconcerned look is too prophane to gaze on ſo moving a picture."

Two letters were found fixed to the hilt of *Triſtan's* ſword; one directed to the Biſhop, the other to King *Marcus:* in the former he gave a full confeſſion of his paſt errors, expreſſed in the moſt humble and penitent terms: it contained alſo a requeſt to the prelate, by which *Triſtan* deſired his body might be ſent to *Marcus* with the ſword and letter. The good biſhop reſolved to fulfill in perſon the laſt will of the deceaſed prince, and had the bodies conveyed on two magnificent ſtate-beds,

and

and put on board a ſhip wherein he embarked and ſailed for *Cornwall*.

MARCUS who, as we have obſerved before, was from court when *Yſeult* his Queen ſet out for *Lower Britanny*, was ſo enraged at his return to hear of what he thought another elopement, that he was ready to ſail for *Britanny* at the head of a numerous army, when news was brought of the ſhip's arrival from that kingdom, with the two dead bodies on board. At firſt the King of *Cornwall* gave orders for the boat to ſail back inſtantly, and leave the port of *Cintageul*; ſaying that he would never ſuffer the body of *Triſtan* to be buried in any part of his dominions. The prelate only begged he would permit a ſervant of his deceaſed nephew to preſent his Majeſty with the ſword and a letter directed for him by his late maſter. The *Corniſh* King felt ſome emotion at the ſight of that tremendous weapon which had freed his kingdom from the *Iriſh* yoke; but the letter completely diſarmed him: it was couched in terms ſo ſubmiſſive and contrite for his paſt offences, and diſcloſing the myſtery of the magick draught, that *Marcus* exclaimed with all the expreſſion of heart-felt grief;---"Alas the day! Oh cruel, cruel nephew, why didſt thou not diſcloſe to me the fatal ſecret?" He then ordered the bodies to be carried to his chapel, and there to be interred with all the funeral pomp and honour due to their remains. They were put into two rich coffins, and depoſited in the tombs which had been prepared for them.

GOUVERNAIL, who heard of this fatal cataſtrophe, came from *Leonois* to drop a tear of friendſhip and gratitude on the monument of his pupil and benefactor. It is reported that there grew a beautiful hawthorn ever-

green from *Triſtan's* tomb; it ran along the chapel wall, and entered deep into the place where *Yſeult* was buried. *Marcus* had it cut three times, but wonderful to tell, it was the next day as fine and blooming as before. *Gouvernail*, to perpetuate his regret for ſo irreparable a loſs, with trembling hand and aching heart, traced on their tombs an epitaph, the ſenſe of which is nearly as follows:

Within this tomb, two royal lovers laid,
Whoſe tender ſouls with pureſt fires did glow;
Receive the rites a faithful ſervant paid:
For them his tears ſhall never ceaſing flow!
'Gainſt their virtue the magick powers combin'd,
But Heav'n, in pity to their luckleſs flame,
By death's cold hand the powerful ſpell o'ercame,
Chang'd not their hearts; but their paſſion refin'd.

CARAMANTA.

A LOVE ROMANCE.

By Madame DE VILLEDIEU.

If any one of our readers has hitherto neglected to peruſe the introduction to the Romances and Novels publiſhed in this collection, as ſuperfluous or unconnected with the main ſtory; we invite him to deviate for once from that rule, in favour of the following narrative.

FAR be it from us to maintain that no writer, unleſs he has been weak or phrentic in love can write any thing to the purpoſe on a love ſubject; this would be a cenſur

a cenſure as ſevere as it is unmerited: a compaſſionate and feeling heart for the miſeries of thoſe who have fallen a victim to that paſſion is a ſufficient requiſite: juſt as a ſpectator, ſtanding ſafe on ſhore, but moved at the piteous proſpect before him, will be able to give a pathetic deſcription of a ſtorm or ſhipwreck; yet it muſt be confeſſed, at the ſame time, that the affrighted paſſenger on board would draw the picture with a far greater energy of pencil: this would ſtrike you with horror, that with ſympathiſing pity for the mariner's diſtreſs; but would equally warn you of the dangers attending a ſeafaring life.

MADAME DE VILLEDIEU, in her love adventures, did not ſtop to mere theory; ſhe has wrote near twelve large volumes of romances and novels, containing incidents and ſituations which vye with each other in point of novelty, and the intereſting ſtories to which they lead; and it may be ſaid that her heart dictated the ſtile, whilſt the hiſtory of her own life furniſhed the ſubject of moſt of her writings. Our readers will be convinced of it by the following account; which, notwithſtanding its being true in every reſpect, bears a great ſimilitude with thoſe fictions which diſtinguiſh a novel from a plain narrative of facts.

MARIE CATHERINE DES JARDINS, born at *Alançon* in the year 1640, was daughter to the Prevoſt of the *Maréchauſſée* * of that city. Her mother had lived ſeveral years at court with a lady of the firſt diſtinc-

* The commanding officer of a troop of horſe that patrols the roads.

tion;

tion; and no doubt imbibed in the capital the prevalent taſte for romances, the reading of which ſhe looked upon as an eſſential part of her daughter's education. The latter, as ſhe grew up, reliſhed the maxims they contained; and ſoon wiſhed for a hero to put in practice the leſſons which ſhe had learnt from her favourite authors. She found in a young kinſman all ſhe could deſire; we cannot exactly ſay how long they ſpun out the text of their romantic loves; but it ended like many others of the kind in the complete undoing of the heroine.

OBLIGED to fly from her parents, ſhe went to *Paris*; and, recollecting the name of the lady with whom her mother had lived as a companion, boldly ventured to fly to her for protection. She had recourſe to all the arts which youth, beauty, and eloquence can command. The good lady was moved, and after having given her a mild but ſerious lecture on her unwarrantable conduct, ſhe provided every neceſſary accommodation to hide from a cenſorious world the too viſible conſequence of *Catherine*'s faux pas. When this troubleſome buſineſs was over, ſhe was received in the houſe, and, by her patroneſs, introduced to her acquaintance as a young lady of wit and very promiſing genius. Mademoiſelle *Deſjardins* ſoon juſtified the good opinion which the world had conceived of her talents. She opened her literary carrier by publiſhing ſome poems, dramatic pieces and romances: her ſucceſs was rapid, her reputation as an author daily increaſed, and her perſonal charms began to be the theme of every lover's praiſe.

AMONGST

AMONGST a world of admirers, ſhe ſingled out an officer named *Villedieu*, whoſe natural and acquired accompliſhments recommended him to her particular notice. The young ſoldier addreſſed her with that manly confidence which is peculiar to that profeſſion; but he met with ſeveral obſtacles in his way: ſome raiſed by the prudent, and experience-taught *Desjardins*, others, and perhaps more difficult to evercome, by the vigilance of her kind and reſpectable patroneſs. Nothing but marriage could prevail on either, and though *Villedieu* had ſome very good reaſons not to proceed quite ſo far; he thought proper to keep them to himſelf, and received at the altar the hand of Mademoiſelle *Desjardins*. The regiment which *Villedieu* belonged to was garriſoned at *Cambray*, and his furlough being expired, he had orders to join his corps. His new bride, whom he carried there in triumph, became an object of admiration to all ranks of people, in a city where her name and literary reputation were equally known and reſpected. It is not recorded whether ſhe gave the preference to any of her ſuitors in particular; but certain it is, that ſhe diſobliged one of them. This was one of her huſband's fellow officers, a man whom nature never framed, nor education poliſhed for a lover. Jealous of *Villedieu*'s happineſs, and provoked by his lady's ſeverity, he reſolved to wound the former in the tendereſt part, and thus be revenged on a rival who had given him no other offence, than to have found his way to a heart on which he himſelf could make no impreſſion. He was maſter of a ſecret which was known perhaps to ſeveral of his fellow officers,

but the latter had kept it to themſelves, either through prudence, or by motives of humanity. A jealous man is deaf to both, and the revengeful lover publiſhed to the world what he knew of *Villedieu*'s prior engagement to a lady who was ſtill alive. The report ſoon ſpread and reached the huſband's ears. It was eaſier for him to be revenged on the malevolent author, than to juſtify himſelf. *Villedieu* fought, and was killed on the ſpot. His death ſhewed only that he dared fight even in a bad cauſe; but did by no means clear him from the charge of bigamy brought and proved againſt him. This fatal diſcovery threw the young widow into a very aukward and embarraſſed ſituation; being left unprovided, and, as it were, without a name, ſhe returned to *Paris*, and as the world had treated her ſo ill, reſolved to turn all her thoughts to ſpiritual things, and applied for that purpoſe to *Harley de Chavalon*, the then Archbiſhop of *Paris*. If we are to give credit to the ſcandalous chroniclers of that time, a *fair penitent* was ever entitled to a kind reception from this indulgent Prelate. He intereſted himſelf warmly in favour of Mademoiſelle *de Villedieu*, and placed her in a nunnery near *Conflans*. But it was the fate of that unfortunate lady to be the victim of falſe ſuſpicions, and ill-grounded jealouſies. One of the Nuns had a brother in the ſervice, who had been a witneſs to the ſucceſs our heroine had met with at *Cambray*, as well as to her love-intrigues in that city. He related the ſtory to his ſiſter, who took care to divulge it to the whole female ſanhedrim. The Abbeſs begged the Archbiſhop would rid her of a boarder who had wrote novels,

and

and amongſt them one intitled *the follies of Love*, and the other *the Picture of human Frailty*. The prelate might have aſked the over-nice Lady Abbeſs how ſhe came to be ſo well acquainted with the titles and merit of thoſe works, and whether it was better to read than write novels? But the Archbiſhop knew the Nuns too well. He foreſaw, that after ſuch diſcovery, there would be no peace for Mademoiſelle *de Villedieu* amongſt thoſe termagant ſaints: he therefore hinted the matter to her, and ſhe retired to the ſeat of one of *Villedieu*'s ſiſters, who kept an excellent houſe, where people of the firſt rank and abilities of both ſex thought it an honour to be admitted as viſitors. This lady, whoſe name was *St. Romain*, received her ſiſter-in-law with the greateſt cordiality; and Mademoiſelle *de Villedieu* ſpent a few years with her, admired and cheriſhed by all thoſe who frequented the houſe. A man of the firſt rank and quality, but in very indifferent circumſtances, made one among the viſitors at Mademoiſelle *St. Romain*'s. He paid his addreſſes to her ſiſter-in-law, and a marriage was agreed upon. Old age is ſubject to various infirmities, and want of memory is not the leaſt of them. The Marquis of *Chate*, (ſo was he called) who was rather ſtricken in years, forgot that he had another wife in the country; and Mademoiſelle *de Villedieu*, now Marchioneſs *de Chate*, was at the end of the year brought to-bed of a boy, to whom the Dauphin and Mademoiſelle *de Montpenſier* ſtood ſponſors by proxy. The child died a few days after; but its birth was fatal to our heroine. The chriſtening made a noiſe; the firſt and real Marchioneſs and her family took the alarm, and this ſecond marriage of our fair author was as

ill-fated as the firſt; for the very ſame reaſon, The Marquis, either owing to ſhame or remorſe, broke his heart, and Mademoiſelle *Desjardins* was thus twice a widow, without being once what may be termed a lawful wife. Unable to bear the taunts and ſneers of a malicious world, ſhe left *Paris* and retired to her native place.

THE firſt man who had convinced her of her frailty, her once beloved kinſman, lived on a ſmall eſtate which he had near *Alençon*. They ſaw each other, and a recollection of former joys made them think they ſhould meet with new ones in an honourable union. As he bore the ſame name, Mademoiſelle *Desjardins*, by marrying him, loſt only a denomination to which the law gave her no title. They had not ſpent many weeks together, before they were convinced that the hymeneal torch badly ſupplies the parching flame of love. *Desjardins* ſoon perceived that his wife had loſt great part of thoſe charms, which, in the prime of life, had captivated his youthful heart; whilſt ſhe in her turn became ſenſible of the great difference there is between being young, and the mere remembrance of having been ſo. Her mind had laboured under ſo many anxieties, ſo ſevere had been the trial and difficulties which ſhe had undergone, that ſhe had loſt that brilliancy of ſtyle, and that luxuriant fancy which are ſo remarkably conſpicuous in her firſt productions. In order to rekindle that vivid flame of genius, which it is not in the power of art to keep up, when nature ceaſes to adminiſter the proper fuel; ſhe had recourſe to means which do not always prove ſucceſsful to men, and ſeldom ſo to thoſe of the fair ſex, who dare

dare to employ them. She became a votary to *Bacchus*, and called in the aid of *Champaign* and *Burgundy*. Her huſband joined her in the copious libations which ſhe offered to the god of wine. But the time comes when even pleaſure loſes its reliſh; the juice of the grape was thought too weak and unſavory; nothing now could ſerve her turn but thoſe baneful drugs, which, under the ſpecious name of cordials, have proved ſo fatal to thoſe who make an immoderate uſe of them. Her conſtitution was impaired, and ſhe ſoon after died in the forty-third year of her age.

PRINCE *Evander*, under the name of *Cleophilus*, and the humble diſguiſe of a ſhepherd; from motives which will appear in the ſequel of this ſtory, had retired to *Legæum*, a ſmall town in *Arcadia*, where it was his good fortune to meet with the poet *Theocritus*, and *Simas*, a faithful ſervant of the rightful heirs to the throne of *Arcadia*. To them he made no ſecret of his illuſtrious birth, and acquainted them, that his being informed that *Caramanta*, the Queen of that country, was to be preſent at the games to be celebrated in honour of the god *Pan*, was the occaſion which induced him to ſettle at *Legæum*. The good and virtuous *Simas* readily promiſed to order matters ſo, that the Prince might not be involved in the dangers to which this imprudent ſtep ſeemed likely to expoſe him. "But, my Lord, ſaid he, if the confidence you are pleaſed to repoſe in me, may excuſe my freedom, give me leave to aſk you by what prodigy it happens, that the Prince, who for above four years has been thought dead by every

every one in *Arcadia*, ſhould now be ſeen at the very gates of the capital of that kingdom, where reigns the ſon of a tyrant and uſurper?" "It is but juſt, my dear *Simas*, replied *Cleophilus*, that you ſhould know the particulars of a life which I commit to your friendly care.

"You may well remember, that *Orchomenes*, my grandfather, who twenty years ago ſwayed the ſceptre of *Arcadia*, having loſt his former Queen, daughter to the King of *Argos*, by whom he had an only ſon, *Evander*, my father, took to his ſecond wife *Arcaſta*, relict of the reigning Prince of *Stimphale*, and mother to *Palans*, whoſe ſon is now the tyrant of theſe realms. You know alſo, that the ambitious *Arcaſta*, abuſing of her aſcendency over *Orchomedes*, had traduced my father, and rendered him ſo hateful to the weak King, that he not only baniſhed him from his preſence, and obliged him to ſeek at the court of *Argos* for an aſylum againſt the perſecutions of his cruel ſtep-mother, but on his death-bed diſinherited him, and adopted in his ſtead *Palans*, ſon of *Arcaſta*, and the late Prince of *Stimphale*.

"Soon-after my father's retreat to *Argos*, he loſt his conſort; and the unfortunate Prince having been killed by a poiſoned arrow, and thus failed in the attempt of recovering his crown, I was left an orphan before I was eight years of age, and without any other ſupport than that which I owed to the generoſity of the King of *Argos*; who, being himſelf engaged in an expenſive war againſt the King of *Elis*, could not aſſiſt me in ſupporting my claim to the kingdom of *Arcadia*. He had me brought up at his court with *Teſſander* his ſon, and the Princeſs *Caramanta* his daughter. But, how wide the difference between the brother and ſiſter! *Caramanta* was

was not only a perfect beauty, but her mental accomplishments, even at that age, exceeded all belief: She was not above twelve years of age when she first uttered those wise sayings which made all the *Greeks* imagine that she was endowed with the gift of prophecy. *Tessander* was the very reverse; envious and intractable by nature, he took so great an aversion to me, that all my endeavours to please were lost upon him.

"I shall not enter into a detail of the rise and progress of my love for *Caramanta*, it was already deeply rooted in my heart; when I mistook it for that tender and brotherly affection which I owed to the children of my benefactor. I did not remain long in my error; and a war which broke out between the King of *Argos* and the usurper *Palans*, convinced me of the nature of the sentiments which I entertained for her. The necessity of parting from *Caramanta* was so painful to me, that even the hopes of returning more worthy of her, could not allay the grief which I felt at leaving the Princess. We fought, and victory declared in our favour; I had the good fortune to save *Tessander*'s life: but this circumstance, far from inspiring him with gratitude, only served to increase his spite and hatred against me. At the end of the campaign I met *Caramanta* with such transports, as convinced me that I loved her more than a mere sister. Methought her eyes gleamed with new lustre, her air seemed more lively than before; in short, I thought I should have died through excess of love and joy.

"In order to celebrate his victory, the King of *Argos* ordered a magnificent tournament, and the prize to be given to the conqueror by the Princess *Caramanta*. On the appointed day, the King, his beautiful daughter, and

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all the ladies placed themſelves on ſcaffolds erected for their better accommodation. *Teſſander*, having entered the liſt with his followers, at one gate; I came in at the other, leading my champions dreſſed in a manner nearly ſimilar to thoſe of the Prince; and placed myſelf by him; not willing to tilt with *Teſſander*, leſt I ſhould incur his diſpleaſure. My armour was ſilver, but plain; my ſhield, of the ſame metal, repreſented the blind goddeſs, holding a plate of ſteel and a graver, which ſhe offered to the god of love, with this motto, *Whatever you pleaſe:* To give the Princeſs to underſtand, that however ill I had been treated by fortune, it was in the power of love to better my deſtiny, whenever it pleaſed the mighty deity. That *Caramanta* might more fully comprehend my meaning, I whiſpered to her as I paſſed along: "You ſee, Madam, that fortune alone is not to blame; it is in the power of love to counteract her malice.

"*Teſſander* was the firſt to take his career. He fought with advantage againſt two *Argian* Knights, and a third had juſt yielded to him, when a ſtranger made his appearance. He was mounted on a black ſteed: his armour of poliſhed ſteel, was ſet with precious ſtones: and he had for device on his ſhield a Cupid in the attitude of hammering fetters on an anvil, with this motto:

Of theſe I ſhall a ſceptre make.

And having obtained leave to enter the liſts, he made up towards the place where *Teſſander* waited to receive him, and they began a jouſt which ended diſgracefully for the Prince; his aſſailant having received the thruſt of *Teſſander*'s lance on his ſhield, without ſo much as being moved, ſtruck at him with ſuch force that he

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was unhorſed, and ſo ſtunned by the fall, that his Eſquires were obliged to bear him away from the liſts. The intrepid ſtranger made an eaſy conqueſt of thoſe whom he fought after this exploit. He was about to be proclaimed conqueror, when, ruſhing with impetuoſity from the poſt I occupied, I cried out to him, "It is with me, brave ſtranger thou muſt contend for a prize to be given by *Caramanta*." Four lances we broke without either of us gaining any advantage; at laſt, laying hold of the fourth, puſhed at him with ſuch force, that by the ſhock he fell to that ground where he had ſent ſo many *Argian* Knights. A general ſhout proclaimed my victory; but, whilſt I was preparing to go towards the ladies ſcaffold, another ſtranger approached the liſts, and requeſted leave to be admitted, and try his ſkill againſt the conqueror. The guards refuſed it, as contrary to the laws of tournament to admit any Knight, dreſſed in plain armour, and no better equipped than the ſtranger was; I gave orders, nevertheleſs, for him to be let in. He ran againſt me with great impetuoſity and ſeeming anger; it appeared evident that he was not actuated by the love of glory; as our jouſt reſembled a bloody duel between two furious rivals. This unaccountable rage made me not ſpare him, and gave me great advantage over an enemy who fought with more petulance than courage. I made ſo deſperate a thruſt at him, that I beat to the ground the enraged tilter, who fell above ten yards from me. He ſet up an hideous groan, and the lace of his helmet being broke, every ſpectator beheld with aſtoniſhment the well-known features of the Prince of *Argos*. I was ſeized with horror at the ſight, and ran to help him

up. "Am I then ſo unfortunate, ſaid I to him, as to diſpute any thing againſt ſo revered a friend; believe me, my Lord, the crime is fortune's not mine; it never ſhall be ſaid that *Evander* contended willingly for a prize which you pretended to. No, my Lord; I give up all claim which may give offence to the ſon of my benefactor." *Teſſander* could not contain the tranſports of his rage, and darting at me a moſt furious look, "Avaunt, ſaid he, preſerve thy trophies as thou canſt; thy laurels ſhall ſoon fade, and I hope that a ſword ſhall better anſwer my purpoſe than that brittle lance has done." The King overheard theſe laſt words with indignation, and having ordered the Prince to withdraw, ſaid to me, "Come, noble *Evander*, thou haſt gained more than one victory this day; be it my care to reward thy deſerts:" then laying hold of my hand, he conducted me to the Princeſs; who, with joy ſparkling in her eyes, gave me her picture, ſet round with moſt coſtly brilliants. Great ſearch was made after the ſtranger whom I had firſt overcome, but he was gone from *Argos*; and I, alas! ſoon reaped the bitter fruits of my fatal triumph.

"Teſſander, as ſoon as he could appear in public, informed his father of all that he knew concerning my love for the princeſs: ſwearing, that were he to loſe his life in the attempt, he would oppoſe ſo audacious a deſign. The King did not chuſe to upbraid his ſon for his want of reſpect, and only inſiſted upon his laying down all rancour and animoſity; adding, that he would never grant me any thing that might do him the leaſt prejudice: then going to his daughter's apartments, he acquainted her with the converſation which had juſt

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paſſed between him and *Teſſander*, and begged her in the mildeſt terms, to remember that perſons of her rank ſhould well guard their hearts againſt any ſurprize; being by their birth deſtined to be ſacrificed to the firſt man whom the political welfare of the ſtate ſhould point out for their huſband.

"CARAMANTA, with an aching heart, gave me an account of the whole tranſaction.—"My father loves you, ſaid ſhe, for he did not ſo much as hint that he blamed me for my attachment to *Evander*." "Notwithſtanding, Madam, may he not offer you up a victim on the altar of what he calls the titular God of the ſtate?" "And what if he did?—Hear me, *Evander*;—I feel for you as much love as I am capable of: the noble ſentiments you have ever diſplayed from your earlieſt youth, intitle you to this extraordinary inſtance of female ſincerity: but mark me!—I have duties to fulfil from which I ſhall never ſwerve; I ſhall always remain a paſſive ſlave to my father's will; and were he to bid his daughter to marry *Evander*'s bittereſt foe, *Caramanta* would obey." "How! not even *Palans* excepted?"—"No; none:" Judge, my dear *Simas*, what muſt have been the tortures of thy friend; I was hurt, and yet could not help admiring her for that generous reſignation to her father's pleaſure.

"THE return of the ſpring ſummoned all the youth of *Argos* to the field. The King, at his arrival in the camp, fell dangerouſly ill; but the attention and filial care of his beloved daughter reſtored him in a few days to his health and our wiſhes. A bloody battle was fought near the river *Inacus*, and had not Providence ſent me to his reſcue, *Caramanta*'s father muſt have loſt

either his life or freedom. "How much am I indebted to you, exclaimed he; but be aſſured that in ſaving me you have preſerved not a friend only but a father; I muſt and will be yours; and if you really love *Caramanta*, her hand will be the reward of the eminent ſervice you have done me." Could I have found words to expreſs my gratitude, it would have been out of my power to utter them, being almoſt fainting for loſs of blood, occaſioned by two deep wounds which I had received in the engagement. The King of *Argos* had me carried to his own tent; nor would he leave me till the ſurgeons had given him the moſt poſitive aſſurances that my life was not in danger. A truce of fifteen days being agreed upon, I was, by the King's command, removed to a ſmall town where *Caramanta*, had retired under a ſtrong guard. My generous benefactor obſerving how much I was moved at the ſight of the Princeſs, claſped us both to his boſom, and, in the melting accents of tenderneſs and benevolence, ſaid to us: "My deareſt children! it is for me a bliſs ſupreme to be witneſs of your mutual tranſports; make no ſecret of your love, and be aſſured, *Evander*, that on the day you can lead her to the altar my *Caramanta* is yours.

"TESSANDER, forgetful of what he owed to the King both as his father and ſovereign, inveighed in the bittereſt terms againſt, what he called, a mean and diſgraceful condeſcenſion; blamed his father's gratitude towards me, as the act of an imprudent dotard; and, in ſhort, carried his inſolence ſo far, that the good old King could not bear it any longer; but loſing all patience:—"Go to, ſaid he to him one day, cruel and degenerate ſon! Go; nor let me ſee thee more: learn

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to thy utter confuſion, that I not only give thy ſiſter's hand to *Evander*, whoſe alliance is an honour to us; but I alſo appoint him in thy ſtead, to ſway after me a ſceptre which thou art too unworthy to hold." The Prince's anſwer deſerved immediate death; but mercy more than juſtice ever influenced the decrees of my royal patron. *Teſſander* left the camp inſtantly, threatening to carry his revenge to the moſt criminal exceſs.

"The ſhock was too much for the good old King; it threw him into a decline, which greatly alarmed us. His phyſicians preſcribed his return to *Argos*, where I was not permitted to follow till a month after his departure. I counted each moment, and every minute of that time was to me a tedious hour; at laſt I had leave to repair to court. The fair city of *Argos*, the only one I valued ſince it contained all that I held dear and lovely, already ſtood before me, and my impatient eye gladdened at the proſpect; my faithful ſteed, as if ſharing in my eagerneſs, had brought me within a few yards of the gate, where they were buſy in doubling the guards: I anxiouſly enquired into the motives of this extraordinary caution. Alas! my friend, that more than father to me, the only man on earth who could make me reliſh this troubleſome life, the good King of *Argos*, was no more. I flew to the palace; the firſt perſon I met was my *Caramanta* in tears, whom her women had in a manner dragged out of her father's apartment. "Ah Prince, cried ſhe, as ſhe paſſed by me, we are undone!" She then told me that her father died in ſuch violent convulſions as gave but too much cauſe to ſuſpect that ſome deſtructive means had

been employed to haſten the end of a Prince, who had lived too long for ſome deſigning villains, and too little for the honeſt and worthy part of his ſubjects. The Princeſs added, that a few minutes before he expired, he had made his principal miniſters and courtiers engage themſelves by oath to forward our union, even at the riſk of their lives. I was further informed, that the King had hardly breathed his laſt, when *Teſſander* gave ſtrict orders to guard all the avenues that led to the palace. I thought it my duty to wait on, and condole with him on ſo heavy a loſs. He received me in a manner that ſhewed me what I was to expect from that barbarous Prince. "My father is dead, ſaid he to me, I now am King, and will be obeyed. My firſt command is, that you for ever give up all thoughts of an alliance with me."——"King of *Argos*, anſwered I, the lawful heir to the throne of *Arcadia* is above ſubmitting to the caprice of any man. Fortune, it is true, hath placed us at ſuch a diſtance; but our birth is at leaſt equal, and my ſword would this inſtant puniſh your proud and contemptuous treatment, were you not *Caramanta's* brother." The new King was ſo incenſed at my bold, but deſerved reply, that he ordered his guards to ſeize upon me inſtantly. He was but too well obeyed. They put me on a carr, and, driving to the confines of the kingdom of *Argos*, they enjoined me, as I tendered my life, never to appear again in *Teſſander's* dominions.

"DESPAIR was now my only guide. I retired into *Latium*, whoſe inhabitants had ever ſhewn the moſt favourable partiality for my unfortunate and deceaſed father. As they were then at war with the *Aborigines*, they welcomed me as a Prince who could be of ſome

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ſervice to them. I was ſo ſucceſsful, that in leſs than three months I was, by their unanimous choice, inveſted with the command of their army. One day I was told that a ſtranger, who ſaid he was bearer of a moſt important meſſage, deſired to ſee me. He was brought to my tent, and I inſtantly knew him again for one of *Caramanta*'s confidential ſervants. He gave me a letter, which was to the following purport:

CARAMANTA to EVANDER.

"If fame ſerve you as faithfully as it has done me ſince your departure, you muſt have heard of my preſent ſituation, as I have of your exploits. Yet I doubt much whether the advantages which you daily gain in *Latium* will ſufficiently compenſate for the loſs which you are about to ſuſtain here. There is but one *Caramanta*, and it is not in the power of the inhabitants of *Latium* to reſtore her to your arms, when ſhe once is wedded to *Palans*."

"How is this, cried I, will the traitor *Palans* rob me of my love?"—"Prince, replied the meſſenger, it is but too true. The two Kings have made a peace, and the marriage of my miſtreſs with *Palans* is the firſt condition of the treaty." He alſo informed me of *Teſſander*'s voyage to *Arcadia* before his father's death. It was apprehended that he had then engaged to beſtow on the vile uſurper the hand of *Caramanta*, and great rumour prevailed of the barbarous ſon having haſtened, by poiſon, the death of the late King his father.

"A THOUSAND ſchemes, each more impracticable than the other, offered themſelves to me, but a moment's conſideration convinced me that not one of them

them could be carried into execution. As it was impoſſible that I ſhould attempt, with any probability of ſucceſs, to force *Teſſander* to recall his word, I reſolved to go and lay down my life at *Caramanta*'s feet, before the deteſted union could take place. I ſecretly retreated from the camp, taking with me a faithful friend of the name of *Turnus*, and a few ſlaves, with whom I embarked at *Picenum*, on board a merchant ſhip bound to the iſland of *Zaſintum*. The governor of this place owed his fortune to me, and he engaged, in caſe I could carry off the Princeſs, to let me have a free paſſage in our way to *Latium*.

"THIS promiſe revived my hopes and ſpirit, and, without conſidering the dangers which I was about to court, by daring to appear in *Argos*, where a few days before I had been outlawed and declared an enemy to the ſtate, I ſet out for that city. That very ſame night, having ſtole into the palace without being perceived, I was introduced to the Princeſs; giving her woman to underſtand, that I was the meſſenger whom ſhe had diſpatched to *Latium*. But how great was her ſurprize, when, inſtead of the ſervant, whoſe return ſhe expected, ſhe ſaw me on my knees by her bedſide." —"*Evander* here! ſaid ſhe, why will you thus expoſe your life, and add to my affliction, by bringing the unfortunate Prince of *Arcadia* before the wretched wife of *Palans*?"——"You a traitor's wife!—if ever you loved *Evander*, ſure you will not give your hand to his worſt enemy. Never, no, never ſhall *Caramanta* be the conſort of a tyrant."—"You talk of preventing this union, *Evander*, as if you had thouſands under your command at the gates of *Argos*. Is *Palans* in your power,

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or beſieged by your armies? Have you ſecured the avenues that lead to this capital? In fine, are you in force ſufficient to give laws to *Teſſander* in his own palace, and compel him to give you my hand. Alas! my deareſt *Evander*, we have no hopes left, and for ever we muſt part. That chaſte and tender paſſion which was to have been the ſource of our mutual felicity, will be the torment of our lives. If there is any comfort left for the forlorn *Caramanta*, it is the thought that you will live to cheriſh and preſerve the memory of a Princeſs, who loved you too well." I offered to carry her off. She ſtarted; but after heſitating a few minutes, be it ſo, ſaid ſhe, loſe no time to have me in your power, before I am entirely in that of *Palans*: for if I am once his, remember, Prince, that the huſband of *Caramanta*, be he who he may, muſt be ſacred for *Evander*, and his life reſpected as you tender my eſteem and love." Having thus ſaid, ſhe bade me retire. I inſtantly mounted my horſe, and haſted with all ſpeed to the place where I had left *Turnus*. He aſſiſted me in making every neceſſary preparation, and my plan would have ſucceeded, had I not been ſtayed by a fit of illneſs, when every thing was prepared for its execution. Alas! whilſt a lingering fever waſted my ſtrength, the Ambaſſadors of *Palans* arrived at *Argos*, and *Caramanta* was married by proxy. She paſſed under my very window, and the ſhouting of the inhabitants warned me that I was completely undone, and I have outlived that fatal day! The angry gods did not in pity to my woes take from me a life which muſt henceforth be an inſupportable burthen, ſince *Caramanta* is the wife of a man who has wreſted from my hands a ſceptre, which I cannot

attempt to recover, without depriving the Princeſs of *Argos* of her crown and kingdom.

"I gave ſtrict charge to *Turnus* to return into *Latium* and give out that I was dead, and to ſpread the ſame report all over the countries of *Argos* and *Arcadia*. I have been punctually obeyed; and after having wandered for ſome time, I at laſt heard at *Syracuſa*, that *Theocritus* had retired to *Legæum*, where friendſhip for him, and an irreſiſtible deſire of ſeeing *Caramanta* once more, were it but to die at her feet, has brought the deſponding *Evander*."

THE Prince having ended his narration, *Simas* led him to the ſpot where the ſhepherd's had aſſembled. *Caramanta* ſoon appeared, mounted on a white ſteed, and after her *Nicoſtrates*, and his betrothed, the Princeſs *Arcaſia*, ſiſter to *Palans*, and grand-daughter to the Queen of that name, who had wreſted the kingdom of *Arcadia* from the lawful heir to ſecure it to her own ſon. The queen ſtopped at a ruſtick palace ſituate in the middle of the foreſt, called all the ſhepherds together, and with the mildeſt condeſcenſion, inquired into the ſtate of their affairs and families. Having obſerved *Theocritus* among them, ſhe beckoned to him, and, leaning on his arm, went into the palace garden. After a few minutes of common-place converſation, *Caramanta* gently rebuked the poet for the unjuſt preference he gave to a country life, over the pleaſures of a court, where his talents and reputation could not but ſecure him a moſt flattering reception. "Madam, replied *Theocritus*, I have found in this little ſpot ſo much variety and entertainment, that I need not ſeek elſewhere for amuſement. Our ſhepherdeſſes are ſenſible and polite, the ſhepherds

kind

kind and hoſpitable, and there is now one among them the moſt accompliſhed man I ever met with." "And pray who is he called?"—"He goes, Madam, by the name of *Cleophilus*, a *Grecian* by birth, whom ſome ſecret diſpleaſure has brought to this retreat: I cannot ſay too much in his praiſe; and as to his perſon, judge if it is exceptionable, when I tell your Majeſty that he bears the greateſt reſemblance to Prince *Evander*, and were not the latter dead, I ſhould conclude him to be the real Prince of *Arcadia*, under the aſſumed garb of a ſhepherd." "Oh! *Theocritus*, what a painful recollection! Alas! it is long ſince death has freed the unfortunate *Evander* from the pains which you tell me *Cleophilus* endures. But were he alive, the reſpect he ever entertained for me, would not permit him to take a ſtep ſo detrimental to *Caramanta*'s reputation, as that of ſettling in *Arcadia*."——"Love, Madam, would plead his cauſe; and, were the death of Prince *Evander* . . . . . "No more of him, I beſeech you, *Theocritus*; and, if you would oblige me, let me never hear you mention the name of that ill-fated Prince."

Theocritus was about to reply, when a meſſenger came to acquaint *Caramanta*, that the ſhepherds waited only for her Majeſty's preſence to begin the games in honour of *Pan* and the nymph *Sirinx*. The Queen followed her guide to a flowery mead, ſituate on the banks of the river *Alpheus*; in the center of the meadow ſtood the ſtatues of the god and nymph, caſt in braſs, and ſupported on a pedeſtal of white marble. They had erected, on the oppoſite ſide, an amphitheatre, where the Queen and her retinue took their places. *Caramanta* was delighted with the manner in which the inhabitants of

Legæum vied with each other to contribute to the entertainment of their beloved ſovereign. The ſhepherd, whoſe part it was to repreſent the god *Pan*, attracted every eye. *Theocritus*, ſtanding behind the Queen, whiſpered to her that this was *Cleophilus*. From that inſtant, and as long as the games laſted, *Caramanta* did not loſe ſight of him. When the games were over, ſhe ordered him to be called, and aſked him what adventure had brought him to *Legæum*. "The fortunes of a ſimple ſhepherd, ſaid *Cleophilus*, in a trembling accent, are little worthy of the attention of ſo great a Queen. The loſs of a favourite lamb or an ewe, devoured by a wolf, are the greateſt accidents that can befall a man in my humble ſtation; and what might be thought by me an inſupportable misfortune, would appear to you in a very different light."

THE ſound of his voice threw the Queen into ſo great a perplexity that ſhe could not utter a word in reply; but the Princeſs *Arcaſta* addreſſed the ſuppoſed *Cleophilus* in theſe words:—"Pray, good ſhepherd, what may be that grief which, though ſo painful to you, would, you ſay, appear to us ſo ſlight?" "I had a favourite lamb, replied *Cleophilus*, looking ſteadfaſtly on *Caramanta*: ſhe was all my delight; but a ſhepherd has taken it from me. I have been a prey to melancholy ever ſince that time, and it is with a view to divert it, that I wander from place to place."—"How! exclaimed *Nicoſtrates*, can ſo trifling a loſs affect a man to ſuch a degree?"—"Sorrow, rejoined *Cleophilus*, is proportioned not to the thing itſelf, but to the value we are pleaſed to ſet upon it. If that lamb alone was dear to me, am I not as much to be pitied as a lover, who by

by his rival has been robbed of his miſtreſs? And has not the huſbandman, deprived of an acre of land, that ſerved for his ſubſiſtence, as much reaſon to complain as the monarch who ſhould loſe a kingdom." *Arcaſta* and *Nicoſtrate* looked at each other, and could not conceive how a ſhepherd dared to compare the loſs of a throne to that of a mere trifle. They were both haughty and ſupercilious, and their ambition made them wiſh for a crown, ſetting the poſſeſſion of it above all other earthly bleſſings: nor were they, as the ſequel of this ſtory will ſhew, very ſcrupulous on the means of reaching that ſummit of worldly honours.

THIS converſation might have been ſupported for ſome time longer, had not the Queen, whoſe mind was tortured by the moſt diſtracting reflections, retired to her apartment, where, being left alone—"Is this *Evander?* ſaid ſhe to herſelf; ſurely it is. The propitious gods have reſtored him to life, that I might ſee him once more . . . . . What thought is this I dare to indulge? How! *Evander* in diſguiſe in the ſame place where *Caramanta* is! *Evander* in the Dominions of *Palans?* Impoſſible! No, no; this was only a ſhadow come to make me feel more ſenſibly the wretchedneſs of my preſent ſituation, and the conſequences of a barbarous brother having tyrannized over my affections." In theſe melancholy thoughts did *Caramanta* ſpend the ſleepleſs night; and, riſing at day-break, went into the foreſt of *Diana*, with one of her ladies in waiting. To the ſame ſpot *Cleophilus* had by chance directed his wandering ſteps, and met *Caramanta* at the turning of a walk.—"*Evander*, ſaid ſhe in an angry tone, is this the care you have for *Caramanta*'s reputation? If you love me begone."

The Prince was ſo affected to think that he had given offence to her whom he valued above himſelf, that he remained motionleſs, and, leaning againſt a tree that prevented his fall, could not for ſome time recover the power of utterance: at laſt, however, they began a converſation, in which the Queen diſplayed the moſt virtuous ſentiments, and *Evander* all the love that fired his breaſt. *Caramanta*, leſt they ſhould be ſurprized, put an end to it in theſe words: "My honour, Prince, muſt be dearer to you than your own. Leave this country where we are both expoſed to the moſt imminent danger: do not remain an inſtant after this interview, if you would have me believe that you have for my commands the reſpect which you promiſed ever to preſerve. Adieu: and let this be our laſt farewell." So ſaying, ſhe roſe, and ſeeing that the Prince was on his knees before her, ſhe gently preſſed his head between her hands, and leaning towards him, kiſſed his cheek, and inſtantly diſappeared; as if the ſhame of having granted ſuch a favour to any man but her huſband, had rendered the ſight of *Evander* odious and inſupportable.

WHILST the Prince was loſt in raptures, which lovers only can feel or account for, a ſtranger, paſſing by, aſked him if he had ſeen the Queen: his anſwer was in the negative, but delivered with ſo much inattention and indifference, that the ſtranger, not uſed to be treated ſo cavalierly, ſaid to him,—"Who art thou, diſcourteous ſhepherd, that dareſt to anſwer me ſo bluntly? Art thou ſo little acquainted with this country, as not to know me for the reigning King of *Arcadia?*" Never did a harſher ſound grate the ear of *Evander*. Rage and indignation were ſo viſible in his countenance, that

Palans muſt have perceived the alteration, had he not left *Evander* abruptly to go in ſearch of the Queen. Petrified, as it were, with horror, *Cleophilus* ſtood ſome time motionleſs, at laſt he broke into the following ſoliloquy:--and is this my happy rival! This *Caramanta*'s huſband, and the uſurper of my crown! He ſhall die . . . . . Die!—Have I then forgot the commands of *Caramanta?* and do they not forbid all attempts that courage or hatred could ſuggeſt to me againſt the tyrant's life?" Thus a prey to deſpair, the Prince reſolved to quit inſtantly the foreſt, and in a few hours to fly from *Arcadia.* As he was following a path which led him the ſhorteſt way to the high road, he ſaw a ſtream of blood iſſuing from a buſh, and making towards the ſpot, diſcovered a dead body mangled in a ſhocking manner, and not yet cold. But, readers, conceive if ye can his amazement, when, on a nearer inſpection, he knew it to be the body of the ſtranger who called himſelf *Palans!* He ſtarted back at the ſight; and had not yet recovered from his ſurprize when the King's guards arrived on the ſpot. They ſet up the moſt piteous groans at ſeeing their maſter lifeleſs, and ſo inhumanly butchered. Then obſerving *Cleophilus*, his wild looks, and ſome marks of blood on his cloaths, they concluded he muſt be the murderer; ſeized upon him, and dragged him in chains to the Palace. The Queen was with *Theocritus* when the guards entered with their priſoner, whom they charged as the principal, or at leaſt accomplice in the murder of *Palans.* The Queen was ſo wrapt up in the attention ſhe gave to the ſad account, that ſhe did not take at firſt any particular notice of the culprit who ſtood before her. But a ſtranger, whom curioſity had

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brought into the preſence chamber, no ſooner caſt his eyes on the pretended aſſaſſin, than he exclaimed aloud, "HEAVENS! 'TIS EVANDER!"*

THE dreadful ſound was death to *Caramanta*'s every ſenſe—She fainted away; and, whilſt her attendants were adminiſtering to her the neceſſary aſſiſtance, *Teſſander*, her brother, and King of *Argos*, gave orders to ſecure the priſoner, and bring to the palace the remains of *Palans*. *Theocritus* and *Simas* retired to conſult together on the means of ſaving their friend from death and infamy; for although the appearances were ſo ſtrong againſt him, as to amount almoſt to a proof, yet they knew *Evander* too well not to believe him incapable of ſo atrocious a deed. The world did not think ſo favourably of the Prince. His rooted antipathy againſt *Palans*—his avowed love for *Caramanta*—his connexions and intimacy with *Simas*, the open and greateſt enemy to the tyrant; all to his very diſguiſe depoſed againſt him. *Theocritus*, nevertheleſs, returned to *Lægeum* in order to perſuade the ſhepherds of *Evander*'s innocence; whilſt *Simas* haſted to *Megara* to ſolicit the inhabitants to take up arms in defence of the lawful Prince of *Arcadia*. *Nicoſtrates*, who heard of it, and ſaw the ſceptre within his graſp, reſolved to make ſure of it by ſacrificing *Evander* to his ambition and ſafety; but the ſhepherds being informed of his wicked intention, ſurrounded the palace, routed the guards, and ſo terrified *Nicoſtrates* that he went out at a back door, and retired to the province of *Tymphale*, a principality belonging to the family of *Palans*.

WHO could have thought that *Evander*'s life had any misfortunes now to dread? *Nicoſtrates* had no forces to

* See the Plate.

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oppoſe him; the very guards ſet over the Prince were ready to ſide with their priſoner: *Megara* was opened to him, and the people aſked aloud for their lawful ſovereign. *Caramanta*, the virtuous and nobly-minded Queen, is the only one that oppoſed the general wiſh. She feared leſt a malevolent world ſhould ſuſpect her of being acceſſary to her huſband's murther: at her commands *Evander*'s friend retired, and ſhe ſhut up herſelf in her own apartments to lament on the ſad duty which her honour and rigid virtue bade her to fulfill. Had *Theocritus* been preſent, his eloquence and perſuaſive arguments might have awakened *Caramanta*'s tenderneſs, and for a moment ſilenced her delicacy; but he was then buſy in defending, at *Lægeum*, the cauſe of *Evander*, againſt the friends of *Nicoſtrates*. A ſtranger, who had heard his ſpeech, accoſted him, and aſked, in the Latin language, if his name was not *Theocritus*, the confidential friend of *Evander*. "That Prince's friendſhip, replied the poet, reflects too great an honour on *Theocritus* for him not to avow it, and confeſs himſelf an unſhaken and zealous friend to *Evander*'s cauſe." "If ſo, worthy *Theocritus*, aſſiſt me in ſaving the life of that noble youth; my name is *Turnus*: the ſame who accompanied him to *Argos*, when he attempted to carry off *Caramanta*; and who afterwards, in compliance with the Prince's commands, gave out that he was dead; and if you can furniſh me with the means of landing ſome troops in *Arcadia*; I have a body of 3000 men in readineſs off the iſland of *Zaſintum*; they are all, as well as myſelf, willing to lay down their lives to ſave that of *Evander*."

THEOCRITUS ſent word to *Simas* to meet him and *Turnus* on the ſea ſhore, from whence they croſſed over

to *Zaſintum*; the Governor of which, as we have ſaid before, was a friend to *Evander*. He was told by them, that the kingdom of *Argos* was now in ſuch a ferment, that nothing could be eaſier than to lead the troops from *Latium*, under the command of *Turnus*, if he would but conſent not to moleſt him in their paſſage, which he promiſed. Whilſt *Turnus* called his little army together, *Theocritus* ſailed towards the gulph, in order to diſpoſe every thing for their landing, and give the neceſſary orders.

MEANWHILE, the ſituation of *Evander* grew daily more diſtreſſing and critical. In vain had the inhabitants of *Megara* hinted to the Queen, by their emiſſaries, that if ſhe would conſent to admit them into the town whilſt it was in her poſſeſſion, they would reſtore the lawful Prince of *Arcadia* to his throne, which *Evander* would no doubt ſhare with her. Although ſhe thought him innocent, yet every circumſtance combined to make him appear in a criminal light, and that was ſufficient for a woman of her nice honour, and who dreaded to be ſuſpected nearly as much as to be guilty, to reject with indignation all propoſals tending to ſave the Prince's life: ſeeing in him only the man whom the world pointed out as her huſband's murtherer,

TIMOLEON, a *Syracuſan* Prince, was then at court: without having any fixed partiality for *Nicoſtrates*, he had declared in his favour, and at all events cauſed a fortification to be erected, in order to protect the town of *Legæum* againſt the attacks of the *Megarians*. *Timoleon* had a great regard for *Evander*, and an equal eſteem for the Queen; to whom he had often given to underſtand, that although apparently attached to *Ni-*

coſtrates, he ſhould ever be ready to execute her commands, whatever they might be. One day as *Caramanta* was plunged in a profound melancholy, on account of the arrival of the Ambaſſadors from *Achaia*, *Sparta*, *Corinthum*, and other cities, who had been requeſted to ſend their deputies to pronounce on the ſuppoſed crime of *Evander*: *Timoleon* approached and addreſſed her as follows:—"May I be permitted, Madam, without treſpaſſing upon the reſpect which I owe to your Majeſty, to declare that I am perfectly acquainted with all the extent of the ſorrows which wring your very heart. And I beſeech your Majeſty to believe, that there is not a thing I would not do, or think too hard to give you a moment's eaſe."——"Alas! Prince, my woes are paſt all cure"—"Yet, Madam, though it is impoſſible to recall the dead King to life, ſomething may be done to ſave *Evander* from a diſgraceful death. He is highly criminal I confeſs; but ambition, and the hopes of wreſting from the uſurper, a ſceptre, to which the Prince alone had a right, may plead, if not in excuſe, at leaſt in attenuation of his crime. And who will blame you for having ſaved the life of a hero, who adores your Majeſty, and in *Palans* killed a rival in love and power."—"Hear me, *Timoleon*, that rival did not fall by *Evander*'s hands"—"How Madam!"—"Yes, Prince, your eſteem is too deſireable for me to ſuffer *Evander* to loſe it upon a mere ſuſpicion; he is innocent, and would to heaven it were in my power to prove what I am conſcious of, the Prince of *Arcadia* ſhould ſtand in need of no interceſſor."—"What do I hear, Madam, *Evander* is free from guilt, and *Caramanta* will ſuffer him to periſh!"—"Nay more, my Lord, I ſhall ſtand his

proſecutrix. It is not enough for me to be guiltleſs in my own eye, the world muſt think me ſo: and as long as the widow of *Palans* will alone be convinced of the ſuppoſed murtherer's innocence, he muſt die as if he were criminal."

TIMOLEON, though he admired this uncommon greatneſs of ſoul, did all he could by his remonſtrances to bring the Queen to a milder way of thinking: but he argued in vain, and *Caramanta* gave another turn to the converſation, by aſking the Prince whether he knew what could have brought her brother *Teſſander*, King of *Argos*, to *Legæum*, where he had come *incognito*, and without any retinue, and had ſince left *Arcadia*, without taking any part in the tragical event that had juſt happened; except giving the neceſſary orders to ſecure *Evander*, and bury the late King.—" Love, no doubt, madam, ſaid *Timoleon*, is the occaſion of this extraordinary conduct. Any other paſſion that ruffles the mind of a Sovereign, is always diſtinguiſhed by ſome great effect. If he hath received an injury, he arms his ſubjects, calls in the aſſiſtance of his allies, and all the world becomes the witneſs of the monarch's revenge. Ambition produces nearly the ſame effect. Love alone, acting upon principles altogether uncommon, is no leſs extraordinary in its conſequence than in its cauſe: and from the inſtant that the monarch is tormented with that paſſion, which is common to the meaneſt of his ſubjects, he has recourſe to the ſame means, and is like them the ſport of fortune and of love; againſt whoſe power nothing can protect him, tho' he can guard againſt the fatal conſequences of any other paſſion." *Caramanta* thought his remarks well

founded, and desired the Prince to enquire whether the King was still in *Arcadia* or had returned to *Argos*.

We have left *Theocritus* in the island of *Zasintum*; but before we give an account of his success in favour of *Evander*, it may not be improper to state the motives that had induced him to retire to *Legæum*. He was son to *Praxoras*, a zealous friend to the freedom of *Syracusa*. *Theocritus*, under the immediate influence of the god of *Parnassus*, gave himself up from his early youth to the study of poetry; and this pleasing dissipation protected him for a long time against the attacks of love and its vile tyranny. But its power is uncontroulable, and sooner or later we must all feel it. *Ardelia*, a freed woman of *Praxoras*, made our poet sensible of this truth. He first discovered the state of his mind by the jealousy which he conceived against his rival *Timoleon*, who was of the ancient family of the Sovereigns of *Syracusa*. *Theocritus* was ashamed of so much weakness, and hoped in vain to conquer it by absenting himself for some time. At his return, he saw *Ardelia*, and felt that absence, far from lessening, had increased his passion for her: but she had now fixed her affection on *Timoleon*.

Whilst our poet was endeavouring to pluck off the arrow which *Cupid* had buried deep in his heart, and *Timoleon* enjoyed his triumph, *Hermocrates*, one of the first Senators in *Syracusa*, fell desperately in love with the beautiful *Ardelia*, and asked her in marriage. But, notwithstanding the brilliant prospect, and the private reasons she had to complain of *Timoleon*, she declined accepting the hand which fortune tendered her to raise her up to a rank which she dared hardly wish, and had

no right to expect. Upon *Praxoras*'s lady expoſtulating with her on ſo unaccountable a refuſal, "Madam, ſaid ſhe, my very birth is a myſtery to me, and as long as I am unacquainted with my real parents, I ſhall not diſpoſe of my hand: nay, not even in favour of *Timoleon*, the only man I love." This anſwer being reported to the *Syracuſan* Prince, he, by a caprice which love can eaſily account for, thought that girl more worthy of his attention, becauſe he ſaw that ſhe was not an eaſy conqueſt. Love rekindled his ambition, he conſulted with his friends, thoſe who had ever been attached to his family, and now longed to repoſſeſs himſelf of the crown, to place it on the head of *Ardelia*.

It is neceſſary to obſerve, that the city of *Syracuſa* is divided into the upper and lower town, being thus parted by an arm of the ſea that flows through its center, the lower part which looks towards the cape *Paſſera*, near the iſland of *Melitum*, conſiſts of the port, the baſtions erected to defend it againſt the inroads of the enemies, and the tower of *Archimedes*, ſo named from that celebrated mathematician, who built and uſed it as an obſervatory. It was in this town that *Timoleon* kept his uſual reſidence, and, by his intereſt with the ſeamen, he had all the ſhipping at his command. *Praxoras*, who headed the republican party, lived in the upper town, next to the ſenate-houſe. This port of *Syracuſa* is ſurrounded by a triple wall, fortified with redouts placed at an hundred paces diſtance, and ſhut in with braſs gates: nor has it any communication with the lower town, than by means of boats made of the bark of trees, and continually paſſing and repaſſing to waft over the inhabitants from one part to the other.

TIMOLEON, at the head of his party, croſſed the ſea at break of day, and, having made himſelf maſter of one of the gates, ran to the houſe of *Praxoras*, and carried off *Ardelia*, whom he entruſted with a faithful ſervant, to have her conveyed ſafe to his own palace, whilſt he ſhould accompliſh the dangerous ſcheme which he was bent upon. But all his impetuoſity was checked by the cool bravery of *Praxoras*, and the fury of *Theocritus*. The royaliſts were repulſed, and fled before the republican army. *Timoleon* found it the greateſt difficulty to eſcape back to the lower town, where his firſt care was to enquire after *Ardelia*, who received him with a mixture of contempt and anger. "I love you, ſaid ſhe to him, but not to the criminal exceſs of turning a deaf ear to the dictates of honour and gratitude. I inſiſt upon being ſent back to *Praxoras*, whoſe bondſwoman I ſtill remain; or, if the ſituation of your affairs will not permit it, ſee me ſafe to the temple of *Diana*, to make one among the virgins who have dedicated themſelves to the ſervice of the mighty goddeſs." *Timoleon*, with great reluctance, complied with the latter part of her requeſt, and returned to the field of battle. For the ſpace of ſix months the two parties ſtood their ground, without any material advantage over each other. One day, the republicans having croſſed over to the lower town, the two rivals met, and engaged ſo furiouſly, that the combat muſt have ended in a manner fatal to either of them, had it not been ſuſpended by the arrival of an officer who cried out to them to deſiſt, if they would ſave *Ardelia* from the hands of *Hermocrates*. The two generous rivals were thunderſtruck, and had hardly ſtrength enough left to

bear

bear the weight of their arms. *Timoleon*, addreſſing himſelf to *Theocritus*, "Will your love for *Ardelia*, ſaid he to him, induce you to ſtay your arm, and permit me to fly to her reſcue."—"And you, my Lord, replied the poet, have you regard enough for her to order your people to ſound a retreat, and ſuffer mine to depart quietly and unmoleſted,"—"It ſhall be done, and I pledge you my word."—"I aſk no more, you are too brave *Timoleon*, not to be generous. I truſt implicitly to your candour: permit me to aſſiſt you in delivering *Ardelia* from the hands of her raviſher, and whilſt I fight againſt *Hermocrates*, I'll do it as a friend to *Timoleon*. Believe me, let us ſet off in queſt of her, and leave *Syracuſa* to the care of the provident gods. I freely give up for the preſent all thoughts of ſtanding forth in the cauſe of liberty, in order to ſave a beautiful maid from the vile attempts of a man whom I know to be the object of her utter averſion: for the ſame reaſon, I exhort you to relinquiſh the too ſeducing hopes of obtaining a crown, which ſtands as yet a great way beyond your reach. Hitherto, your claim is not well aſcertained, and, ſuppoſing that the favourable beginning of your arduous undertaking ſhould make you look on its ſucceſs as infallible, remember that you will always have it in your power to follow your bold ſcheme; but that now one day's delay may for ever deprive you of *Ardelia*."

WITHOUT further loſs of time, the two rivals embarked on board a ſhip in the road, and inſtantly gave chaſe to that of *Hermocrates*, which was ſtill in ſight. After a day and a half's purſuit, they were on the very point of coming up with her, when a violent ſtorm ariſing,

ariſing, drove *Timoleon*'s ſhip to the coaſt of the iſland of *Creta*, in ſo ſhattered a condition, that they were obliged to put into a port to refit.

WHILST they were in this place, *Timoleon* and *Theocritus* went to a temple of *Jupiter*, celebrated for the oracles that were there delivered. After the moſt fervent prayer, they conſulted the god on the fate of their beloved *Ardelia*, and that of their paſſion for the beauteous maid. The anſwer was returned in theſe ambiguous words:

"Let not a favourite error beguile your mind; a longer ſtay would be uſeleſs. Love awaits you on the banks of the river *Megarus*; where, to a great Princeſs, the propitious god will unite your deſtiny."

To which of them was the above oracle addreſſed? Which of the two would have conſented to give up *Ardelia* for the greateſt Princeſs in the univerſe? "To you alone, ſaid *Theocritus* to *Timoleon*, the god vouchſafes an anſwer, and turns a deaf ear to me: for, having nothing to hope for, I have no reaſon to expect that the oracle ſhould pronounce on my deſtiny. As for you, *Timoleon*, you have heard it: a great and fair Princeſs will comfort you for the loſs of *Ardelia*. Ye immortal powers, I interpret your very ſilence! You ſcorn, *Theocritus*, enquiring after a woman. My eyes are now opened, and your ſlighting my prayers ſhews that I have offended you, by giving up to love a life which ſhould have been ſpent in the ſublime duties of a philoſopher.—Farewell, *Timoleon*, be it your fate to find out the long loſt *Ardelia*: never ſhall *Theocritus* attempt again to diſturb your felicity." Having thus ſpoken, he walked out of the temple towards the mole, determined to embark on board of the

the firſt ſhip bound for the *Levant*. *Timoleon* flies after him, begged he would not leave him, and made him conſent to accompany him into *Arcadia*, and retire to *Legæum*, the ſafeſt aſylum againſt the perſecutions of love and angry fortune.

We ſhall now return to the iſland of *Zaſintum*, where we had left *Theocritus* in order to give the foregoing account of his life. Before he would repoſe any further confidence on *Turnus*, our elegant poet beſought him to give him a recital of his adventures, and above all, tell him why, being a *Carthagenian*, he had given out that he was born at *Latium*.

"My father, replied *Turnus*, was *Albius*, ſo juſtly celebrated for his learning. *Bellus*, King of *Carthage*, called him to his court to ſuperintend the education of Prince *Pigmalion* his ſon. My mother, who accompanied him, was then far advanced in her pregnancy; and I was born a few weeks after her arrival at *Carthage*. I had the honour to be brought up with the Prince; not as the ſon of his tutor, but as a friend. When *Pigmalion* became of age, he was married to the beauteous *Perſelides*, Princeſs of *Numidia*, to the great joy of the *Carthagenians*, who reſted all their future hopes on the extraordinary accompliſhments of their young Prince. Two years after their marriage, *Perſelides* was brought to bed of a daughter—would to heaven ſhe had died in her cradle! It was about this time that the angry gods viſited in their wrath the crimes of the wretched inhabitants of *Carthage*. A dreadful monſter committed the moſt deſtructive havock all along the coaſt of *Africa*. The terrified *Carthagenians* flocked to the temples in order to conſult the tutelary gods. Their anſwer was:

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"That nothing but the blood of a royal victim could free the country from ruin. Alas! this was renewing among us the ſavage cuſtom of ſacrificing young children, as expiatory offerings in times of public calamity. The people, led by the bloody prieſts, came to the palace gate, and demanded that the new-born Princeſs, called after her mother, *Perſelides*, ſhould be delivered to them. Her afrighted parent offered to devote herſelf in her ſtead; and *Pigmalion*, feeling both as father and huſband, prayed to be ſubſtituted to the tendereſt objects of his care and ſolicitude. But his offer was rejected as unſatisfactory by the prieſts, who inſiſted on the young Princeſs being inſtantly put into their hands. Amidſt this horrid confuſion, a propitious god inſpired me; I flew to *Perſelides*'s apartment, where laid the new-born daughter of a deceaſed ſlave, and as the child was of the ſame age with the Princeſs, I took her in my arms, and gave her up to thoſe barbarians, who falſely call themſelves the interpreters of heaven's high will. They were ſatisfied, the innocent victim fell a ſacrifice, the monſter diſappeared, and the deluded people returned thanks to the gods, who ſurely cannot delight in blood.

"Apprehenſive leſt the guiltleſs deceit ſhould at laſt be found out; *Pigmalion* ordered me to carry his daughter into *Latium* to my father's, who, fatigued with the buſtling tumult of a public life, had there retired to ſpend the remainder of his days in peace and privacy. I took ſhipping with the child and her nurſe; but, off the iſland of *Sicily*, we were ſet upon by pirates, who, after having taken us, loaded me with irons, and ſeized upon my young miſtreſs. I was ſoon ranſomed by my father; but my reſearches after the unfortunate Princeſs

have been hitherto fruitleſs. The oracle of *Delphos*, being conſulted by me on the occaſion, has given me the following anſwer, which ſeems to indicate that I have loſt her for ever:

Turnus, thy vain purſuit give o'er;
For *Perſelides* is no more.
But *Ardelia* thou ſhalt find,
When fortune's to *Evander* kind.

"*Ardelia!* exclaimed *Theocritus*; and how can ſhe reſtore to you a Princeſs who *is no more*?" "I cannot ſay, my Lord, replied *Turnus*; but ſo far I underſtand, that *Ardelia* is to give me back *Perſelides*, on the very day that will put an end to *Evander*'s misfortunes. Hence you may judge how warmly I ſhould intereſt myſelf in the Prince's cauſe."

Theocritus, revolving in his mind every circumſtance of *Turnus*'s account, and comparing it with what he had heard concerning *Ardelia*, who had been ſold to *Praxoras* by ſome *Arabian* pirates, made no doubt but that ſhe was the very Princeſs, the object of *Turnus*'s ſolicitude. He imparted to him his ſurmiſes on this matter, and they both agreed to go in queſt of *Ardelia*, as ſoon as *Theocritus* ſhould have informed *Evander*'s friends of the unlooked for aſſiſtance they were to expect from *Turnus*.

As the ſhip that carried *Theocritus* paſſed along a chain of rocks, called by the mariners *Strivales*, he heard moſt pitiful groans iſſuing from the fatal place. Having ordered ſome of his men to hoiſt out the boat, he deſired them to row towards the rock and come as near to it as prudence would admit. They ſoon reached a ſandy cape, which, running between the pointed rocks, gave a ready

ready acceſs to that kind of iſland. *Theocritus* nimbly leaped on ſhore, followed by the beſt part of his crew, and, leaving the reſt to guard the boat, he advanced towards a wood planted with cypreſs trees, the likelieſt place he thought to find out the diſtreſſed object, whoſe outcries had moved him to compaſſion. But to his utter aſtoniſhment, not a voice could be heard, nor the leaſt noiſe to diſturb the ſolemn ſilence that reigned throughout the aweful grove, and all over the iſland. Yet, as he could not have been miſtaken, and that the diſmal and alarming ſound was not the report of an idle dream, he ſent his people different ways, telling them where they were to rally; and himſelf followed a path which ſeemed more beaten than any part of the foreſt. He had not gone a great way, before he found himſelf in a green harbour, ſhaded all round with lofty cypreſs trees, and refreſhed by a cryſtaline ſtream that ran acroſs the plain. The barks of the trees were inſcribed with ſeveral devices and *Greek* verſes, which ſeemed to be the work of ſome unſucceſsful lover. From one of the boughs hanged a ſlate, which *Theocritus* having taken down, he ſaw that it contained the laſt farewell of a forſaken fair, and as he read, he thought he knew the hand.

Whilſt he was making this remark, two of his men came to him: "My Lord, ſaid they, we have at laſt found out the cauſe of the profound ſilence that now reigns over this iſland, thoſe who diſturbed it by their outcries, have deſtroyed each other, and within a few yards diſtance there lie half a ſcore of dead bodies." *Theocritus* deſired to be conducted to the bloody ſpot.—But what was his aſtoniſhment, when the firſt object that offered itſelf to him, was the lifeleſs corpſe of *Teſſan-*

der, King of *Argos*, brother to *Caramanta*, and next to it the body of *Hermocrates*, the ſame who had carried off *Ardelia*. He readily concluded that the beautiful ſlave herſelf had periſhed in this iſland, and that the lines and letter which he had peruſed, were the work of expiring *Ardelia*. He curſed his ill-fated love as the ſource of all her misfortunes. "Alas! cried he, in the bitterneſs of ſorrow, had I not endeavoured to rival *Timoleon* in her affection, ſhe might have been happy; nor would *Theocritus* have cauſe to reproach himſelf with being the fatal occaſion of her untimely end." Wrapped up in theſe ſad reflections, he retreated to the thickeſt part of the foreſt, in order to indulge his melancholy undiſturbed. Having ſeated himſelf, or rather ſunk at the foot of a cypreſs tree, he was rouſed from his mournful revery by the voice of a woman, and overheard the following dialogue: "Why ſhould you deſpond, Madam? why ſhould you think of laying violent hands on yourſelf? Truſt to the provident gods; they cannot, will not leave you."—"And what have I to hope for? have I not ſeen here the King of *Argos*? and had it not been for his meeting with *Hermocrates*, was I not doomed to fall a ſacrifice to *Teſſander*'s brutality? They are fighting to ſupport their reſpective claim; but I hate them both, and whatever be the iſſue of their encounter, nothing ſhort of death threatens me; and if they were to fall by each other's hand, the leſs evil of the two, we muſt expect to periſh on theſe barren rocks. But let us even ſuppoſe, that by ſome fortunate event, we were to find our way out of this dreary place, what muſt become of me? If I return to *Praxoras*, what will be the fate of *Timoleon*? And if I ſhould fly for protection to the latter, I for ever em-

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bitter the life of *Theocritus*. The Prince of *Syracuſa* I ſincerely love; but I retain for the ſon of *Praxoras* that eſteem and gratitude which can only end with my life; nor would I cauſe the leaſt diſpleaſure to either. What think you now of the unfortunate *Ardelia*?"

THEOCRITUS, moved even to tears at what he had heard, flew to *Ardelia*, and, falling at her feet, "ſuſpend your grief, fair and generous maid, ſaid he, look upon me no more as an odious perſecutor, but as a man won over to virtue by your example, and ſince you have magnanimity enough to ſacrifice your happineſs and love to the fear of making me miſerable, I ought, and will overcome my weakneſs for your ſake. Live, *Ardelia*, live for your *Timoleon!* never ſhall I thwart his felicity, ſince your own depends on it. If love requires a victim, let the wretch who never could pleaſe fall a ſacrifice, rather than the faireſt of her ſex, and a Prince whom heaven has marked out for the huſband of *Ardelia*." "My Lord, replied the beautiful ſlave, I know you too well to miſdoubt your ſincerity; I therefore intreat you to ſave me from the ſhame of falling into the hands of *Teſſander* and *Hermocrates*." The bare relation of what had paſſed quieted her fears, and *Theocritus* led her on to the place where he had ſeen the dead bodies; but they had been taken away, and put on board ſome ſhips that waited for that purpoſe, within a ſmall diſtance from the rocks, in a creek where they could not be diſcovered. One alone had been left behind, who, not being quite dead, was carried on board the ſhip of *Theocritus*. *Ardelia* no ſooner ſaw, than ſhe knew him for her faithful *Antenor*; who, caſting his dying eyes on her; "ye pitying gods! ex-

claimed he, I thank ye for having preſerved that virtuous maid from the fatal deſtiny I had prepared for her by my treacherous practices. Grant me juſt life enough to ſue for her forgiveneſs, and let her into an important ſecret which ſhe ſhould have known ſooner." Then, perceiving that *Ardelia* was drowned in tears—"Oh! thou paragon of ſweetneſs and mercy, continued he, do not add to the keen remorſe that now tortures my breaſt; but hear the confeſſion of a penitent dying man. Alas! with all my ſeeming attachment and ſincerity, I have been the worſt, the moſt cruel of your perſecutors. You were not above two months old when you fell into my hands, and your nurſe having informed me of your birth, I entruſted you to the care of an *Arabian* merchant ſettled at *Memphis* in *Egypt*. About fifteen years after I viſited him, with an intention of taking you back with me; but I found that the villain had ſold you as a ſlave to *Praxeras*, one of the *Athenian* ſenators. I flew to *Athens*, ſaw you, and, as if it had not been enough for me to have acted as a monſter towards you, I became your lover. Being informed of your having refuſed to marry *Hermocrates*, I courted his acquaintance, and was the firſt to adviſe him to carry you off; truſting to time and chance for an opportunity to ſeize upon his prey, and make it my own. *Timoleon* purſued us, and the ſtorm that prevented his coming up with our ſhip drove us to the coaſt of *Argos*. You were preſented to *Teſſander*, in whoſe boſom your all-conquering eye kindled a moſt ungovernable paſſion. The fatal diſcovery drove me to deſpair, and I feared leſt the tyrant ſhould have recourſe to violence; I therefore made him acquainted with your

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real name, and illuſtrious birth; telling him at the ſame time, that you knew nothing of your high rank and expectations. He thought you then worthy of ſharing his throne: but your refuſal made him deſperate. It was then that I treacherouſly adviſed him to ſeduce you, and, in order to ſate his deſires without bringing upon him the reſentment of the *Argians*, to have you conveyed to a ſafe and loneſome place, where he might perpetrate his villainy without any danger of being diſcovered. I knew this fatal iſland, brought you hither, and left you under pretence of going in ſearch of a better ſhip than that which I had taken with me from *Argos*. But a propitious god watched over you, and counteracted my moſt wicked ſcheme. On my return to *Teſſander*, I fell into the hands of *Hermocrates*, who, by rack and torture, forced me to diſcover the place of your retreat. We landed this morning, and learnt at the ſame time that the King of *Argos* had put into the iſland a few hours before us. The enraged *Hermocrates*, thinking that I had betrayed him, ſtabbed me in ſeveral places, and leaving me weltering in my blood, flew to meet his rival in love and villainy. What may have happened ſince I know not, but with my laſt breath I bleſs heaven, who has preſerved and reſcued from ſo many and imminent dangers, the daughter of the King of *Carthage*."——He ſaid, and died.

THE account given by the pirate, greatly aſtoniſhed *Ardelia*, whom we ſhall henceforth call *Perſelides*. She confirmed every particular to *Theocritus*, and rejoiced at being now under the protection of that virtuous man, who nobly ſacrificed his paſſion to her and *Timoleon*'s happineſs.

happineſs. They at laſt deſcried the coaſt of *Arcadia*, and *Theocritus* having dropped anchor in a place where he had nothing to fear from the power of *Nicoſtrates*, diſpatched a truſty meſſenger to *Megara*, with orders to bring a ſtrong detachment to convey the Princeſs ſafe into that city. *Simas* arrived at the head of a conſiderable party, and with tears in his eyes, informed *Theocritus* that the Prince *Evander* was reduced to the moſt critical, and he might ſay, deſperate condition. The King of *Elidis* had declared for *Nicoſtrates*, who, aided by ſo powerful an ally, had ſent private orders to *Legæum*, to bring *Evander* to a ſpeedy trial and execution. A commiſſion was iſſued out for that purpoſe, and every thing was now prepared to fulfil the tyrant's commands, whoſe abſence alone had hitherto ſuſpended *Evander*'s fate.

THIS unwelcome piece of intelligence obliged *Theocrites* to hurry on the execution of the plan which he had laid to reſcue the Prince of *Arcadia*. Therefore, having committed *Perſelides* to the care of the party that was to eſcort her as far as *Megara*, he mounted his horſe, and galloped full ſpeed towards the place where *Timoleon* had cauſed the fortifications to be erected. He accoſted the Prince, and the following dialogue took place between them; *Theocritus* ſpeaking firſt.—"Are you then once more at the head of a party, and is it our fate ever to fight againſt each other? You, as defending the cauſe of the tyrant and uſurper *Nicoſtrates*, and I ſiding with the unfortunate, but rightful heir to the kingdom of *Arcadia*?"——"You miſtake, *Theocritus*, and wrong me by ſo unjuſt a charge. The Queen alone, I acknowledge for my miſtreſs; and, as to *Evander*,

Evander, my opinion of him is such, that I would freely purchase his life at the expence of my own."—"If you really entertain those sentiments, you may, *Timoleon*, serve the Prince's cause at a far cheaper rate. Suffer only the *Megarians* to occupy these entrenchments: let these faithful subjects display successfully their zeal and attachment for their lawful sovereign: thus will you effectually serve the Queen, by doing an act of justice. For their monarch's ransom, the inhabitants of *Megara* will deliver up *Ardelia* into your hands"—"*Ardelia*, did you say?"—"Yes, Prince of *Syracusa*, she is in their power, more worthy than ever of your choice: no more the bondwoman of *Praxoras*, but the daughter of *Pigmalion*, the long lost Princess of *Carthage*."—"Can I believe what I hear, O *Theocritus*? Is it you then, is it my rival that yields up to me so valuable a treasure? Oh speak, noble sir, speak quickly what I am to do to requite so generous a gift: there's nothing I can deem too hard or dangerous to see my *Ardelia* once more."—"Believe me, *Timoleon*, I would not by any means require any thing unworthy of either of us. Only grant me time to sooth the Queen's anger: and if a fatal necessity should oblige us to have recourse to other means, it behoves you to fight in the justest cause." In order to put this plan into immediate execution, they went together towards the Queen's palace.

CARAMANTA was at this instant giving audience to an *Argian*, who brought her the news of her brother's death, and of all that had lately happened; that her majesty might, by a timely application, assert her right to the crown and kingdom of *Argos*. He also told her

the reaſon of *Teſſander*'s journey to *Arcadia*, and of his ſudden departure: namely, that, being the firſt time in purſuit of *Ardelia*, he had been drove by ſtreſs of weather into a port of that kingdom, had made his appearance at *Legæum*, at the time of the murther of *Palans*; but had precipitately left the court on ſeeing there his two rivals *Timoleon* and *Theocritus*.

THE Prince of *Syracuſa* obtained leave to go and pay his reſpects to *Ardelia* at *Megara*, and *Theocritus* being left alone with the Queen, diſplayed all the powers of his eloquence, to convince her of the neceſſity there was of preſerving the life of *Evander*.—" Alas! ſaid *Caramanta*, the meaſure of my woes is complete. *Evander* is under trial; he muſt fall: and what aggravates my misfortune, beyond the power even of inſenſibility to bear, is, that a ſevere duty compels me to ſolicit his doom. Such, Oh *Theocritus!* ſuch is *Caramanta*'s ill-fated deſtiny!"—" I muſt own, madam, that nothing can equal, or even be compared with the hardſhips of your diſtreſsful ſituation. But give me leave to add, that your majeſty daſhes with freſh gall, the bitter draught which angry fortune has mixed for you. Were you not a ſlave to an over ſcrupulous, and permit me to ſay, unjuſtifiable nicety, *Evander*'s life would not only be preſerved, but you yourſelf, madam, would plead in his favour: ſince your majeſty is fully convinced of his innocence."——" How is this, *Theocritus?* would you have me then before the judges acknowledge publickly, that, whilſt I was married to *Palans*, I held a ſecret and treaſonable correſpondence in the heart of his kingdom, nay, within his very palace, with *Evander*, his bittereſt foe, who all the world knows loved,

loved, and was by no means indifferent to me? No, no, *Theocritus*, never ſhall *Caramanta* take ſo diſgraceful a ſtep. Nay, I have this opinion of the Prince of *Arcadia*, that he would ſcorn a life purchaſed at the price of my honour. *Evander*'s doom is fixed, ſince his preſervation muſt reflect on me indelible diſgrace."—"Well then, Madam, ſince love cannot plead in your heart the cauſe of *Evander*, remember at leaſt that you are his Queen, be juſt, or come down from your throne. You know the Prince's innocence; you ought to periſh ſooner than ſuffer him to die. Your majeſty talks of honour, but equity is the firſt law ſovereigns ſhould obey."——"Ah cruel man! is it thus you mean to ſooth my ſorrows; when you are ſenſible that my heart muſt break, whilſt I obey the imperious call of duty and virtue?"—*Caramanta* could ſay no more, ſhe fell motionleſs on her ſeat, and *Theocritus* retired, after having called in her women to her aſſiſtance.

MEANWHILE, *Timoleon*, after having given the firſt moment to the tranſports of love, and the joy of meeting once more his adored *Perſelides*, conſulted with *Simas* and other friends, on the moſt proper means to ſet *Evander* at liberty, and ſave him from his impending fate. They all agreed that nothing could be done, 'till the arrival of *Turnus*, and his *Latin* troops; as the laſt failure in ſo important an attempt, would only prejudice the cauſe, by provoking the tyrant to haſten the death of the Prince of *Arcadia*.

THE wo-worn *Caramanta* recovering from her trance, gave a looſe to her grief. A flood of tears relieved her for awhile: but ſoon the thoughts of the bloody cataſtrophe that was to enſue, plunged her into the deepeſt

melancholy. Her love militated ſtrongly againſt her rigid virtue, and in one of thoſe inſtants, where reaſon is overpowered by the diſtreſſes of the mind, ſhe reſolved to ſee for the laſt time the unfortunate Prince. A faithful ſervant was her guide to the gloomy dungeon, where *Evander* was ſtretched on the cold flint; in that compoſed attitude, equally diſtant from waking and from a profound ſleep, tears trickled down his cheek, and he was heard to ſay in the moſt plaintive tone.——"Heavens! is it poſſible that *Caramanta* ſhould ſend her *Evander* to the ſcaffold?" At hearing theſe words, the Queen gave a ſhriek, and the Prince, rouſed from his ſlumber, fell proſtrate at her feet. It was ſome time before he could utter a ſingle word. At laſt, in broken accents, he exclaimed——"*Caramanta* here! my Queen, my Sovereign in this dreary abode! I thank thee heaven for this ray of comfort. But, madam, is it to your pity, or the barbarity of my enemies, that I ſtand indebted for this unexpected favour!"—"You miſcal it, *Evander*; I come not here with joyful tidings: alas! I myſelf bring you your death warrant"—"If ſo, moſt adored *Caramanta*, I accept it with thanks! I lived for you alone, you bid me die; I ſhall chearfully obey." *Evander* would have continued, but was interrupted by the haſty return of the ſervant who had accompanied the Queen. He told *Caramanta* that the Princeſs *Arcaſta* wanted to ſee her, and ſeemed violently agitated. As ſoon as the Queen entered her apartment, thinking that *Arcaſta*'s wrath was provoked by the imprudent viſit paid to *Evander*, ſaid to her, "Spare your reproaches, madam, I have ſeen *Evander* it is true, and ſeen him for the laſt time; in a few

hours he dies."—"He muſt not, ſhall not die, replied *Arcaſta* with great warmth. Let him live. My brother's manes call for another victim. Hear me, deluded Queen, hear me! and learn from what I ſhall relate, the duties of a ſovereign."

"EVERY one knows that my ambition has no bounds, and I glory in it. The firſt paſſion that ſwayed my heart, was the deſire of wearing a crown. *Nicoſtrates* was marked out for my huſband: I diſdained his unſceptered hand. He ſuſpected the motive that made me ſcorn his profered love, and ſolemnly promiſed that he would find the means to place me on a throne. It is needleſs, madam, I ſhould tell you in what manner he became acquainted with a native of *Arabia*, who poſſeſſed a great many ſecrets, and knew the property of almoſt every plant; eſpecially thoſe that were moſt venemous. Suffice it to ſay, that he gave ſome of them to *Nicoſtrates*, part of which your brother *Teſſander* took along with him. And, if I may indulge my well-grounded ſuſpicions, he effectually employed the fatal bane to haſten the death of the venerable King of *Argos*.

"A LITTLE time after my father died, and your marriage with *Palans* took place. This circumſtance was death to my hope; I before ſaw only a brother, who ſtood between me and the throne, and I had now to fear leſt an heir to *Palans* ſhould put the crown at too great a diſtance for me to reach it. Thoſe who wiſh the ambitious to be humbled, know nothing of the tortures they experience at the leaſt diſappointment. I could hardly contain my rage. *Nicoſtrates* perceived it, and renewed his flattering promiſes. At laſt the wiſhed-for

opportunity

opportunity offered. *Nicoſtrates*, the next day after the games had been celebrated in honour of the god *Pan*, riſing before the ſun, took his way to the foreſt, where, ſeeing the King at a diſtance, the villain hid himſelf behind a buſh, and as *Palans* paſſed by, let fly at him an arrow, which pierced the heart of the wretched Prince. As fortune would have it, *Evander* was ſeen about the ſpot, and taken up. The ſequel you know. But, Madam, what I have hitherto related is nothing to what follows. *Nicoſtrates* reigns: my hands have placed on his head a crown dipped in my brother's blood: I have ſhared in all his crimes, and lo! the perfidious wretch caſts me off, and takes to his conſort a mean, ignoble ſhepherdeſs! you are a woman: my intention can therefore be no ſecret to you: were you treated as I have been, *Caramanta* would revenge as I mean to do. He will not have me for the partner of his throne: let him look to it: in me he ſhall find a deadly foe. I had much rather deprive myſelf of all hopes of ſucceeding to my father's crown, by diſcovering to you my own guilt, and the innocence of *Evander*, than to live and die an object of ſcorn and contempt to the baſe ungrateful *Nicoſtrates*."

The Princeſs *Arcaſta* had hardly done ſpeaking, when dreadful ſhoutings and outcries filled the palace; guards, ſhepherds, and ſoldiers forced their way to the Queen's apartment. At the firſt alarm, *Caramanta* exclaimed:—"Alas! *Evander* is no more." But what was her joy and ſurprize when ſhe ſaw at the head of the guards the Prince himſelf, who, entering the cloſet where the Queen and Princeſs *Arcaſta* had retired, caſt his ſword down at *Caramanta*'s feet, ſaying to her—

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"The miſtaken zeal of my friends have forced me out of my priſon; but ſuch is my reſpect for your commands, that I come to receive from you that death which I have deſerved ſince *Caramanta* thinks ſo." "Ah! deareſt *Evander*, exclaimed at once the two Princeſſes, your innocence is fully proved!"

At this inſtant *Timoleon* and *Simas*, heading the *Megarians*, entered the Queen's chambers, reſolved to defend, even againſt herſelf, the life of their noble friend. It was among this prodigious concourſe of people, that *Arcaſta* publickly accuſed *Nicoſtrates*, and acquitted the Prince of *Arcadia* of the horrid crime laid falſely to his charge. This was no ſooner declared, then a thouſand voices at once exclaimed: *Long live Evander! be our noble King for ever proſperous!* Then the Queen ſtepping forward and kneeling to *Evander*—"My Lord, ſaid ſhe, I know full well that the late King was the uſurper of your crown and kingdom: yet you ſhould now conſider him as a Prince of your blood, treacherouſly murdered by a fell aſſaſſin. It befits you, as a Monarch and relation, to revenge the untimely death of your ſubject and kinſman—whilſt, as the widow of *Palans*, thus on my knees I implore your juſtice." The new King of *Arcadia*, raiſing *Caramanta* from her humble poſture, anſwered—"Wherever you are, Madam, there is no other ſovereign; and if I comply with your requeſt, it will be as the firſt and moſt faithful of your ſubjects."

A general joy pervaded the whole town of *Legæum*. The *Megarians* attacked the army of *Nicoſtrates* on the front, whilſt on the rear they were ſet upon by *Turnus* at the head of his legions. The rebels were moſt of them put to the ſword, while a few effected their retreat, and, together with their treacherous leader, ſhut themſelves

up

up in his city of *Stimpale*; where he was inſtantly beſieged by the victorious troops of *Evander*. They ſoon fougth their way through every obſtacle, and ſlaying every one that dared to oppoſe them, arrived at the palace-gate. Here *Nicoſtrates*, ſeeing himſelf deſerted by his few attendants, and that there was no farther poſſibility of maintaining his ground againſt his powerful aſſailants, waved his hand from a terrace where he ſtood, in token of his intention to ſpeak: the enraged multitude could hardly refrain from tearing the tyrant to pieces; but *Evander* at laſt prevailed upon them to hearken to what *Nicoſtrates* had to ſay. "King of *Arcadia*, exclaimed the uſurper, learn from my example what thou ſhouldſt have done ſome years ago, had noble ambition fired thy groveling ſoul." So ſaying, he ſheathed a dagger in his heart, and fell dead on the ſpot.

THIS bloody event put an end to all oppoſition to *Evander*'s claim; and both parties united in ſwearing allegiance to the lawful King of *Arcadia*, who ſoon after married *Caramanta*, in whoſe right he was crowned King of *Argos*. The inhabitants of *Latium*, having by the intrigues, and at the ſolicitation of *Turnus*, elected *Evander* for their ſovereign; the latter eſtabliſhed there the ſeat of his empire; where, under his protection and encouragement, the arts and ſciences made ſuch a progreſs, that he was revered as if he had been the ſon of the god *Mercury*; and that ſolemn games were inſtituted in honour of *Caramanta*.

THEOCRITUS, and the faithful *Turnus*, were amply rewarded; and treated by *Evander* more like his boſom friends than ſubjects; and *Timoleon* was made happy by his union with the beauteous Princeſs of *Carthage*, who ſucceeded ſoon after to her father *Pigmalion*.

THE

THE

SECRET HISTORY AND LOVE ADVENTURES

OF THE

LADIES OF ANTIQUITY.

THESE romantic novels are in ſix volumes in twelves; the three firſt printed in *Paris*, 1726; and the laſt, *Rouen*, 1732. One *Du Bois*, author of this collection, in order to render his work more intereſting, has choſen for his ſubject the moſt illuſtrious perſonages of antiquity, beginning with the Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes. His account of the latter is diveſted of the marvellous adventures told of them by the *Pagans*; to which he has ſubſtituted a detail of love intrigues, which, if not better founded on truth, can at leaſt boaſt of more probability than the fabulous ſtories of polytheiſm. He has ſometimes employed plain matter of facts, ſuch at leaſt as we can derive from thoſe remote ages; often giving for truths his own conjectures, but oftener borrowed from his fertile imagination. The following hiſtorico-novels fill up the three firſt volumes.

Iö, Prieſteſs of *Juno* at *Argos*; containing the hiſtory of *Narciſſus* and the nymph *Echo*, that of *Telegone*, and a methologic account of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*.

Dio, or *Ceres*, Queen of *Sicily*, with the rape of *Proſerpine*.

CYBELE, Princeſs of *Phrygia*, comprehending the adventures of *Daphne* and *Apollo*; *Atys* and *Marſyas*.

VENUS, a *Cyprian* courteſan, with the hiſtories of *Theſter*; *Thenoé* and *Lucipe*; the character of *Alcides*, otherwiſe *Hercules*; the adventures of *Adonis* and thoſe of *Telephus* and *Parthenopœa*.

ARIADNE, daughter to *Minos* ſecond King of *Creta*, giving an account of *Theſeus* and *Medæa*.

SEMIRAMIS, conſort to *Ninus* the founder of the *Aſſyrian* empire, containing the hiſtory of *Atergates*, King of *Syria*; a ſequel to *Semiramis*, entitled *Lamea*; with the adventures of *Zariadis* and *Odatis*.

DORISSA, relict of *Polydectes*, King of *Lacedemon*; comprehending the hiſtory of *Lycurgus*, that of *Calciope*, and the amours of young *Ninus* and *Eriphile*.

TARPEIA, in the the reign of *Romulus*, the firſt King of *Rome*, with the hiſtory of *Rhea Sylvia*——*Callithya*, Prieſteſs of *Juno Meſſenian*, containing the hiſtory of *Epeboles*——*Paſiphilis*, courteſan of *Miletum*, with the ſtory of the Ring of *Gyges*—and laſtly, *Archidamia*, Prieſteſs of *Ceres* at *Lacedemon*; containing the hiſtory of Prince *Gorgus*.

THOSE that are contained in the three laſt volumes, bear the titles that follow: *Dorica*—*Sapho*—*Gegania*, under *Tarquinius* fifth King of *Rome*—*Phia*, under *Piſiſtrates*, tyrant of *Athens*—*Rhodope*, a *Thracian* ſlave—*Phedima*, in the reign of *Cambiſis*, King of *Perſia*—*Leæna*, an *Athenian* courteſan——*Tullia*, daughter to *Servillius Tullius*, ſixth King of *Rome*—*Percale*, daughter to *Chylon*, a *Lacedemonian*; *Anytis*, daughter of *Darius Hyſtaſpes*, third King of *Perſia*—*Arthemiſa*, firſt Queen of *Halicarnaſſus*.

ALTHOUGH

ALTHOUGH we think it incumbent upon us to give a full catalogue of the works of ſuch authors as rank with novel writers: it is neither our plan nor intention to give extracts of all their productions; but only of ſuch of them as ſeemed more worthy of the attention of our readers: for this purpoſe, out of the above numerous liſt, we have ſelected only the principal ones which we have abridged to the following extracts.

IÖ, Prieſteſs of *Argian Juno*—She is not repreſented by our author, as ſuppoſed by the methologiſts, the daughter of *Inachus*, but of *Iäſus*, ſon to *Triopas*, and niece of *Crotopus*; who, after the death of *Iäſus* his brother, uſurped the throne of *Argos*. Leſt any one ſhould put *Iö*'s claim to the crown in force againſt him, he made her Prieſteſs to *Juno*'s temple. *Iö* was a miracle of beauty, but of a weak and credulous diſpoſition. *Meſſena*, the eldeſt daughter of *Crotopus*, who had beſides this another daughter and a ſon, eloped with *Policaon*, a young *Arcadian*, her lover; who carried her into *Peloponneſus*, where he founded a city called after the name of the Princeſs whom he married. *Crotopus* centered all his affection on his other daughter *Pſamathe*; but ſhe ſoon after proving pregnant, declared it to be by *Apollo*: the King, who was not eaſily perſuaded out of his ſenſes, had her ſhut up, and cauſed the child ſhe brought forth to be devoured by dogs. This piece of barbarity greatly indiſpoſed the *Argians*, who, to a man, believed that the mangled babe was the real offspring of *Apollo*; and, as if fortune had conſpired to juſtify that ſuperſtitious notion, it happened that a huge monſter ravaged ſoon after the country far

and wide; devouring children, and laying waſte the corn-fields: it was at laſt deſtroyed by *Corebus*, a brave youth of *Megara*. This calamity was hardly over when the plague broke out in *Argos*. *Corebus* was diſpatched to conſult the oracle of *Delphos*; by whom he was directed to take the ſacred tripod, and carry it 'till it dropped out of his hands, this happened to him on mount *Geranium*, where he was ordered by another oracle to build a temple on that ſpot: *Corebus* obeyed, and the plague ceaſed. *Crotopus* thought himſelf now perfectly quiet: but *Iö*, who would not be behind hand with her kinſwoman, declared that for ſix months paſt ſhe had been honoured with frequent nocturnal viſits from *Jupiter*, by whom ſhe was big with child. The King diſſembled, and ſeemed to credit the report. Under pretence of protecting his daughter againſt the rage of jealous *Juno*, he had her cloſely guarded by a ſtrong party of ſoldiers.

SOMETIME before ſhe was to lay-in, a *Phenician* veſſel of exquiſite workmanſhip, and rigged in a curious manner, entered the port of *Argos*; the people thronged to ſee it, and the Princeſs was perſuaded to go on board. When ſhe had, for a conſiderable time, viewed and admired its outward form, the Captain invited her to inſpect the inſide. Whilſt ſhe was viſiting it, they weighed anchor, and the ſhip was in the road before *Iö* could perceive that ſhe had left the harbour. She complained loudly of this piece of treachery; but it was now too late. The Captain told her that ſhe was now in the power of *Juno*, and that he had it in command from the incenſed goddeſs not to ſuffer *Iö* ever more to return to *Argos*. In vain did the forlorn Princeſs call for the aſſiſtance of *Jupiter*; ſhe fainted away in the arms of

Egina,

Egina, and ſoon after ſunk into a profound ſleep, which laſted for ſeveral hours, when, awaking, ſhe exclaimed aloud, that ſhe had ſeen *Jupiter* in a dream, who not only had promiſed to aſſiſt and protect her, but, having ſeated her on his car, had ſhewn her the Kingdom which the ſon ſhe had by him was to poſſeſs in his own right. *Egina* improved this opportunity to entertain her miſtreſs with pleaſing narratives.

EGINA gave *Iö* the ſtory of *Narciſſus* and *Echo*. The former is not ſuppoſed, as in the fabulous accounts of him, to pine away in love with himſelf: but, that, having ſeen in the water his own image, exactly reſembling that of *Cephiſa* his ſiſter, and the object of his inceſtuous love, who was lately dead; he broke his heart, and died in the arms of *Echo* his ſlighted miſtreſs, and the conſtant friend of the late *Cephiſa*.

CROTOPUS had ordered his niece to be ſecretly put to death: but his emiſſaries could not bring themſelves to comply with the barbarous command. They put her into a boat, and ſet her a drift, the ſport of the winds and ſea. Meanwhile, *Crotopus* had eaſily perſuaded the credulous *Argians*, that their Princeſs, notwithſtanding the care he had taken to prevent it, had fallen into the power of revengeful *Juno*. In order to pacify the goddeſs, the King ordered a ſolemn offering in the temple of *Juno:* whilſt the ſacred fane reſounded with the pitiful moans of the afflicted multitude, a young ſtranger enquired into the ſad cauſe of this public mourning, and, being told what the melancholy occaſion was, he exclaimed in all the agony of heart-felt grief: OH MY DEAREST Iö! Then, leaving the people to wonder at this exclamation, he ſuddenly diſappeared,

appeared, flew to the ſea ſhore, and embarked on board a ſhip that waited his return, and ordered his people to ſteer for *Phenicia*.

A PREY to ſorrow and diſappointment, *Telegonus*, ſo was the ſtranger named, ſhut himſelf up with his confidential ſervant *Pyrenes*, and gave him the hiſtory of *Egypt*, manners, cuſtoms, and religion of that empire, being himſelf a deſcendant of the *Egyptian* monarchs. He then acquainted his favourite how he had fallen in love with *Iö*, and that improving to his advantage her credulity, ſtrengthened by the pretended amours of *Apollo* and *Pſamathe*, he had found his way to her apartment and bed, during a heavy ſtorm of thunder, aſſuring her that he was *Jupiter* himſelf come to protect and woo her: that his viſits to her in that ſacred character had been very frequent, perſuading her in the meantime, to keep their intrigue an impenetrable ſecret, leſt ſhe ſhould draw upon her the reſentment of *Juno*: that at laſt, being obliged to return into *Egypt*, he had exchanged rings with her, reſolved to return as ſoon as poſſible, which he had effected; when, to his unſpeakable grief, he had been informed of her departure from *Argos*.

LET us now return to *Iö*; whoſe boat, by good fortune, gently drove on by the tide and a favorable wind, had brought her ſafe to an unknown ſhore; where, having landed, ſhe walked on, 'till ſhe reached a magnificent temple, whoſe chief prieſt, compaſſionating her misfortunes, carried her to the prieſteſs. *Iö* was ſtruck with the perfect reſemblance the virgin bore to her ſuppoſed *Jupiter*. In a few weeks after, ſhe was brought to bed of a boy, whom ſhe wiſhed to have

called

called *Epaphus*. The prieſteſs of *Iſis*, for this was a temple conſecrated to that goddeſs, was much ſurpriſed, as that name was peculiar to the *Egyptians*. *Iö* ſoon recovered. The care taken of her, and the tenderneſs ſhe felt for her child, made her cheriſh a life, which, otherwiſe, muſt have proved very diſagreable in a country where ſhe could convey her ideas only by ſigns, being a perfect ſtranger to the *Egyptian* language. One day, after a ſtorm, as ſhe was walking along the ſea-ſhore with the prieſteſs of *Iſis*, who daily grew more fond of her fair gueſt, they ſaw a ſtranger making towards them. *Iö*'s heart beat quick for joy at the ſight of a man whoſe dreſs proclaimed him a ſon of *Greece*. She was not deceived: this being no other than *Pyrenes*, the faithful companion of *Telegonus*, he informed the prieſteſs of *Iſis*, his maſter's ſiſter, that the ſhip they were in having been wrecked, he had every reaſon to fear that the unfortunate Prince was buried in the deep. *Iö* ſympathiſed with her friends afflictions, but ſhe ſoon had occaſion to feel for herſelf: for *Pyrenes* not knowing her, ſaid, "That his ill-fated maſter had thus fallen a victim to his love for the prieſteſs of *Juno*."—"I am that very prieſteſs, ſaid *Iö*; why talk to me of a mortal for my lover? I who never infolded within theſe arms but the great and mighty *Jupiter*?"——*Pyrenes* undeceived her, by giving an account of what he had learnt from his maſter himſelf. *Io* fainted away at the thoughts of having been thus impoſed upon, and whilſt the prieſteſs and her women were buſy in adminiſtring to her the neceſſary aſſiſtance, a man was deſcried at a diſtance, ſwimming towards and endeavouring to reach the ſhore. The prieſteſs of *Iſis* ſent ſome of her

her people to his aid: the ſtranger lands, and proves to be *Telegonus*. Without taking at firſt any notice of *Iö*, whom he ſuppoſed loſt to him for ever, he flew to his ſiſter's arms. Meanwhile, *Iö* having recovered the uſe of her ſenſes, was ready to ſink again at ſight of her ſeducer, who, tranſported at ſo unexpected a meeting, ſoon pacified her by the moſt tender careſſes, and the prieſteſs of *Juno* forgot in the arms of love, an *Hymen*, an impoſtor which ended in ſo pleaſing a reality.

DIO; OR CERES, QUEEN OF SICILY.

PROSERPINE, daughter to *Ceres*, is ſuppoſed by our author to have been carried off, not by *Pluto*, but by *Aidonæus* King of the *Moloſſians*, a country, whoſe chief wealth conſiſted in very rich mines, which, ſays the writer, gave occaſion to the poets to repreſent him as the god of hell: the more ſo, as being whimſical and proud of his immenſe treaſures, he had aſſumed the name of *Pluto*, given that of *Cerberus* to an overgrown maſtiff of which he was very fond, and called *Acheron*, a river that ran acroſs his country.

CERES had fixed her reſidence in the delicious city of *Enna*, where the tender parent buſied herſelf in perfecting the education of her only daughter *Perſephone*, whoſe native charms and acquired accompliſhments had rendered her an object of admiration to the neighbouring Princes, who all wiſhed and endeavoured to make ſome impreſſion on her youthful heart. *Alphæus* was then at her court, wooing the beauteous *Arethuſa*, favourite maid of honour to the Princeſs. King *Aidonæus* had tried to make his hand acceptable to the *Grecian*

Princeſſes,

Princeſſes, whom he had courted one by one; but he was ſo ill-favoured by nature, that all his wealth could not make amends for the deformity of his perſon, and all his offers had been rejected with ſcorn. Thus ſituated, he reſolved to take another courſe, and having taken to him *Aſcalab*, his favourite, he ſent him into *Sicily* with orders, in caſe *Perſephone*'s beauty was equal to what was ſaid of it, to do his beſt endeavours to carry her away by force. *Aſcalab* took along with him *Jaſion*, the handſomeſt man of his age, whom *Ceres* no ſooner ſaw than ſhe fell in love with him. Unfortunately for the Queen of *Sicily*, *Jaſion* had ſettled all his affections on *Arethuſa*. Knowing however that he had a powerful and favoured rival in the perſon of *Alphæus*, he diſſembled with the Queen, and remonſtrated to her, that the amours of *Arethuſa* and *Alphæus* being ſo publick, they might ſet a bad example to the young Princeſs, and eaſily perſuaded *Ceres* to do all in her power to thwart the two lovers. *Jaſion* at the ſame time was laying down a plan to get *Arethuſa* into his poſſeſſion by carrying her off; he imparted his intention to *Aſcalab*, who promiſed to aſſiſt him effectually. "I ſhall, ſays he, pretend to be in love with *Arethuſa*, and ſolicit the Queen to let me have her in marriage, the former no doubt will reject the propoſal, be it then your care to uſe your intereſt with *Dio*, that I may obtain leave to carry away *Arethuſa*, and leave the reſt to me." In conſequence of this reſolution, *Aſcalab* ſent word to his mariners to keep themſelves in readineſs to weigh anchor at a minute's warning. On the other hand, *Ceres* deceived by *Jaſion*, and thinking that the rape of *Arethuſa* alone was the object of his requeſt, readily conſented. But the two

traitors carried away in the night both the Princeſs and her maid; the carriage which *Jaſion* was in with *Arethuſa*, happening to break down in the way, he was forced to leave her behind, and fly alone towards the ſhipping. The next morning there was nothing but uproar and confuſion in *Dio*'s palace, ſhe knew not what was become of her daughter, nor could any tidings be procured of *Arethuſa*. *Alphæus* ſet out in ſearch of her, and was ſent by the ſoothſayer, *Tireſias*, to a fountain which ſtood in the middle of the ſea, where he found *Arethuſa*, who had retired to an adjacent iſland near the ſpot where ſprings the fountain known by her name.

CERES was not leſs aſſiduous in ſeeking after her daughter, and having met with *Triptolemus*, he informed her of every circumſtance of her flight, and perſuaded her to give her conſent to her daughter's marriage with *Aidoneus*, to which ſhe agreed, on condition that for ſix months of the year *Perſephone* ſhould live at *Enna*, and ſpend the other ſix months with her royal conſort. *Dio* hearing afterwards that *Alphæus* had found his dear *Arethuſa*, ſhe conſented to their union.

CYBELE.

SHE was a *Phrygian* Princeſs, who, ſays our author, not content with having mourned a long time on mount *Ida* for the death of *Atys*, travelled all over the Eaſt, accompanied by the faithful *Marſyas*, who followed her not with any hopes of ſeeing his love requited, but becauſe he could not think of letting her whom he adored, look for aſſiſtance from any one but himſelf.

himſelf. The two travellers arrived at *Nyſum*, where *Jaſion* had retired to ſeek a remedy againſt his hopeleſs paſſion for *Arethuſa*. One day, as *Marſyas* was ſtretched under the cool ſhade of a friendly oak, he overheard a ſtranger complaining aloud of his fatal deſtiny. This was *Apollo*, not the god of poetry, as fabled by the mythologiſts, but a dethroned King of *Arcadia*, who gives *Marſyas* an account of his luckleſs amours with the treacherous *Daphne*; for, by our author, ſhe is repreſented not as a coy virgin flying from what ſhe wiſhed for, but as the miſtreſs of *Leucippus*, who lived with her in the greateſt intimacy, diſguiſed in woman's cloaths. This, however, was no ſooner found out by *Daphne*'s companions, than either through envy, or ſome more commendable motive, they tore *Leucippus* piece-meal, and flung his diſmembered corpſe into the river *Penæus*: yet *Apollo* continued to be the object of *Daphne*'s ſcorn. One day as he was in purſuit of her, ſhe, endeavouring to eſcape, fell into the water and was drowned, and a beautiful laurel was ſeen ſoon after to ſpring on the river's banks.

APOLLO and *Marſyas* were thus talking confidentially to each other of their miſadventures, when they perceived at a diſtance a woman grappling with a huge lion. They ran to aſſiſt her; but, before they could reach the ſpot, the brave virago had laid the monſter dead at her feet. *Apollo* knew her inſtantly for *Cyrene*, who loved him with as much paſſion as conſtancy, and piqued at the preference he gave to the ungrateful *Daphne*, had entered herſelf amongſt the virgins conſecrated to the goddeſs *Diana*. All her hopes now revived; but *Apollo* ſaw *Cybele*, and forgot both *Daphne*

and *Cyrene*; though he could not expect any return to his love. Thus the unfortunate *Marſyas* had to encounter two more rivals, *Apollo* and *Jaſion*, on whom *Cybele* now doated, as much as ſhe had formerly loved her dear *Atys*. The faithful but hapleſs *Marſyas*, at the requeſt of *Apollo*, briefly gives the following account of *Cybele*: She was daughter to *Meon*, King of *Phrygia*, who had her expoſed at her birth on mount *Cybelus*, where ſhe was foſtered by a lioneſs, and then brought up by ſome countrywomen who took care of her education. She grew up to be the object of all the ſhepherds lays and admiration, and among them of *Marſyas*, who had retired from court into the country: but notwithſtanding that he was a great proficient in muſic, an art which *Cybele* paſſionately admired, ſhe gave the preference to *Atys*; and *Marſyas*, rather than not be bleſt at leaſt with the ſight of her whom he adored, conſented to be the confident of her and his rival's flame. At laſt, being met accidentally by her royal father, *Cybele* returned to court, and ſoon after, having ſome ſuſpicions that *Sangaride* had endeavoured, and perhaps ſucceeded, to eſtrange from her the affections of *Atys*, ſhe ſtabbed her under his very eyes, and *Atys* was himſelf murthered by the King's command. This tragical event had occaſioned *Cybele*'s flight from *Meon*'s court; and her return to mount *Cybelus*, with *Marſyas*, making every part of *Aſia* ring with her lamentations on the death of *Atys*.

A WOMAN is generally conſtant to the memory of a departed lover, juſt as long as fortune does not throw in her way a living one to ſuit her taſte and fancy. *Cybele* found ſuch a one at laſt in the perſon of *Jaſion*.

But,

But, in order to get rid of two troubleſome obſtacles to her joy, ſhe found means to ſet *Apollo* and *Marſyas* at variance. The former found fault with the latter's muſical abilities, and *Marſyas* returned the compliment by his railleries on *Apollo*'s performances upon the lyre, a challenge for a trial of ſkill enſued, when it was agreed, that either of the two who ſhould prove inferior in the conteſt, ſhould relinquiſh all claim to *Cybele*. Victory declared for *Apollo*, but *Cybele* refuſed to admit him into her company; giving the preference to *Marſyas*, whom *Apollo* cauſed to be ſecretly murdered. *Cebele* fled with *Jaſion*; and *Apollo*, giving way at laſt to love and gratitude, was married to the good natured and beautiful *Cyrene*.

VENUS, A COURTESAN OF CYPRUS.

ANCHISES, who was come to *Epirus* in order to conſult with his friend *Orpheus*, ſaw him one day in cloſe converſation with a woman of exquiſite beauty; this was *Venus*, who came to know of *Orpheus* whether he would relieve her affliction, by recalling from the ſhades her deceaſed lover *Adonis*. At ſight of a ſtranger ſhe retired; and *Orpheus* was about to recount her *Adonis*'s adventures, when they were interrupted by the arrival of *Theſtor*, who related to them the hiſtory of his two daughters *Leucippe* and *Theonoe*. "They were both, ſays he, courted by two foreigners, whoſe alliance I diſapproved. A few months after *Theonoe* was carried away by pirates. Reſolved to go in queſt of her, I bid a long farewell to my country—

I had

I had not been at ſea above three or four days, when a violent ſtorm caſt me on the coaſt of *Caria*, where I was thrown into priſon by the tyrant *Icarus*. I could not in my confinement learn the fate of my dear *Theonoe*; ſhe no doubt would have ſaved me from ſhame and captivity had I been acquainted with the brilliant ſituation ſhe was in at that time; and of which I was at laſt informed by one of thoſe extraordinary events which the gods alone, in their profound wiſdom, can bring about; and no human prudence will controul or foreſee. I had been employed for near three years in the diſagreeable occupation of a ſlave, when there arrived at court a young prieſt of *Apollo*, whoſe ſurpriſing beauty became the general topic of converſation. *Icarus* had a favorite virgin whom he loved to diſtraction, though ſhe was inſenſible to his paſſion, and had not yet made him the leaſt return for a full year's conſtancy. She ſaw the handſome prieſt, and for the firſt time felt the power of love. Unable to contain her fiery deſires, and fearing leſt overawed by the diſtance which fortune had put between them, the charming youth ſhould not dare to raiſe up to her his towering hopes, ſhe reſolved to acquaint him herſelf with her tender ſentiments for him. —To her utter ſurprize and diſappointment, the prieſt rejected with indignation, her wanton addreſs. Enraged at ſuch a behaviour, ſhe had him taken up and caſt into a dungeon, where ſhe meant to have him ſecretly diſpatched. An order came for that purpoſe to the overſeer of the ſlaves, who pitched upon me to fulfill it. Accordingly I was directed to the wretched cell. As I entered, the prieſt lifting up his head, as he could better ſee than be ſeen, exclaimed at my approach:

" Oh

"Oh *Theſtor!* Oh my——!" He could ſay no more, and fell motionleſs on the ground. Wondering how the ſtranger could be ſo well acquainted with my name, and giving way to a ſecret impulſe of ſympathy, I took up the lamp which ſtood near the door, and whoſe gloomy light added to the horror of the dreary dungeon, and, having taken a nearer ſurvey of the ſuppoſed prieſt—Ye gods! what was my aſtoniſhment, when I diſcovered the well-known features of my daughter *Leucippe?* I lifted her up, and we were faſt locked in the moſt tender embrace, when the tyrant's favorite woman, full of impatience to know whether her vengeance was compleated, entered the cell unaccompanied, and ſtealing ſoftly towards us, ſhe no ſooner ſaw me, than ſhe gave a ſhriek, and had I not caught her in my arms, ſhe muſt have fallen from her height and daſhed her brains on the ſtones that paved the dungeon: having removed her veil to give her a little air, I was loſt in amazement at the new wonder, and could hardly ſupport myſelf on my quivering limbs, when I knew her to be my other daughter *Theonoe.* This adventure was to me a real enigma, which I could by no means unfold. By this time *Theonoe*, having recovered her faculties, was like to have been deprived once more of them, and perhaps for ever, when I acquainted her, that the ſuppoſed prieſt of *Apollo* was her ſiſter *Leucippe.* She ſtared with a wildneſs that terrified me; then collecting the little ſtrength ſhe had left, ſhe fell on her knees, and, with uplifted eyes, exclaimed:—"Mercileſs heaven! what have I done to deſerve your anger?" Then turning to me—"Oh! my moſt injured father, pity your wretched *Theonoe!* forget her frailty, and forgive an error which was like

to have covered her with infamy indelible, and make of you your own daughter's murderer. Fatal diſguiſe that has occaſioned my miſtake! The dreſs of *Apollo*'s prieſt, added to the beauty of *Leucippe*, altered her features ſo as to prevent my knowing her again: whilſt the neceſſity of being always under a veil, according to the cuſtom of this country, hid from *Leucippe* my well known face. Oh ſiſter! father! take compaſſion on the wretched *Theonoe!*" We did all in our power to comfort her, and being at laſt compoſed, ſhe told us, that having been ſold by the pirates to *Icarus*, the tyrant made her a tender of his hand and throne, a propoſal which ſhe had conſtantly declined. Though he had perſiſted hitherto without offering her the leaſt violence, yet ſhe ſtood in fear of being at laſt obliged to comply—"But now, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall improve this opportunity to get out of his power: mine, by the great favour I enjoy, is unlimited, and not a man here dare diſobey my commands: we ſhall all be free." So ſaying, ſhe went out, and returned in a few minutes with one of the keepers, whom ſhe ordered to knock off our irons. Favoured by the obſcurity of the night, we three walked out of the priſon, left the town, and by day-break were out of the tyrant's reach. We are juſt landed, and come to invite you, *Orpheus*, to preſide at the ſacrifice which we intend as a piacular offering to the gods."

ANCHISES having had an opportunity of converſing with *Venus*, grew paſſionately enamoured of her, and begged the aſſiſtance of *Orpheus*, whom he requeſted to give him now an account of her amours with *Adonis*, which he readily conſented to. "*Venus* was the daughter of a mariner, and equally celebrated for her wit and

beauty. *Cyniras*, King of *Cyprus*, ſaw *Venus* and loved her. He took her from the obſcure ſtation which fortune had aſſigned her; but all he did for her ſake inſpired *Venus* with no other ſentiments than thoſe which gratitude inforced: he could not obtain her love. This triumph was reſerved to *Adonis*, a plain ſhepherd, but endowed with all the manly charms which nature can beſtow. She had him brought to *Paphos*, where he exchanged his country dreſs for the moſt coſtly and faſhionable robes. By means of a private door, he introduced himſelf every night into the palace. But *Venus*, tired of ſo much conſtraint, determined to elope with the handſome youth, and the tender which *Cyniras* made her of his hand confirmed her in this reſolution. But jealous fortune thwarted the happineſs which *Venus* promiſed herſelf in the company of *Adonis*. *Odis*, a *Thracian* Prince, was then at the court of *Cyniras*, and his rival. Jealouſy made him watchful; ſhe ſoon diſcovered that he and the King ſighed in vain, whilſt *Venus* laviſhed her favours upon a mean ſhepherd. Knowing no better method of putting a ſtop to their amorous intercourſe, he acquainted *Cyniras* with the diſcovery he had made. The King loaded her with reproaches, which breathed more tenderneſs than anger. "Recollect, ſire, ſaid ſhe to him, the ſituation from which it has pleaſed your Majeſty to raiſe me. That, as I owe the honours you have been pleaſed to beſtow upon me to your partiality for theſe weak charms of mine, *Adonis*'s matchleſs perfections have wrought the ſame effect upon me: and as you, I have ſacrificed every conſideration to the enjoyment of my love". *Cyniras* ordered her to be turned out of the palace, together

with *Adonis*, in an apparel ſuitable to their former condition, and had them both conveyed to the place where they had firſt met: but the cruel *Thracian*, not content with ſo mild a puniſhment, ſlew *Adonis*. And *Cynirus*, whoſe love for *Venus* was no ways abated, fearing leſt ſhe ſhould impute to him the murther of his rival, entered fully into his juſtification, and to his utter ſorrow was convinced by what he heard from *Venus*, that the deceaſed youth was the only fruit of his own inceſtuous love for *Myrrha*; thus far for *Orpheus*.

MEANWHILE *Anchiſes* urged his ſuit with *Venus*, who put off giving her final anſwer, till by the incantations of *Orpheus* ſhe ſhould have ſeen the ghoſt of *Adonis*. This being performed, ſhe was the more diſpoſed to give her hand to *Anchiſes*, as in her dream, which had preſented her with the image of her late lover, ſhe had ſeen herſelf treated with ſcorn and contempt by the ungrateful *Adonis*.

As the plan laid down and conſtantly followed by the *French* Author is plain and uniform, we think it needleſs to give any further ſample of the ſame. Upon the whole, the writer ſeems to us very deficient in the neceſſary art of raiſing the curioſity of his readers, by a happy contraſt of manners and characters of his principal perſonages, or keeping up their attention by the variety of his incidents. Two unpardonable faults in a novel writer, who ſhould ever be mindful that he is not permitted to have recourſe to fable, unleſs it is to embelliſh truth, nor to alter facts if he knows not how to improve upon them.

PASSING-

PASSING-FAIR.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MADEMOISELLE DE LA FORCE.

THERE lived in time of yore a King, whoſe royal conſort had bleſt him with a numerous progeny, and among them with a daughter of ſo exquiſite a beauty that ſhe was called *Paſſing-fair*. This oſtentatious ſurname incenſed againſt her all the neighbouring fairies. Their Queen, an old withered hag, whoſe face was ſo ſhrunk and wrinkled, and her whole form worn down to ſo diminutive a ſize, that ſhe went by the name of *Mummy*, reſolved to revenge the cauſe of her ſiſterhood; and as ſhe was no leſs deformed in mind than body, to get *Paſſing-fair* in her power, in order no imbitter every inſtant of her life. She knew the obſtacle which ſtood in her way. The palace, in which the young Princeſs dwelt, had been contrived by a ſkillful magician, and no one could be forced out of it, even by the moſt powerful ſpell. *Paſſing-fair* had been informed of this circumſtance by her nurſe, and ſtrictly charged by her not to ſet her foot without the walls and gardens of the enchanted caſtle. Nevertheleſs, *Mummy* not only found means of entering the palace, but of inſinuating herſelf into the good graces and confidence of the Princeſs, by teaching her the moſt elegant and curious needle works, and mingling with her inſtructions the recital of the moſt entertaining ſtories. One day as ſhe was walking about the gardens with her royal pupil, ſhe opened a little wicket, and, ſtepping out a little way

into the road, let herſelf fall as if fainting away. *Paſſing-fair*, regardleſs of her nurſe's injunctions, and giving way to the feelings of humanity, flew eagerly to her aſſiſtance: but lo! a black thick cloud enveloped them inſtantly, and a car of ebony, drawn by two winged moles, carried them into the air, far from the eyes of the Princeſs's deſolate companions. "Thou art now in my power, ſaid the cruel and exulting fairy, thou ſhalt ſuffer for thy inſolence in aſſuming ſo preſumptuous a name. Know, proud maid, that I am the Queen of the fairies, and thy moſt deadly foe." The unfortunate Princeſs ſhuddered at the thoughts of the fatal deſtiny that awaited her when in the hands of one who had both power and inclination to make her ſupremely wretched.

They ſoon arrived at the magnificent palace of *Mummy*, chiefly inhabited by the fairies who acknowledged her ſway. The firſt thing the Queen did, was to order *Paſſing-fair* to be ſtripped of all her gaudy cloaths, and covered with rags, in hopes to leſſen that beauty of which ſhe was ſo jealous: but the Princeſs owed it all to nature, and ſhe looked the more enchanting as ſhe ſhone in all the luxuriancy of her native charms. She was next thrown into a ſubterraneous dungeon, above a thouſand ſteps under ground. There *Paſſing-fair* found a little ſtraw, which was to be her bed, and one ounce of bread with a cup full of water that had been provided for her ſupper. She was next ſhewn into a long and dark gallery, the walls of which were all of black marble, and full of cobwebs, which ſhe was commanded to ſweep off. Being left alone, and having ſhed a flood of tears, ſhe betook herſelf to a broom,

and

and began the taſk given her: but alas! ſhe toiled in vain; the cobwebs grew more numerous as ſhe ſwept. Tired of ſo fulſome and fruitleſs an occupation, ſhe laid herſelf down a prey to grief and deſpondency; when, all on a ſudden, ſhe ſaw a great light, and at her feet a youth ſo beautiful that love itſelf could not aſſume a more ſeducing form to captivate a virgin heart.

"I AM, ſaid he to her, *Phraates*, *Mummy*'s ſon, I adore and will aſſiſt you." So ſaying, he laid hold of the broom, and, as he ran it along the walls, the cobwebs were transformed into gold and ſilver tiſſues. He retired ſoon after, leſt he ſhould be ſurpriſed with the Princeſs. At parting he gave her a key, telling her what uſe ſhe ſhould make of it. He no ſooner was gone than ſhe returned to her cell, and, as ſhe drew near the private door, the key of which had been given her by the Prince, ſhe heard the doleful groans of a female voice. This was the Princeſs *Deſire*, who had incurred the diſpleaſure of the fairies for the ſame reaſon that made *Paſſing-fair* obnoxious to them. She had been ſhut up there and ſentenced to tranſmute into oriental pearls a buſhel of acorns, under pain of being put to death if ſhe failed in the attempt. "Be of good chear, ſaid ſhe to her, without opening the door, if the malice of the fairy can invent torture, I know of a perſon who will work prodigies to counteract their barbarity." She then gave an account of what happened to her. The two fair captives wiſhed now to ſee each other, and *Paſſing-fair* had hardly expreſſed it when the door opened of its own accord. They both ſtarted at ſight of each other, ſo wonderfully partial had bountiful nature been to them: but, what is ſeldom the caſe,

eaſe, theſe two paragons of beauty and perfection from that inſtant became warm and ſincere friends. *Paſſing-fair* wiſhed that her lover would help *Deſire* out of her trouble. Her wiſh was a law: the acorns were inſtantly put in motion, and the tranſmutation effected. Her work being thus miraculouſly performed, *Deſire* followed her new acquaintance into the room, where *Phraates* diſplayed his magnificence. A moſt elegant dining room ſtood in proſpect, and a table decked with every dainty that could be wiſhed for. They ſat down to it, and partook of a collation far different from that which *Mummy* had prepared for them. About midnight they retired, and were ſoon after viſited by the fairies, who were both ſurprized and diſappointed at ſeeing thoſe taſks performed which they had judged impoſſible to mere mortals. Enraged at ſo unexpected a ſucceſs, they ordered *Deſire* to dive to the bottom of the ſea, and there to trace ſome letters on the ſand ſo as that which ſhe wrote might never be eraſed, and *Paſſing-fair* had it in command to fly with artificial wings, which ſhe was to contrive and faſten as ſhe could, up to the top of the adventurous hill, and bring from thence a pitcher full of the water of immortal life. They were led, the former on the ſea ſhore, and the latter at the foot of the hill. *Phraates*, as may well be ſuppoſed, did not abandon his dear Princeſs. He appeared before her, and, after a few minutes of the moſt paſſionate converſation, transformed himſelf into an eagle, and taking her on his back, flew to the top of the hill, where, having filled the pitcher with the admirable water, ſhe was carried by the careful bird on the ſea-ſhore to her fair friend, who was endeavouring in vain

to

to fulfil the commands of the ill-natured fairies. She beſought her lover to afford her his aſſiſtance. The Prince immediately reaſſumed his natural form, and the Princeſs *Deſire* ſeemed ſo ſtruck with his uncommon beauty, that *Paſſing-fair* felt ſome emotions of jealouſy, which however the Prince's behaviour ſoon changed to extatic pleaſure, by ſhewing that he loved her alone. For, having cauſed a braſs plate to be fixed by his inviſible agents in the ſand, the following words ſtruck her eyes and delighted her heart: "Common lovers on the ſand do write their oaths as tranſitory as their paſſions; but the ardour which *Paſſing-fair* inſpires is as durable as her beauty is matchleſs."

PHRAATES having diſappeared ſoon after, *Paſſing-fair* confeſſed her love for the Prince to *Deſire*, who, in her turn, informed her that ſhe was on the point of marrying a moſt accompliſhed and royal youth when ſhe had been carried away by the fairies. This mutual confidence endeared them the more to each other, as *Paſſing-fair* ſaw plainly that ſhe had not to dread a rival in her friend. They now thought their miſeries at an end, and gave a looſe to their joy: But alas! the fairy was not to be appeaſed by the ſucceſs they had met with; on the contrary it irritated them the more, and, ſenſible that they muſt have been befriended by ſome ſuperior power, ſhe reſolved to put them to a third trial, teeming with more difficulties than any of the former. *Deſire* was ſent out in ſearch of the bloom of youth, and *Paſſing-fair* to the wonderful foreſt, with orders to ſeek after and take the ſilver footed doe. The former ſucceeded, not indeed with the aſſiſtance of *Phraates*; but with the help of her own lover, whom ſhe found at a

fairy's

fairy's, who was to ſupply her with a phial full of the bloom of youth. The malignant witch refuſed to do it, but the Prince found means to ſteal one, together with part of *Giges*'s ring, whoſe property it is well known was to render the bearer inviſible. He gave them both to *Deſire*, and eſcaped along with her. It may ſeem ſtrange that the Prince reſolved to carry her back to *Mummy*'s Palace, as one would have thought, that being once more in poſſeſſion of ſo valuable a treaſure he would not venture to put it into bad hands: but this ſtep he took in conſequence of the advice of a ſoothſayer, who had foretold that it was the very ſpot where the Prince was to be ſupremely bleſſed. The appearance, however, was no ways favorable, for although *Deſire* brought to *Mummy* the precious coſmetic, the ill-natured fairy gave her a very bad reception, and, with the advice of her counſellors, reſolved to put the Princeſs to death.

LET us now return to *Paſſing-fair*, whom we left in the marvellous foreſt. We need not inform our intelligent readers that *Phraates* had inſtructed the Princeſs in what manner ſhe ſhould proceed to get the doe in her power. This pretended doe was the very Queen of the fairies, whom *Mummy* had ſucceeded. The occaſion of her metamorphoſis was the downfal of one of her lovers, who, through deſpair for her cruelties, had drowned himſelf. The ſuperior beings had ſentenced the Queen to wander a whole century about the foreſt; unleſs a maid, perfectly beautiful, would conſent to hunt after her for the ſpace of ten days. But it was no eaſy matter to lay hold of her, for at the leaſt motion the timorous doe was ſtarted, and would inſtantly


BRITISH MUSEUM
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56
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Dodd del. L. Hess sculpt.

Come to my arms, My Fair Deliverer!—

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diſappear. Several had attempted to put an end to ſo glorious an adventure; but they had all miſcarried in the undertaking, and, after ten days, had been tranſformed into various wild beaſts; they however only preſerved this uncouth ſhape in the day time. At night they all reſorted to the den, or rather palace of the ſilver-footed doe, and leaving their reſpective diſguiſes at the entrance were reſtored to their natural form; ſo that they, as well as their Queen, frightful in the courſe of the day, preſented at night a group of the moſt exquiſite beauties. *Paſſing-fair*, directed by *Phraates*, arrived at the entrance of the cave, and lighting up a fire caſt into it all the hides which hung there on golden hooks, beginning with that of the ſilver-footed doe. This done, ſhe boldly advanced through a ſubterraneous paſſage and reached an elegant ſuite of rooms, at the end of which was a magnificent ſaloon, where ſat the Queen ſurrounded with all her beauteous courtiers. As ſoon as ſhe entered, the fairy tendering her hand to her, addreſſed *Paſſing-fair* in theſe words, which were echoed by all her lovely ſubjects: "COME TO MY ARMS THOU FAIR DELIVERER!*" After a ſhort converſation, in which the fairies expreſſed their grateful ſenſe for ſo important a ſervice which freed them for ever from the diſagreeable part of their morning toilet, they all ſet out for *Mummy*'s court, and arrived at the very inſtant when *Deſire* was going to fall a ſacrifice to the wild and unjuſt reſentment of the fairies: but what added to *Paſſing-fair*'s wonder, was to find her own brother in the perſon of *Deſire*'s lover; ſhe embraced them by turns, and

* See the plate.

at her requeſt the Queen of the Fairies reſtored the happy couple to life and liberty. *Mummy* was expelled the court, and *Phraates* received the hand of the enchanting object of his love and care.

THE HISTORY OF CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

DON JUAN OF BRAGANZA, tho' well founded in his pretenſions to the crown of *Portugal*, ſeemed not much diſpoſed to inforce them againſt the King of *Spain*. His conſort, Donna *Catharina de Guſman*, of the firſt family in the kingdom of *Caſtille*, had given him three children, one boy and two girls; they lived, to all appearance, ſequeſtrated from the world and its buſy tumult, at their delicious palace, *Villa-Vicioſa*, ſituate near the city of *Evora*; when, by a revolution as ſudden as unforeſeen, he was ſeated on the throne of his anceſtors. The Vice-Queen was expelled from *Liſbon*, and the ſecretary of ſtate, *Vaſconcellos* fell a victim to popular reſentment. The new King and his royal conſort entered their capital amongſt the ſhouts and plaudits of a nation happy in the reſtoration of their former maſters, and the ſubverſion of *Spaniſh* tyranny. The firſt care of Don *Juan* was to reſtore peace and tranquillity in his *European* Dominions, and to recover the poſſeſſions which belonged to the crown of *Portugal* in *America*.

Fortune

Fortune befriended him in all his undertakings. The eldeſt Princeſs dying ſoon after, *Catharine*, the heroine of this ſtory, remained alone with the Infant her brother. The moſt cordial friendſhip ſubſiſted between them: the Queen cheriſhed them equally, and every day confirmed the tender parents in the flattering hopes that the young Prince would live to be a good King, and the father of his ſubjects. As for *Catharine*, nature it is true had not been laviſh in adorning her outward form; but her mental accompliſhments, her wit, her ſenſibility amply compenſated for the want of periſhable charms.

THE Queen undertook herſelf the care of educating the Prince and his ſiſter *Catharine*. To the former ſhe gave for companions two young noblemen of the firſt families in *Portugal*. The one was Don *James de Menezes*, Count of *Riceyra*, and the other Don *Rodrigue de Souza*, Count of *Caſtelmelhor*. The Count of *Riceyra* was equally accompliſhed in mind and body; no one could rival him in point of thoſe manly graces which captivate the eye; nor ſurpaſs him in thoſe gentle and inſinuating manners that ſubdue the heart and beſpeak the man of refined and ſuperior breeding, though learned and at an age when the generality of men are moſt inclined to diſplay their knowledge with a childiſh oſtentation; the Count aſſiduouſly endeavoured to make others ſhine in converſation, rather than to humble them by ſharing all his ſuperiority: ſincere in his friendſhip, he never abandoned thoſe whom he had once thought worthy of his acquaintance, in the choice of which he ſhewed great nicety and diſcernment. Don *James* was immenſely rich, but, far from envying his wealth, every friend to humanity wiſhed him more: ſo

liberal was the uſe which he ever made of Fortune's gifts.

Don Rodrigue was equal in rank to the former. The ſervices done by his father to the King in the *Caſtilian* wars, highly recommended him to the royal favour, which he ſecured by his own perſonal merit; and though inferior in every reſpect to the Count of *Riceyra*, he was next to him in thoſe accompliſhments which conſtitute the man and confirm the gentleman. He ſpoke well on every ſubject, and ſhewed a great deal of frankneſs and good-nature; but this character ſeemed not to ſit ſo eaſy and natural upon him as it did on Don *James*.

Catharine, with her two maids of honour, Donna *Elvira* of *Portugal*, natural daughter to the King, and Donna *Seraphina de Caſtro*, the latter of whom had the greateſt ſhare in the Princeſs's favour, though they deſerved it both equally, ſpent moſt of her evenings in the company of her brother, his two companions, and the grave perſonages, who preſided over their education. The particular regard which the Count of *Caſtelmelhor* paid to Donna *Elvira*, ſoon diſcovered the nature of the ſentiment which he entertained for her; whilſt the Prince of *Portugal's* affections ſeemed to be entirely engroſſed by the beauteous *Seraphina*. As for Count *Riceyra*, he was as yet perfectly maſter of his own heart, ſeldom took the liberty of converſing with the Princeſs; who, in her turn, noticed him no further than mere civility and their ſocial connexions would admit. As *Catharine* could boaſt of none of thoſe outward attractions, which have, on the other ſex, the effect of lightning, and are often not more durable, all her power of captivating the heart was centered in her mind; and, to hear her talk on any intereſting

tereſting ſubject, proved a charm irreſiſtible: this Don *James* ſoon experienced, and a converſation that he had with the Princeſs, was the ſnare which love ſpread in his way to enſlave his ſtubborn heart.

COUNT CASTELMELHOR had perſuaded the young Prince that it was time for him to forſake an inglorious life, and put himſelf at the head of the troops, which had received orders to march towards *Badajos*, and lay ſiege to that important city. Before he aſked leave of the King his father to that purpoſe, he mentioned his intention to his ſiſter, in preſence of Count *Riceyra*; they both objected ſtrongly againſt ſo ill-judged a reſolve; but the Princeſs's arguments were ſo forcible, and ſupported by the Count with ſo much good ſenſe, that, full of admiration for each other, they from that inſtant renounced an indifference which to have conſtantly preſerved would have been more conducive to their mutual peace, than the hopeleſs love which now began to enflame their breaſt, and was the moſt likely to laſt, as it was not the conſequence of a tranſitory paſſion, but founded on the ſolid beauties of the mind.

WHATEVER reaſon or friendſhip might urge, nothing had power to ſhake the Prince from his fatal purpoſe. Leave was given him, after many ſtruggles and objections on the part of his tender and affectionate parents, to head the army. Alas! he ſoon found to his coſt, the direful conſequence of ungovernable ambition. The toils and fatigues of a military life, brought upon him a deadly diſorder, with which he returned to *Liſbon*, to the great ſorrow of his royal parents, and the general grief of the whole nation. The Princeſs attended him in his illneſs, and conſtantly forbore to drop the leaſt hint that might

might be conſtrued into a reproach of his having ſlighted her prudent and friendly advice. As he drew near to his end, he obſerved Donna *Catharine* and the Count drowned in tears, ſtanding on each ſide of his bed—"Ah! deareſt ſiſter, ſaid he in a faint voice, why did I not hearken to the joint entreaties of ſiſterly love and ſincere friendſhip? Lo, I die! cheriſh the remembrance of a tender and affectionate brother, and love the Count *Riceyra* for my ſake; it is my laſt, my chief requeſt.—I beſeech you both to forgive my unpardonable neglect of an advice which tenderneſs and wiſdom had dictated for my preſervation; indeed I have been raſh, too raſh! With my life I loſe the hopes of ever aſcending the throne: had the caſe been otherwiſe, and *Catharine*'s hand at my diſpoſal, never would my ſiſter have beſtowed it on any other than Count *Riceyra*"——he could ſay no more—nature could no longer ſupport his decayed frame, and death cloſed his eyes in everlaſting darkneſs.

THUS died, in the very ſpring of his life, a Prince, in whom centered all the hopes of the *Portugueſe* nation.

THEY felt his loſs the more ſeverely, as his brother *Alphonſo*, yet very young, betrayed already thoſe vicious inclinations which in time obliged his oppreſſed and aggrieved ſubjects to wreſt, from his unworthy hands, a ſceptre, which he ſeemed to have taken up only to cruſh them under its weight.

THE dying Prince's laſt requeſt, made a deep and laſting impreſſion on the minds of Donna *Catherine* and the Count of *Riceyra*; and each in particular felt that it correſponded but too well with their private ſentiments for each other, yet they dared not avow them: nay, endeavoured to conceal from their own knowledge the real

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ſtate of their minds. They were but too ſenſible that their mutual feelings could only tend to make them wretched.

DON JAMES had been promoted to the rank of Governor to their Majeſty's youngeſt ſon, born as Don *Alphonſo*, ſince their acceſſion to the crown. One day having conducted his royal pupil upon a viſit to Donna *Catharine*, the Princeſs taking him up in her arms, exclaimed in all the anguiſh of paſt recollection: "Alas! ſweet babe, deareſt brother, I dare not, muſt not feel too much for thee; I ought not to fix my heart on any one in *Portugal*; I muſt fall a political victim to the ſhrine of public exigencies, and be one day honourably exiled and forced to marry far from, and in appearance for the good of my country; my native place has been fatal to all that deſerved and ſhared in my friendſhip." "How Madam, anſwered the Count, and ought not one to prefer the honour of meriting to be noticed by you to the dread which your forebodings ſeem to inſpire?" "Believe me, Count, I never ſhall fix my affections on one whom I muſt certainly loſe one day." "And what is life without you Madam? forgive this indiſcretion: you have forced me to betray a ſecret which for theſe three years I have kept ſafe locked within my own breaſt; yet, however raſh I may appear by ſo bold an avowal of my ſentiments, I ſhall never repent it; for what I feel is as honourable as ſincere. Why was I ever permitted to come into your preſence and hear you ſpeak? does that flinty heart beat in any human breaſt that could have ſtood the dangerous trial? Yes, moſt amiable of your all-ſubduing ſex, I am doomed by Fate's decree to adore you, be the conſequence

quence what it may. But one misfortune I dread, that of being deprived of ſeeing your highneſs, and enjoying that ſupreme bliſs but for a moment, were it bought at the price of my life I'd think it a cheap purchaſe." Having thus ſaid, in preſence of the young Prince who by reaſon of his tender years could not underſtand the real meaning of the Count's animated ſpeech, he retired in haſte, without waiting for an anſwer from the Princeſs.

DONNA CATHARINE was moved even to tears by *Riceyra*'s ſudden declaration, and ſhe could not help diſcloſing her true ſentiments to one of her confidential waiting maids. She acknowledged that ſhe felt for the Count all that he had expreſſed for her, and wiſhed her father had continued ſtill to be what he was before he had been raiſed to the throne of *Portugal*, as he would have then thought it an honour to beſtow her hand on *Riceyra*; whereas now ſhe was to look upon herſelf as bondſwoman to the ſtate, ready to be ſacrificed to its political welfare.

THE Viceroyſhip of the *Portugueſe* dominions in *Africa* becoming vacant, it was offered by the King to the Count of *Riceyra*, but by him refuſed, as he was reſolved to ſtay in *Portugal*, as long, at leaſt, as he could be bleſt with the ſight of his adored Princeſs. His extraordinary conduct in declining ſo lucrative an employment was however aſcribed to a far different cauſe, as it had been induſtriouſly reported that Donna *Elvira* was the real object of his amorous purſuit. This rumour, which was generally credited, owed its riſe to the jealouſy of Count *Caſtelmelhor*. The young Lord, as we have had occaſion to record before,

had ſettled alſo his affections on that Lady. Perhaps ambition, and the hopes of obtaining the hand of his Sovereign's natural daughter, had a greater ſhare than love in determining his choice. The King, however, who could not forget that the Count had been chiefly inſtrumental in perſuading the deceaſed Prince to march in perſon againſt *Badajos*, refuſed to grant him his ſuit, when Don *Rodrigue* beſought his Majeſty to give him Donna *Elvira* in marriage. This denial, which upon the ſmalleſt recollection he might with juſtice and truth have attributed to his former conduct, the diſappointed lover thought it the conſequence of a preference, painful to his haughty pride, given over him to count *Riceyra*. He complained of it aloud, and took all imaginable pains to convince the world that his ſurmiſes were well founded. The news ſoon reached the Queen, who deſirous of coming at the truth, perfectly ignorant of the ſentiments which Count *Riceyra* entertained for her daughter, pitched upon that very Princeſs to get from Don *James* himſelf the information which her curioſity led her to wiſh for. The two lovers met, not ſo much embarraſſed about the queſtion as they were perhaps at the kind of anſwer which the Infanta was to return to the inquiſitive Queen. In order to avoid ſo troubleſome an office, Donna *Catharine* perſuaded the Count to accept of the Viceroyſhip, as this was the beſt means of ſilencing any farther enquiries. Neceſſity alone could reconcile Don *James* to this kind of honourable exile: But *Catharine* had ordered what the preſervation of her fame ſeemed to require: could a ſtronger plea be urged to make the Count accept of any terms, however hard and fatal to his heart's deareſt

concern? If ſympathiſing ſorrow can alleviate the wretched's woe, the Count muſt have received no ſmall comfort from the Infanta's undiſſembled grief.

The departure of *Riceyra*, was not the only misfortune that was to fall on *Catharine*'s devoted head. Her royal father's health declined a-pace, and after a ſhort but painful illneſs, the good old King paid the laſt debt to nature. The Queen Dowager took upon herſelf the regency during the minority of her ſon *Alphonſo*; happy would it have been for the latter, if when of age, he had preſerved that reſpect and confidence which it was his duty and intereſt to ſhew to his prudent and illuſtrious mother!

The ſtates of *Barbary*, determined to take the beſt advantage of the preſent circumſtance, thought this a favourable event to undertake the ſubduing of *Tangiers*, where Count *Riceyra* commanded as governor. Accordingly they laid ſiege to that city, but were by him repulſed ſo effectually, that they were compelled to withdraw their forces after having loſt their choiceſt men. They retreated to thoſe towns which ſtand along the coaſt, and acknowledged their ſway: but *Riceyra* had too much courage and experience not to improve his victory. He purſued the enemy, the war became bloody, and the ſucceſs remained a long while doubtful. Theſe accounts brought to court, beat the alarm to the Infanta's tender breaſt; whilſt on the other hand ſhe could not but rejoice to hear her lover's praiſe reſound from every quater: ſhe only thought glory ever ſo great, purchaſed at too high a rate, if it was to be bought at the dear price of her *Riceyra*'s blood; for news had been brought, that in a complete victory which he had gained

over

over the infidels, the Count had been dangerouſly wounded. His ſurgeons unanimouſly adviſed him to return to *Liſbon:* but no conſideration whatever, not even the love of ſelf-preſervation, ſo ſtrongly enforced by nature, could prevail upon him to reviſit a place which he had promiſed never to ſee more, till the Princeſs would conſent to recall him. *Catharine*, informed of this extraordinary mark of diſcretion from *Riceyra*, vouchſafed to ſend him the laconic but expreſſive note which follows:

"COUNT, your health is in danger; your friends deſire your return, and *Catharine* is not the *leaſt* nor *laſt* among them."

DON JAMES chearfully complied with an invitation, which, for the love and reſpect he bore to the perſon who made it, he interpreted as a command. His wound was ſoon healed, and himſelf reſtored to his former health and vigour. After having ſlept awhile in the lap of deluſive hope, like the trembling wretch, divided between the fear of his execution, and the fond expectation of a reprieve, the unfortunate Count awoke to new and greater misfortunes.

A NEGOTIATION was ſet on foot at the court of *Portugal*, and the Queen Dowager was given to underſtand, that the intention of the young King, *Lewis* XIV. was to demand the Infanta in marriage. Such an alliance was of too much weight and importance to meet with any oppoſition. Overtures were made by the *French* Ambaſſador at *Liſbon*, and liſtened to by the whole court with great eagerneſs. Donna *Catharine* alone, received the news with a grief which ſhe could hardly conceal from the prying eye of the inqui-

ſitive courtiers. Her mind however, was partly relieved ſoon after; as the news proved to be nothing more than a court manœuvre of that crafty miniſter Cardinal *Mazarin*, who meant only to fix the irreſolution of the court of *Madrid*, and by this ſtratagem, haſten the concluſion of his royal maſter's marriage with the *Spaniſh* Infanta, *Maria Thereſa*, as nothing could more completely diſtreſs the *Spaniards* than the projected union between *France* and *Portugal*.

Donna Catharine, deſcending into her heart's inmoſt receſs, was frightened to ſee the progreſs which love had made there. The image of the Count was ſo deeply impreſſed, that all endeavours to eraſe it were fruitleſs. Yet, riſing ſuperior to all other conſiderations, ſhe checked her paſſion; determined by an heroic effort, to ſacrifice it to glory and to the intereſt of the ſtate, which ſhe thought herſelf in affection and duty bound to promote, even at the expence of her own peace and happineſs. Reflecting therefore on the manner in which ſhe had been affected at the bare proſpect of her being betrothed to the *French* Monarch, and the pleaſure ſhe felt at thoſe apprehenſions being removed; ſhe perceived that it would be impoſſible for her to act with becoming fortitude, as long as ſhe could entertain ever ſo diſtant a hope of being united to the Count; and by an extraordinary exertion of her elevated mind, ſhe had recourſe to a method which certainly would have never occurred to a woman of only common reſolution; this was no leſs than providing a wife for *Riceyra*, and giving to another that hand, which love indeed tendered to her, but duty forbade to take.

AMONG the ladies in *Catharine*'s retinue, we have mentioned Donna *Seraphina de Caſtro*, as the confidential favourite of her royal miſtreſs; a diſtinction which the former merited by her natural and acquired accompliſhments. On this lady the Princeſs fixed as the moſt worthy of *Riceyra*'s hand; and, indeed, had not the Count's heart been prepoſſeſſed, no woman could be found better calculated than *Seraphina* to make him the happieſt man in *Portugal*. Donna *Catharine* ſpoke of this intended match to the Queen-regent, who highly approved of it, and promiſed to load the noble pair with all the wealth and preferment which the profuſe hand of liberal majeſty can beſtow.

THE hardeſt taſk was yet to come, and *Leonora*, foſter-ſiſter to the Infanta, was ordered to break the matter to the parties: of this ſhe acquitted herſelf with amazing dexterity; and, by the force of her arguments, prevailed on the Count, who was all ſubmiſſion to *Catharine*'s commands, to obey them even in this trying circumſtance. Their nuptials were celebrated ſoon after. The gentle *Seraphina* tried every means which ſhe thought conducive to gain the heart of her huſband, who had too high a ſenſe of honour to ill uſe ſo accompliſhed a woman; for whom, though he had not the warmth of a lover, he preſerved the moſt tender friendſhip and the trueſt eſteem; and he was, perhaps, on the eve of uniting the double character of huſband and lover, when fortune bade him prepare for a new trial, which made all his wounds bleed afreſh.

CHARLES II. King of *England*, reſtored to his father's throne, requeſted and obtained the hand of Donna *Catharine*, with whom the City of *Tangiers* was given as a dowry.

dowry. This circumſtance put an end to *Riceyra*'s employment; and, in order to make him ſome amends, the Queen-regent ſolicited the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador that the Count might be appointed proxy to the King of *England*, which was readily granted. We leave it to the feelings of our readers to fancy how painful a taſk it muſt have been for Don *James*; it was no leſs trying for the Infantada, who fainted away during the performance of ſo fatal a ceremony. A few days after ſhe ſailed from *Liſbon*, to be the conſort of a King, whoſe conduct towards her made her but too ſenſible that even a crown cannot atone for the loſs of an affectionate lover. As for the Count, he remained inconſolable, and ſpent the remainder of his days in a ſtate of melancholy; which all the care, attention, and tenderneſs of the beauteous *Seraphina*, aſſuaged indeed in ſome degree, but never could compleatly remove.

In order to give to this volume as much variety as the ſize will admit of, we ſhall conclude with a novel extracted from an *Italian* collection of the kind, entitled, *Il Pecorone**, written in the year 1738, by *John* of *Florence*, who was a Notary Publick in his country. Thirty years ago there could be found but one edition, bearing date, *Milan*, 1554; a ſecond was publiſhed in the year 1757. The former is moſt admired, and it is from it we ſhall tranſcribe the following extract. The whole work is a ſtrange medly of fabulous narratives and hiſtorical facts. What could in-

* From the *Latin*, *Pecus* beaſt; anſwers to the *Engliſh* words *fool*, *blockhead*.

duce

duce the author to give it ſo grating a title cannot be readily accounted for, unleſs it be done by the writer in *ſober* conſciouſneſs of his own inability, of which our readers may judge by our preſent extract, and what we may have further occaſion to copy from the ſame: or elſe it ſhould ſpring from that affectation peculiar to the *Italians* of *calling themſelves names*, either to be before-hand with the reſt of the world, or through motives of a childiſh, and what may be termed a proud humility. Thus we ſee whole bodies of learned men ſtyle themſelves, *inſenſati* (fooliſh), *otioſi* (idle), *ſtolidi* (beſotted).

THE ſcene lies ſucceſſively in *France*, *England* and *Italy*: but, although it be ſtiled *hiſtorical*, we do not find that the pretended fact on which it is founded has ever been recorded in any of the authentic hiſtories now extant of thoſe times and countries.

DENISA.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

A King of *France* had a very beutiful daughter, named *Deniſa*, whom, through ſome political motives, he had reſolved to marry to a decrepid old Sovereign in Germany. The young Princeſs, as may well be ſuppoſed, did not reliſh ſo diſproportionate a match, not thinking that fifteen and fourſcore, beauty and deformity were by nature to be joined to each other for life, whatever political intereſt and the good of the ſtate might urge to the contrary. Rather therefore than be thus ſacrificed, and, as it were, buried alive in the arms of decripitude

decripitude and infirmity, ſhe reſolved to elope. Having furniſhed herſelf with a trifling ſum of money, ſhe bent her courſe towards a ſea-port, and procured her paſſage on board a ſhip ready to ſail for *England*, where ſhe arrived ſafe, after a ſhort and pleaſant paſſage. She travelled up the country for ſome days, till ſhe arrived at the gates of a nunnery, where, giving herſelf for the daughter of a citizen of *Paris*, from whoſe houſe ſhe had been driven by the barbarous uſage of a cruel ſtep-mother, ſhe begged to be admitted to take the veil; but the prudent Lady Abbeſs inſiſted on a full year's probation before ſhe would conſent to grant her ſuit.—This Lady Abbeſs was aunt to the reigning King of *England*, who often viſited her in her retreat. Being upon one of thoſe viſits he ſaw and fell in love with *Deniſa*. As he could not force her from the ſacred aſylum which ſhe had choſen to give her only the contemptible rank of Miſtreſs, he reſolved to marry her. In vain did his royal and pious aunt expoſtulate with him: Kings ſeldom hearken to other counſellors but their own deſires and pleaſures. He therefore carried off *Deniſa*, and ſeated her on the throne, notwithſtanding the preſſing remonſtrances of the Queen-Mother, a hauty Princeſs who could not brook the thoughts of owning for her daughter-in-law a wandering girl whoſe very birth was unknown. *Deniſa* was in due time brought to bed of male twins, whilſt her royal conſort was defending his frontiers againſt the inroads of the plundering ſons of *Caledonia*. A meſſenger was diſpatched to greet the King with the happy tidings. The country ſeat, where the Queen-Mother had retired out of diſguſt and pride, laid unfortunately on the meſſenger's way, and he had orders to call firſt on the Princeſs, who found means to ſubſti-

tute to the real accounts, letters importing that the Queen had brought forth two frightful monſters. The King received the unwelcome news with a heavy heart; yet returned in anſwer that the greateſt care ſhould be taken of the unfortunate mother till his arrival. The Queen-mother ſucceeded, as ſhe had done in the former inſtance, in her attempt to get the original diſpatches into her power, and replace them, with a ſtrict injunction to the prime miniſter, as from the King, to put mother and children to inſtant death. The miniſter dreading equally the danger of diſobeying his maſter's ſtern commands, and the diſgrace of perpetrating ſo inhuman a murther, imparted the contents to the Queen herſelf, adding, that the only means he could deviſe to preſerve her devoted life was to put her on board a ſhip bound for *Genoa*, together with her two children. Accordingly the Queen, having diſguiſed herſelf, ſtole out of the royal palace by night, and ſailed the next morning for her deſtination; where, having landed, ſhe proceeded by ſlow journies to *Rome*, where ſhe took up a ſmall houſe and lived very retired in the fond and moſt comfortable occupations of a loving mother, that of forming the youthful minds of her two ſons, who daily improved in their underſtanding and perſons.

MEANWHILE the King of *England*, having humbled the pride of the *Scotch* invaders, and forced them to ſue for peace on his own terms, returned to *London*, where he was ſoon undeceived in regard to his royal conſort. Although it was a comfort to him that the prudence and humanity of his miniſter had partly diſappointed the inveterate malice of the Queen-mother; yet, as after the ſtricteſt ſearch, no tidings could be procured of *Deniſa* and her children, the Monarch gave himſelf up to

melancholy, and he was adviſed to travel on the continent as the only probable means of relief. An occaſion ſoon after offered, and as religion and glory were the object, it perfectly ſuited the inclination of an *Engliſh* Prince. The Pope publiſhed a cruſade, and invited the Kings of *England* and *France* to meet him at *Rome* in order to ſettle the neceſſary preleminaries. *Deniſa*, from her window, ſaw two Princes heading each a numerous train of gallant youths, and with wonder beheld in the two former her huſband and her brother, who it ſeems had ſucceeded to the *Gallic* crown on the demiſe of their father. The forſaken Queen having obtained a private audience of the Pope, fell proſtrate at his feet, and gave him an account of her ſurpriſing adventures. The facts were ſupported by ſo many incontrovertible proofs, that the holy father contrived a meeting between the royal parties, who in a flood of joyful tears drowned the remembrance of their paſt misfortunes.

*** Thoſe who have peruſed a great many novels may perhaps remember to have read a ſtory ſimilar to the foregoing: but we think it beyond all diſpute, that *John* of *Florence*, who wrote in the 14th century, was the firſt that invented it, whatever pains ſome modern plagiaries may have been at by ſome ſlight alterations to make it paſs for their own; a practice no leſs unjuſt than it is faſhionable amongſt the novel and dramatic writers of the age.

FINIS.

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